

DRUMMER

ISSUE 143

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RADICAL NIPPLE
DEVELOPMENT

INTERNATIONAL
MISTER LEATHER

Drummer Story
Contest Winner

**DAVE
NICHOLSON**

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Mountain
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1989-90



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// If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away. // —Henry David Thoreau

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OFF THE TOP

WE NEED AN ANTHEM!

Nearly 10,000 Gay men and women filled the huge covered stadium in Vancouver, BC. Spirits were high, we had just completed a nine-day celebration of arts, athletics and gay life in general. The finale was great, we were feeling GOOD. By the thousands we poured out of the stadium, greeting friends, celebrating.

There was only one sour note. Clustered in the main exit were a small band of fundamentalist Christians, less than a dozen against our thousands. But positioned as they were in a constriction, nearly everyone exiting in that direction had to come close enough to hear their verbal garbage and condemnations. A cordon of Gay Games security volunteers stood in front of them as a deterrent to physical contact. And, within my hearing, everyone in the exiting group ignored them as best they could. There were no returned threats, taunts, curses, or anything.

It was just as well. There was certainly no point in physically or verbally counterattacking, but the feeling of impotence at just ignoring them was frustrating. It put a damper on the high I had been feeling. I wanted to attack their idiocies, but a cacophony of jeers and taunts would have accomplished nothing. I wanted to sing out my defiance of their dogma. SING! That is what I wanted to do.

Imagine what it could have been like if those thousands of voices leaving the stadium could have joined in a single song of pride; a song that asserted our individual rights to be what we will be, our determination to resist those who would impose their beliefs, their standards of behavior, their standards of morality, upon us; a song proclaiming our right to love whom we choose! Those puny protesters could have been simultaneously ignored and drowned out, their insulting remarks rendered inaudible and ridicu-

lous.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" rallied the union during the Civil War. When Kate Smith needed an inspirational song during WWII, Irving Berlin went to his files and pulled out "God Bless America." "We Shall Overcome" was exactly the right song, for exactly the right time. WE need such an anthem!

It must be a song that is unique to us. "We Shall Overcome" expresses the correct sentiment, but it is too widely identified with other causes. It must be a song that is simple enough for anyone to sing—"I Am What I Am" is a bit too complex for an untrained throng, and it is a little too much "I" and not enough "We." We are asserting our rights as individuals, but there are a hell of a lot of us doing it!

West Side Story's "Somewhere (there's a place for us, a time for us)" expresses the wistfulness, but lacks the determination, though one should remember that it was written over a decade before Stonewall. Unfortunately it is even harder to sing than "I Am What I Am"—it would strain Tiny Tim's falsetto. But Bernstein and Sondheim were on the right track, I wish they would try again!

I think that the rousing march "Do You Hear the People Sing" from *Les Miserables* conveys the kind of energy and enthusiasm our anthem should have. It was used, in slightly modified form, as one of the main choral anthems at Gay Games, and it will be the opening production number of this year's Mr. Drummer Finals:

*Do you hear the people sing?
Singing the song of angry men?
[and women]
It is the music of a people
Who will not be slaves again!
[unless they CHOOSE to be]
When the beating of your heart
Echoes the beating of the drums*



Bill Ward

*There is a life about to start
When tomorrow comes!
Will you join in our crusade?
Who will be strong and stand by
me?
Beyond the barricade
Is there a world you long to see?
Then join in the fight
That will give you the right to be
free!*

That's heady stuff! But not explicit enough for what we need. Besides it's not a revolution we want, just freedom from oppression, discrimination and persecution. The music could work beautifully but the lyrics just don't quite express the right sentiment.

According to the mythology, Gay people include the most talented on earth: we have the likes of Ned Rorem, Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim, Bernie Taupin, George Michael, and Romanovsky and Phillips, not to mention thousands of other talented souls. Please, one of you, write us an anthem.

Leonard, Stephen, someone... I want to be able to raise my voice in proud protest the next time some heckler insults my sexuality, the next time a Jesse Helms or William Dannemeyer insults my lifestyle. And I want my song to be one known and loved by all of my fellow men and women, who will join me in a chorus to drown out the bigots and self-righteous stone throwers.

We NEED an anthem!

MALE CALL

TASTY TOES

With anticipation I awaited your issue 138. I am very much into the boot, shoe, foot worship scene and I was anxious to see how the subject was going to be covered.

I took great offense when I reached page 18 and read that Doug Gaines (not his real name) is the originator of the Foot Fraternity.

Please refer to your magazine, issue 55, page 14, an article entitled, "On Putting Your Foot in My Mouth." Paragraph 2 on page 16 begins to explain the creation of the Foot Fraternity and that I in fact started the group in 1980. For personal reasons I handed the group over the Doug many years later.

Without going into any great detail, many original members asked that I restart another group. Three years ago I formed Foot Guys. The group not only deals with footwear and feet, but also the related clothing that turns a man on.

If there are any *Drummer* readers who are interested in finding out about Foot Guys, see the ad under Organizations.

Could someone at *Drummer* have put their foot in their own mouth?

Art. M. / Margate, FL

Sorry for the "offense," Art, but if you were so eagerly anticipating our feet issue, I wonder why I didn't hear from you earlier. It would have been great to have both you and DG in the issue. For any error, I'm sorry. But for not including you, I'm not. Doug and the Frat members wrote often, sent plenty of material, and urged us to do the issue. I personally have never before heard of you or your group. Keep us informed.

JWB

FISTICUFFS, ANYONE?

I am a 22 year old gay male. I have a request. Several years ago you did a story called the Red Dog Saloon. I found the story very exciting, and the photos were excellent. I would appreciate it if you send me a set of those photos from that article. If you can't then could you please do a follow-up story with more great photos. Those photos really turned me on. I found the men in the photos extremely sexy!

I also have another request. I have



Illustration: Rex

a strange fantasy which not many gay men may share. I got off on watching men fight—I don't mean wrestle, I mean fist-fight. I like to watch a good fight between two arrogant, cocky men dressed in nothing but leather from head to toe or even a barroom brawl in a leather bar. I have been trying for years to find a club or organization but none can be found. I live in the northeast and would like some information about any club of persons who are into watching fist-fights or like to get involved in them. It may sound sick but it's my fantasy. Also do you know of any gay porn flicks with fist-fights in them, if so please send me a list.

C. B. / Torrington CT

Five photosets from Red Dog Saloon are available for purchase, from Sandmutoxia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA, 94101-1314, at \$10 a set or \$45 for all five.

Regarding videos, try getting in touch with Palm Drive Video, PO Box 3653, San Francisco, CA, 94110. You might like *Gut Punchers*.

Anybody out there with more information for this sex/fight-starved young man?

AFD

LOOKING FOR LEATHER IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES?

Where are all the leathermen? For

several weeks, I had been looking forward to my East Coast trip, and especially to visiting the "premier" leatherbars in Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington DC—the ones that always advertise in *Drummer*. (I won't mention their names, but you know which ones they are.)

In every case, I visited the leatherbar during "prime-time" weekend hours. And in every case, I was the only man in the bar wearing complete leather! (Sorry guys, but wearing just one leather wriststrap or one leather belt doesn't make you a leatherman.)

So, where are all the leathermen? Or is everything I read about the East Coast leather lifestyle just a bunch of bullshit? I welcome a reply from leathermen in any of these cities.

T. G. / Dallas, TX

I think that you're probably jumping to conclusions without adequate information. Many East Coasters travel during certain seasons, and if you're not in sync with their migratory patterns, you can, indeed, go to bars on the weekends and find them empty of leathermen. You might also consider asking the bartenders what "prime time" really is. I've known men to come visit San Francisco and assume the South of Market leather scene is dead because there's no one at the Eagle on a Saturday night. But the next afternoon, the place is jammed with leathermen. I'd speak from a more knowledgeable standpoint before suggesting the East Coast leather lifestyle is a "bunch of bullshit."

PM

MORE PEREYRA!

Michael Pereyra has got to be the hottest stud you've ever published. Can you send me a name/address to get some shots of him? I've got to see more!

G. F. / Long Beach, CA

Drummer 120, with photos of the IML 88 winners, has a superb photo of Michael with private parts exposed. Michael is also part of the "Kinky Software" photospread in issue 141 of *Drummer*. There are photos of him in the first issue of *First Hand Events*, and *The Leather Journal* has had some, too. I know of no one else who has published other photos of Michael, but you will probably see more of him again in *Drummer* in the not-too-distant future. Zeus and *Drummer* are trying to persuade him to be a star in a forthcoming USSM video. Wish us luck.

AFD

LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Mr. Townsend,

"Outraged, NYC" (139) has no reason in the world to be outraged at the giant scat parties in Amsterdam. He exhibits the very same behavior as Jesse Helms does when confronted with things he is not personally into. Personally, sex scenes involving women, knives, candles, and mutilation, among other things, are all turn-offs to me. Big deal. I'm not "outraged" by them. On the other hand I have been to lots of fantastic scat parties in Amsterdam (and Germany) and have never had so much fun. Lots of us guys in the general population (and about 20% of *Drummer* classified ad writers) are into scat. By and large, *Drummer* stories ignore that. ("Assful of Molasses," Issue 139, is a welcome exception, although it was basically an enema story, not a scat story.) A lot of us would prefer stories involving huge, hard, foot-long, beer-can-thick turds. To say scat is dangerous is as dumb as saying sex is dangerous. Obviously some things are safe, others not. That goes for scat as much as anything else. There is safe scat play and unsafe scat play.

D. H. / Maryland

Dear D. H.,

Your point is interesting and well taken, and starkly in contrast with our next respondent.

Dear Larry,

I was glad to see that someone else found the increasing interest in scat within our community to be just as disgusting as I do. (Letter in Issue 139.) I don't care if some freak wants to shove his face up some other creep's shitty asshole. I just don't want to be subjected to pictures of it in my favorite leather/SM publications. I compliment the *Drummer* editors on their good taste in not printing the kind of revolting muck that now dominates the pages of *Mr. SM* and *Toy*, two European mags that used to be my eagerly awaited imports. I don't know why this type of material should be included in a book that is supposed to be for leathermen, anyway. What has shit got to do with mainstream SM? And isn't it just about the most dangerous thing a guy can do, from an HIV standpoint?

Chuck / Denver, CO

Dear Chuck,

Although my personal inclination is more to your side than to that of

D. H., above, I have to correct you on one point. If we accept that DeSade was the father of SM, which he most assuredly has to be, then we must—at least on a philosophical level—admit that scat is a legitimate element of SM. DeSade's stories are filled with it—which is not to say that the Grand Marquis was necessarily full of you-know-what. (Sorry, I couldn't resist that.) I really have to admit that I don't have the answer to all of this. The arguments from either side have merit, and my own fecalphobia is going to color any response I make. However, I don't think we're going to see the kind of pictures that are coming out in Europe, in an American publication. Our laws are more restrictive, as to scat being dangerous, I have to admit that D. H. is right. To those of us who aren't into the scene, it seems so gross that one's visceral response is that it has to be a sure path to infection.

Dear Mr. Townsend,

Sir, this might sound weird, but ever since high school I have really gotten off on having pimples popped. As long as I live I will never forget the times my Uncle Eddie popped the zits on my back when I came home from gym class. Of course, you have to understand I've always had the hots for my uncle. Nothing would excite me more than to have him drop by after work (unexpected) all hot and sweaty, darkly tanned, wearing a tight tanktop, and ask me to do him a favor and make a cup of coffee. Then I'd get him to "pop" me. I'd stretch out on the couch, and he'd pop away. He had rough hands and took great pleasure in causing me discomfort. I've never been able to find anyone else as skilled as he was, although I'd still get off having someone pop my occasional pimple. Am I just strange, or perhaps slightly touched in the head? Since I'm out of school and use special soaps, I don't have very many zits anymore. But in the summer, when I start to sweat more, I still get a couple really big sore ones. Is there anyone out there who would consider stopping by for a cup of coffee? I'm sure I can find something useful you can do with your hands while you're waiting.

R. L. V. / Selinsgrove, PA

Dear R. L. V.,

I wouldn't worry about being a little "touched." If all of us had our full

range of fantasies exposed for the world to see, there would be too few guys left running loose to care for the rest of us. (But we are getting "earthy" in this issue, aren't we?) Interestingly enough, a friend of mine saw your letter and actually drooled a bit. It appears he's into "social grooming," and when he sees a zit on a well-restrained subject, he can't keep his hands off it. He says it's not a really great sexual turn-on, just a slight compulsion. Can we do a little paraphrase of Sir Isaac? *For every perverse desire we harbor within ourselves, someone else harbors an equally perverse and opposite desire.* The trick is simply to find the right guy. If you're ever on the West Coast I'll send you on to my friend.

Dear Larry,

I was recently nosing through an old issue of *Drummer* (112) when I ran across a letter in your column questioning the need for "extreme" safer sexual practice. I volunteer at a free clinic which handles a lot of sexually transmitted diseases. In my work I deal with men both straight and gay. While doing an interview, I will explain various infections—then in the case of gonorrhea, ask which sites need to be cultured. I can't force a rectal culture, but usually get consent for throat cultures. Even on routine exams we are seeing an alarming increase of pharyngeal GC (clap of the throat). The same activities that put us at risk for gonorrhea, syphilis, and venereal warts also put us at risk for HIV infection. As with any advice columnist, sometimes I agree [with you] and sometimes not, but your advice to the side of caution is vital. You hit the nail on the head. We as gay men [have a] responsibility to ourselves and our partners to learn about our bodies and the infections that go along with our sexual practices. We have accomplished a lot in teaching persons about risk reduction, but we still have a long way to go. Thanks for using your column for this important purpose.

David / Richmond, VA

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

GOHR

BY THE HUN

A TALE OF
THE NEW AGE

IN A BOLD ATTEMPT TO RESCUE HIS FRIENDS, GOHR WADES BRAVELY INTO BATTLE AGAINST THE MERCENARIES OF KING RANKOR! PANIC & PANDEMONIUM ENSUE AS NUMEROUS HIRELINGS BREAK RANKS & FLEE FROM THE ATTACK OF THE GIANT WARRIOR! BUT A QUICK-THINKING OFFICER RALLIES HIS MEN. INEPT AS THEY MAY BE, THEIR NUMBERS BEGIN TO TELL...

OF A TRUTH, THESE WRETCHED LACKIES CANNOT FIGHT FOR SHIT! THIS IS NOT UNLIKE SLAUGHTERING O HOGS! BUT THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM! I MUST HIE MY ASS OUT OF HERE AND LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY! ALAS, MY POOR FRIENDS! BUT THAT'S THE BREAKS...

DIE, FOUL FRIEND OF PEASANT SCUM! WITH MY TRUSTY SWORD, I SHALL — — AW, FUCK! RIGHT THROUGH THE NAVEL! AAARGHH!

SPIKE!



AS PATE WOULD HAVE IT, A TROOPER DIS-ARMED & KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS RE-VIVES BEHIND GOHR! SEIZING A HANDY STICK OF WOOD, HE CLOS-ES IN...

O PRECIOUS MUSES, DON'T LET THIS BIG BASTARD TURN AROUND AND SEE ME! IF I CAN JUST STRIKE THIS BLOW AND LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT...

...AND THEN I SHALL ROAST YOUR NUTS FOR DIN-NER!

...& COLDCOCKS OUR HERO WITH ONE FELL BONK!

WHAT?! SUCH BRIGHT STARS! AND SO EARLY IN THE DA-

BONK!

ALMOST AS STUNNED AS GOHR HIMSELF, A SCORE OF MERCENARIES STANDS TRANSFIXED & AGAPE AS THE LEGEND-ARY FREEDOM-FIGHTER SPINS... REELS... STAG-GERS... DROPS HIS BAT-TLE-BLOODIED SWORD ... & COLLAPSES WITH A SWEATY THUD AMID THE COW PIES & CHICKEN TRACKS LITTER-ING THE BARN-YARD! THEN, WITH RAUCOUS CHEERS & FLASHING BLADES, THEY RUSH FORWARD FOR THE FINAL KILL! VENGEANCE FOR FALLEN COMRADES IS THEIRS! PLUS, WHAT A HERO IN THE TAVERNS & BARRACKS WILL BE THE TROOPER WHO WAS FIRST TO RUN HIS SWORD THROUGH THE DREADED BANDIT, GOHR!... EVEN IF THE HAIRY GIANT WAS UNCONSCIOUS AT THE TIME. OF SUCH DEEDS IS GREAT FAME BORN....



BUT AN OFFICER LEAPS FORWARD, AND...

AWWW, FUCK!

HALT! BY THE WRATH OF RANKOR, THE KING, I COMMAND YOU TO STOP! STAND DOWN, I SAY! MORE THAN ANY OF YOU, I DESIRE TO SEE GOHR SKEWERED AND DEAD! BUT HIS MAJESTY'S SECRET ORDERS ARE TO BRING THE BANDIT BACK ALIVE... OR ELSE!

IT IS THE KING'S PLEASURE TO ATTEND PERSONALLY TO GOHR'S PROLONGED AND CHORTLE! EXCRUCIATING DEMISE! TRUST ME, MEN! TRIPLE THE BOUNTY IF WE SUCCEED!... SLOW DEATH FOR US ALL IF WE FAIL! NOW, QUICKLY, BRING ROPES!... CHAINS! HEAVY WEIGHTS! WE MUST SECURE THIS STINKING BULL BEFORE HE REVIVES! QUICKLY, I SAY! MOVE!

I AM, HOWEVER, UNDER NO SUCH ORDERS REGARDING THE BANDIT'S "ACCOMPLICES"! HEH! HEH! YOU THERE!... WITH THE AXE! CARVE THREE OF THESE STURDY FENCEPOSTS INTO LONG, UGLY SPIKES! WHEN GOHR AWAKENS, WE WILL SHOW HIM WHAT HAPPENS CHORTLE! TO ENEMIES OF THE CROWN!... AND THE DREAD AGONIES DROOL! HE ALONE HAS BROUGHT UPON HIS FRIENDS! HEH! HEH! HEH!



DROUGHT

by Bill
Carpenter

The winning entry in *Drummer's*
Etienne Story Contest

Okay, punks," I said, looking into the rear-view mirror at my three charges slumped in the back of the prison van. The Chicano and the redhead were looking around wide-eyed, while their blond buddy dozed. I pulled to a rough stop in the gravel driveway of the low, deserted-looking ranch house, jerking Sleeping Beauty awake in the process. "This is where you get off."

"Aw man, take a look at this place," the blond yawned as he sat up. His little snub nose was pressed up against the reinforced glass in the cage. "What a dump."

"Ain't that a shame. But you chumps ain't here for no rest cure." I got out of the van, checking on my sidearm and taking in the surroundings as I opened the rear of the van.

The place wasn't pretty, that's for sure. Nothing growing, a few dried yucca plants off in the distance, some tumble weeds snarled in the broken strands of barbed wire tacked to a fence post. The only green thing in sight was the van, and that was heading home in about an hour, if I had anything to say about it.

"Y'know, it's gonna be a real pleasure to get rid of you for a while, pal," I said as I yanked Blondie out. "I'm just sorry the Warden's little work program won't last longer. You'll be back jerkin' off in your cells all too soon. C'mon, let's go," I barked. "And don't try any funny stuff."

"Like what? Runnin' away?" little Red laughed, squinting at the bright light as he shuffled to his feet and jumped out.

"Yeah," his Chicano buddy said, hopping to the ground, "I see me a dead tree 'bout five miles off, make a real good place to hide, man."

It had been a long, dry ride. I let those fuck-heads nurse a little, one at a time, on the canteen I'd swiped from prison supply. It did me good to see

Blondie beg for something for once. Just as they were having their second go-round, I heard the ranch house door open. I flipped the canteen shut as Blondie was slurping at it, and unsnapped my holster.

He was a big man, dressed in a faded blue workshirt and baggy sun-bleached jeans. Dusty cowboy boots. Worn straw hat shading his eyes, a frayed bandanna tied around his neck. A toothpick dangling from one corner of his mouth. A heavy coil of rope slung over one shoulder, a sheathed hunting knife on his wide belt. He eyed us all critically. I crossed my arms over my chest, making sure he got a load of the prison guard insignia on my sleeves.

"So, y'all got here in one piece," he growled, gnawing on that toothpick. "These my new hands?" he asked. "Puny lookin' lot."

"Yeah, these losers are all yours, compliments of the State Penal System, if you're a Mr.—Cal Post," I said, checking the manifest.

"That's the name, buddy," he grunted, looking down at me. Not many men can do that. "Need some I.D. before I take charge here?"

"I'd appreciate it," I answered levelly.

"Let me put this sorry bunch'a jailbirds to work, then we'll straighten out the paper shit." He looked at the kids critically. "Leave these pussies out in the sun too long, they're like to shrivel up and blow away. An' I got plans for these dudes." He started up the gritty path out to a low bunkhouse.

"You heard the man," I said. "Move it."

"No fuckin' water," Cal said as we trudged in the keen heat. "That's the problem in a nutshell." The parched ground cracked and shattered to dust under our boots. My mouth was already dry. "I gotta practically count the drops," Cal

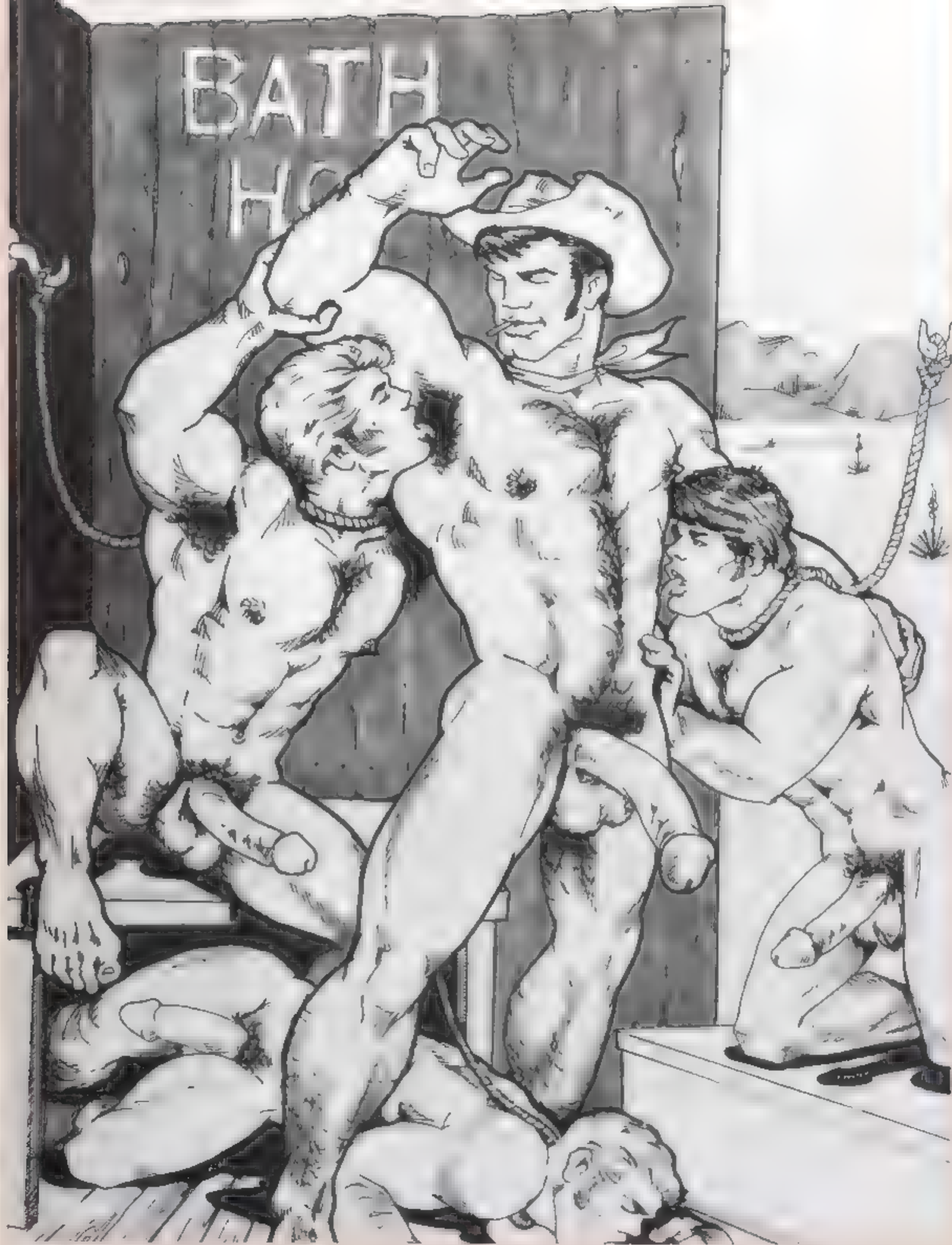
went on. My cute batch of delinquents shambled behind us, sweating through their dark uniforms. The big man didn't seem to notice the heat. He just worked that toothpick across his big lower lip.

"And all my fuckin' help up and quit last week, just when work's the heaviest," he said. The man sounded pissed and tired. "That's why I got in touch with the Warden about this new deal of his." Cal scratched at his big shoulder and hiked the rope up higher. "I don't much like the idea—playin' house with a bunch of second-rate crooks, but I'm in a bind out here, an' got no choice just now."

"Yeah, I know how that feels," I said, tasting sanding between my teeth. I didn't have much choice today either. "Fuckin' Warden phoned, got me outa bed this morning," I said. "Regular driver was sick, I had to drive these work program punks halfway across the state." And there'd I'd been, receiver to one ear, and Darlene straddling my hips, with my big ol' dick hot and slick, my fat cockhead draggin' back and forth through her pussy hair, her gettin' ready to sit right down on the whole thing. "Yeah, and I was just about to get some, too. Had to throw her off ma. Shit." I grabbed my crotch. My nut still ached, thinkin' about the fuck I'd missed.

"Sounds like neither one of us is gettin' what we need," Cal grunted as we trudged the last few yards. "Asshole weatherman's been predictin' big relief for over a week now, but so far, zip." He peered out over the horizon. "I tell you, this dry spell lasts much longer, I'll have to dig me a couple new wells. And that can be one big fuckin' pain in the ass." He slapped the dusty bath house wall for emphasis, and the dry boards rattled. He hung the coil of rope on a hook and turned to his three new hands.

"This is where y'all'll bunk, next to the bath house." The kids stumbled in, their eyes adjusting to the dark. A couple



The illustration by Etienne that inspired "Drought," the contest-winning story by Bill Carpenter. Look for a new story contest coming up soon.

of metal bedsteads in a corner held a pile of thin mattresses. Cal nudged some loose boards, tumbleweeds, and other debris with the toe of his boot.

"You guys do as you're told. Above all *don't use the water unless you absolutely have to*," he said. "Piss in the bushes. It ain't no pleasure palace out here." Blondie there shook his head and gave a smart-ass snort, as if to say "No kidding." I took a step toward the punk, set to backhand him one right across his mouth, but the big man stopped me with a quick glance and just stood there, bulky and dangerous, starin' down at Blondie until the pussy started squirming like a bug on a pin. The feel of menace in the room, mingled with the smell of five sweaty men, made my skin tingle.

"What's your name, kid," Cal asked the Chicano.

"Luis, sir," the boy answered real soft, bowing his head.

"N you, Red?"

"A chie's my real name, sir," the kid answered eagerly. "But you c'n call me Red if you want to, sir. Everybody does,

sir." For some reason I thought of an Irish Setter pup, copper-colored and wriggly, lickin' at his new master's boots.

"Well?" Cal asked, stepping in front of Blondie.

"Edwin Foster Higgins IV—Sir," Blondie sneered. Boy, this kid was really cruisin' for a bruising.

"I see," Cal said quietly, cracking his knuckles and looking out the grimy bunkhouse window. The wind was picking up, whipping waves of stinging sand against the building. Then Cal made his move, grabbing Blondie by the shirt with one hand and lifting the kid clear off his feet in one smooth move. No more effort for him than picking up a dirty coffee mug. The other kids stood with mouths open as their punk pal dangled there six inches off the ground, his face turnin' purple. Cal spoke quietly, his toothpick twisting around inches from Blondie's gasping mouth, but the man's voice had a keen edge to it.

"Listen, scum. One more wise-ass *thought* on your part, and I will shove your face so far down your throat, you'll be singin' out your fuckin' asshole. Have

a made myself, real, *real* clear?" Blondie struggled to nod yes.

I smiled to myself, seein' that twerp danglin' there, his pale blue eyes set to pop out of his head, his tongue hangin' out, while Cal set the record straight, then dropped him back down on the floor. Yeah, these kids were in the right place, for sure.

"Now get all this shit cleared up while your former keeper and I go over some paper work. *Move it!*" he thundered. Even I jumped a little. Red and Luis started right in, pluin' up the wood in a stack. Blondie stood in the middle of the floor, lookin' around.

"Do you have a mop here? Sir?" he asked. Why did that kid piss me off?

"I told you, *spare the water*. Use a fuckin' broom. In the closet in the bath house. Put it back when you're done," Cal said.

"Yes, sir." I thought I saw, out of the corner of my eye, Blondie giving Cal a mock salute behind his back. Fuckin' kid was just *achin'* for it, I told myself. Too bad I wasn't gonna be around to see it. I shook my head and followed Cal back to the house.

"That about covers it," I said, looking over the forms Cal had signed. "Now I just have to get those punks to make their mark, and I'm outta here." My dick gave a throb as I thought about a certain juicy cunt I'd be pluggin' in just a couple hours.

"Bring them papers on up to the bunkhouse then," Cal said. "I got a fee in' those clowns are gonna need some watchin'."

As we neared the building, Cal stopped dead, listening. I didn't hear anything unusual, just the sound of kids' voices under the hiss of running showers in the bath house. It was Blondie talking.

"C'mon, you guys, I haven't got off in three days. Bet I can shoot my load clear across the floor," he laughed. There was a window high in the bath house wall, tilted open, steam puffing out. I climbed a wood pile to look in. The shower room was hazy with mist, all the shower heads on full blast. I could just make out Blondie standing with his back to me, groping at his groin. "I'm gonna jerk it so hard, I'll shoot out the fuckin' overhead lights in this dump."

Typical, I thought—kids circle-jerkin' in the shower...

"Stay here," Cal said. His jaws were real tight. He was halfway round the shack with his hunting knife out, cutting pieces of rope from the big coil he'd left on the wall. Inside, I couldn't see much more than Blondie's back, his tight wet butt flexing, his big shoulders working, his wet head rolling forward—damn, it looked like he was gettin' serious about dropping a load. I half felt like joinin' him.

A lariat sliced
through the mist
and settled over
Blondie's wet
shoulders, then
jumped and
tightened
around his neck.

—I had a hell of a load waiting. Then I heard one choked gasp after another from the cloud of steam across the room—Red and Luis must'a shot theirs—and Blondie started to grunt. "Okay, you guys," he muttered as he threw his head back.

A lariat sliced through the mist and settled down over Blondie's wet shoulders, then jumped and tightened around his throat. I don't know whether he was about to blow or not, but he choked and let go of his dick, clawing at his neck as he got hauled out of the bath house in one long pull on the rope. Then I saw Cal stride in through the steam, shutting down all the shower heads, his face stern and grim. I hustled around the corner to see what was going to happen next.

The three kids were all roped at the neck and tied to heavy hooks screwed into the weathered bath house walls. They'd all definitely been beating off—their dicks were still swollen and heavy-looking. Cal came back out of the showers, his shirt and jeans and boots dark with water and dust, and stopped dead in the doorway, just looking at those miserable punks. The punks looked back. Even Blondie looked apprehensive for once. Cal worked that toothpick back and forth a owly as he unbuckled his wide belt and stripped it out of his jeans.

"Turn around," he snarled as he doubled the belt in his hand.

Blondie began to tremble and talk fast. "But Mr. Post, sir, we were just about done."

"Shut the fuck up, punk," Cal growled. "All of you, lean against the wall. Hands up. Higher! Spread your legs. That's it. Yeah."

Feet wide, arms raised, all three guys stood there, tense and expectant, their taut white butts already dry and looking real vulnerable. Cal slapped the palm of his hand with the leather. Blondie looked back over his shoulder.

"Face front, punk," Cal snapped, raising his arm.

Thwack! Blondie yelped and jumped. A scarlet mark splashed across his butt cheeks. Thwack! Little Red stiffened and his eyes watered, but he didn't make a sound. Thwack! Luis took in a deep ragged breath.

"Think you're here to play?" Cal grunted in time with the swing of his big arm. "Think this is fun? Havin' a real good time?" I groped myself, watchin' those guys twitch and jerk while the strap heated up their backsides until all three were bister-red. Cal went back and forth swinging that strap fiercely. Now his shirt was soaked with sweat. The boys' legs trembled. Red's face was wet. All three inflamed asses jiggled and flinched with pain, waiting for the next blow to fall. By now, I had a full-fledged hardon in my pants. Boy-butt's not my first choice, but I was hot and horny, and those asses

looked like they needed something more than just a strap.

Apparently, Cal was coming to the same conclusion. He pushed his hat back and wiped his forearm across his brow, as he looked over those freshly-beaten butts. Down the baggy leg of his jeans, something was waking up and nosing around. The kids sighed and sniffled and trembled. Cal nodded slowly.

"Yeah, well, I guess maybe you scumbags didn't get it when I said drillin' for water was a pain in the ass." Cal stripped off his sweaty shirt. His chest and shoulders were huge. A trail of dark hair sprouted at the base of his neck, and ran down his solid torso.

Blondie turned slightly to say something. "Shut up, punk, and keep your ugly face front," Cal snarled. He shucked off his boots and work socks, then ran his big hand down the left leg of his jeans.

"So I guess I'll do a little drillin' right now, to show you shitheads what I mean," he grunted. He unbuttoned his fly and let

his jeans slide down over his hips. They caught on something that slanted sideways down the one leg. With a tug, he got his dick loose, then took a step toward the waiting boys.

Now I've seen some mighty big dicks on some mighty big men in my time—watched one guy last week gettin' fed a honker that looked like it'd dislocate his jaw. But this Cal guy was hung like nothin' I'd ever seen. Must've been at least a full foot long, and thick as my wrist. It swayed there in the dry air, thick and broad-headed, leakin' a little and archin' out over a pair of heavy-lookin' nuts. Had a real mean downward curve to it. A cock like that forcin' its way in somewhere—up an unwilling butt for instance—was gonna make its presence known. I let out a low whistle, and groped myself good. This was gonna be somethin' to watch.

The boys were sneakin' looks too as Cal wrapped a big fist around the head of that killer dick of his and mixed it down. Precum oozed out, wetting his fingers. I

The three punks
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thought Blondie's eyes would pop out of his head. Red's lips were trembling and he kept on whimpering. Luis squinted and flushed, his nostrils flaring, as if he were trying to get a better smell of the big man stalking up behind them. Then Cal reached back around into the bath house and brought out two foil packets from a shelf inside the door. He ripped one open with his teeth, bit off the nipples end and stretched the sheath into place.

"Don't know what all's been up these sorry assholes..." he grunted, working the headless rubber down around the base of his dick. At least six solid inches of bare hungry cock still poked in the open. He slipped the second rubber down, overlapping with the first, leaving a generous overhang at the head. Looked like it could hold half a pint of hot come if it had to. He gave his cock a squeeze.

"P-please, sir—I never—" Blondie whined.

"Shut up, asswipe," Cal snarled. He jerked the bonds rope. "Spread those legs wider. You're first." He stepped in behind Blondie, then looked at the other two. "You punks keep your eyes front," he said. "You'll get your turns soon enough."

"Oh, no, please sir, stop! No, please don't—it's too much! I can't... Oh God, please!" Blondie was yammering and squealing, and I squatted down to watch as Cal nudged his fat cockhead up against Blondie's pink pucker, completely covering the boy's tight opening. From the looks of it, Blondie was about to get himself a whole new asshole. I braced for some awful screams, half expecting to see blood runnin' down the punk's shaky legs. Kid might even pass out, I thought. But Cal just held the head there for a minute, nudg'n' it hard, then pulled back and yanked Blondie's rope again.

"By rights, punk, I should just shove this on home, to make my point," Cal sneered. "But I gotta get some work outa you wimps. Just remember, you so much as slightly fuck up again, you *will* take it dry. Bone dry—and I won't care if you don't walk for a month."

The big man shoved Blondie's face back against the wall, then leaned over and hawked a heavy wad of spit that landed right on the heavy head of his rubber-clad dick. The spit hung there, and then Cal worked himself right back in between Blondie's cheeks. He gripped the kid's shoulders and started to shove.

"Oh! Oh no! It won't go in... sir please... no... you're... fuckin' *splittin'* me!" Blondie yelled to high heaven. He danced from side to side, and I don't know how it happened—must've been his sweat mix'n' in with Cal's spit, because in another long minute, that plum-sized dick head slowly pushed on in, and I could see Blondie's ass ring tremble and clench around the shaft. Kid screamed

and hollered like hell, but he hadn't felt nothin' yet. There was still an awful lot of cock to go. Cal got a grip on the punk's hips and really threw the meat home, stuffing the boy's sore ass with that down-curved dick. Plowed all the way in to those big nuts, straight and relentless. To the fuckin' hilt. Blondie panted and moaned. His face and neck turned bright red, his chest heaved, his back trembled and his legs shook. Cal reached bottom, ground himself there, and then pulled all the way out, brutally. I half expected to hear the kid's asshole slam shut, Cal's heavy cock back out that fast.

"That's what I mean by a pain in the ass," the big man grunted.

Blondie was groaning. But if he was in so much pain, I wondered, how come he had such a big hard-on?

"Red, you're next," Cal said. Both other kids had stared straight ahead wide-eyed, listening while their punk pal got plugged, and Red was crying quietly. He assumed the position, offering his tenderized butt to the big man, but as soon as the heavy knob of Cal's dick rubbed up against Red's tiny hole, the boy started to sob.

"Oh man, I knew it," Red whined, shaking his head. His tense legs quivered like a frightened animal's. Cal nosed his dick right in—there was no way Red could fight this one. "You're makin' me a faggot, man," he complained as Cal shoved it to the kid. "Oh shit... Fuck..." the boy gasped. "You're makin' me... a fuckin'... faggot." I unzipped my pants.

Cal grunted and thrust himself in further. "You were a faggot when you got here," he said. "I'm helping you wake up and face facts." Cal swung his hips, stirring his big cock around in Red's little butt, then pulled out, just as forcefully as he had with the blond. And just like Blondie, Red's cock had snapped to attention. It was weird, the boy crying like his little heart was gonna break, and throwing a big bone at the same time.

"Faggot," Cal spat at him. Tears were still running down the boy's cheeks. He was panting hard, and could see his little asshole flutter and clutch.

As soon as Cal's big cock swung free of Red's butt, Luis spread his legs and squatted slightly as Cal stepped into place. Unlike the other boys, Luis didn't complain as Cal started to drill into him. Instead, the kid let out a moan and dropped his head forward. "Carrmramba," he hissed and spat out a stream of Spanish, twisting his hips as Cal stroked in deep.

"Shit," Cal panted. "This one's been porked before. Seems to like it. But I'll bet he ain't never been opened up *this* far." With that, the big man drove his ass-splitter in to the balls and held it there, deep. Luis' face got darker, his legs twitched like he wanted to run, but Cal

yanked the boy's rope. "No you don't," he snarled into the boy's neck. "You stay right here and get your share."

As the rope tightened, and Cal kept his dick all the way up the kid's butt, that punk's dick got super-hard and tight-looking too. Luis started to tremble and breathe hard, it looked like he was gonna come or something. I pulled my hand away from my cock, or I was gonna lose a load. Just when Luis' hips started to buck, Cal pulled his dick out with a squishy pop.

About this time I noticed that Blondie wasn't facing front anymore, but was tenderly caressing his butt, checking for blood. Cal grabbed Blondie's rope.

"What the fuck you think you're doin'?" Cal snapped. "You think this is some fuckin' picnic? Or maybe you think well-drillin's a one-time deal. Well it ain't. It's just started."

And with that, Cal proceeded to go from butt to butt to butt, drillin' that big piece of his all the way up, then pulling it back out. Givin' those butts just enough time to recover before he brutally plugged them again. The boys cried and hissed and begged, but it didn't make any difference. Cal just plowed away, making his point deep and clear, over and over.

Looked real good to me. I played with myself and wondered who was gonna come first. Blondie's hard-on looked ready to spit. Luis had his eyes shut, and backed onto Cal as soon as he felt that fat cockhead at his butt. Red kept cryin' about not wantin' to be a faggot, but his dick was full and heavy too. His nuts all pulled up and ready to let loose. Even Cal looked flushed and urgent, and that big arched thing of his seemed even thicker than before. I looked down at my own cock as I pulled and twisted it in time with Cal's drilling. Somebody was gonna lose a load quick. Could be me.

"Now," Cal said thickly, pulling out of Luis and taking a breath, "seems I missed out on that clean-up you guys were havin' a while ago." He cradled his dick across both palms, and peeled off the double rubber, slick with ass juices. The boys still had their hands against the wall. I could see wetness on the insides of their thighs from Cal screwin' his dick up there. Their dicks were all still rock-hard, pulsing in front of 'em.

"So now it's my turn to get cleaned up," Cal drawled, flicking the rubber aside. "But you punks are gonna be my shower heads." He yanked on Blondie's rope, pulling the kid's face right into one of his dripping armpits. "Lick it, punk," Cal sneered. Get it sweet and clean, or your sorry fucked ass is grass." Blondie started to snuffle through Cal's hairy pit, but then pulled back.

"Please, sir," he pleaded. "I can't. My mouth is too dry." The kid really looked worried. I laughed, nursing my

hardon. Cal grabbed Blondie by the throat again.

"Open up," he growled, and dug a broad thumb into Blondie's jaw. When the kid's mouth was open wide, Cal let him have a wad of hot spit, right into the back of Blondie's throat. "That should get you primed, pig," Cal said, and he spit again, then shoved the choking punk's face back in place. "Now put it to work."

This time Cal raised his arm over his head, and Blondie bent forward obediently to tongue out the big man's pit. "I want to feel that tongue, boy." Blondie nodded, licking for all he was worth.

"That's better," Cal said, then turned to Red and Luis. Their hands were still against the wall and they were watching over their shoulders. "Get over here, shitheads—you got work to do!" Cal growled. He hauled Luis around. The dark-haired kid had his tongue out already, and started sniveling up and down Cal's side, getting the big man real wet. Red just sank to his knees without being told, crawling down between Cal's heavy legs and munching on the man's thick, sweaty toes. "yeah, that's more like it," Cal said, watching those punks lick the salt and stink off him.

It was quite a sight, let me tell you. Even though it was supposed to be punishment, those kids never lost their hardons, getting even more turned on by the smell and taste of their new boss-

man. I've seen that happen before—a gang bang on the cellblock, a buncha sweaty men workin' over a new guy and he can't help gettin' a boner, maybe even loses control and comes all over himself, for the first time in his life, taking a big one up the ass.

I was pretty worked up myself, watching those three kids sniff and tongue Cal all over while he stood there, hat perched back on his head, bandanna still in place, and still chewin' on that toothpick. Blondie munched his way through Cal's pits, over those heavy arms and back again. Seemed to really get into it. Luis licked and tongued that wide chest, really cleaning Cal's nipples, maybe biting them some. Cal seemed to dig that. Red squatted and patiently cleaned between Cal's toes, sucking each one into his soft little mouth, then moved on up to lick those muscular calves and heavy thighs.

I really started some serious jerkin' by the time those punks converged on Cal's sweaty crotch. They all had their eyes on that heavy dick—the one they all knew so well now—while they licked their way toward it.

"Don't seem to be havin' any trouble with dry mouth now, do you?" Cal laughed. "Now, let's do some serious cleanin'," he grunted. He laced his fingers into Blondie's long hair and squatted slightly, mashing the kid's face back down between his big butt cheeks. "Get your face

in there, slimeball. Eat the stink off my hole. Oooh, yeah. Suck it. Use some tongue. That's it." Cal grunted with his eyes closed, then grinned. "K'd's got talent."

Even though the rope was tight around his neck, Blondie pushed forward eagerly, trying to do a good job. Red rubbed himself against Cal's shins and tongued the man's big damp balls, while Cal held the fat head of his dick and turned it from side to side so Luis could wash down the cockshaft. I was beginning to feel like I'd pop a serious load all down my uniform, what with Blondie rooting away in Cal's butt, Red chewing those balls, Luis forcing his tongue in at the runny end of that dick.

"Looks good, don't it," Cal asked. His voice was a little unsteady. I stood there stroking myself as he got served but good. "Whaddya say, man?" he asked, his eyes a little unfocused. "Up for losin' a load?"

"What's it look like?" I asked, holding my fat cock down along my thigh and letting it snap back, then puling at it again.

Cal snorted and nodded me over toward him. He ground his butt back into Blondie's face. All I could hear from that punk was a snuffling moan.

"Eat that ass good," Cal grunted. He grabbed Blondie's head and pushed, as he rubbed his leaking cockhead into Luis'

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face.

Just lick at it, kid," Cal groaned. "You'll never get it in your mouth." Luis did the best he could. And little Red was trying to get those big balls in his mouth at once, licking at them like a pup. But

hunchin' his hips and that big dick of his just flew back and forth. "I want you punks to jerk off, too," he ordered, looking from his own heavy cock over to mine, and then back again. "And keep this baby wet for me," he mumbled as he



those balls were pulling up tight now.

"You punks try hard," Cal said unsteadily, "but it looks like I'm gonna have to do the real work myself." He reached behind him and puled Blondie from his asshole. The kid's face was slimy with his own spit and Cal's ass juice, and he looked like he was having a religious experience or somethin'. He scurried around on his knees, his hard-on flappin', to where Red and Luis watched Cal wrap both hands around the heavy shaft and begin to milk that dick of his. Cal held out one hand, palm open. The boys flinched.

"Wet it, pigs," Cal barked. Luis leaned forward quickly and licked Cal's hand. Cal slid that wet hand back along his dick, then held out the other. This time Blondie and Red were ready, really coughing up some heavy spit for the man. "Yeah, now you're getting it," Cal said. "More."

His cock was gleaming. He forced the fat head through his spit-slick fists with a pop, then pulled back and thrust again. I licked my own hand and got into it.

"Yeah," Cal grunted, "keep 'em drippin'. And take care of my buddy, here, too," he said. I held out my hand and Blondie gave me a wad of spit—nice and thick. Just right for jerkin'. Real hot.

"Oh fuck," Cal shuddered. He was

got another hot handful of spit from little Red and twisted that palm around, right over the end of his dick.

Oh shit. I was real close. Cal was frownin', his eyes half shut. His breathing was ragged. The head of his cock got real, real dark. The piss slit opened wide, like it was gonna scream. Oh shit.

I shot. The first spurt draped over Cal's thigh. The rest landed in Blondie's hair while he spewed a load all over Red's back. Little Red whined and came his tongue out and his eyes fixed on Cal's dick. Luis was twisting and torturing his cock, then he shuddered and erupted all on Cal's feet as the big man spurted his first heavy rope of come right in Luis' face.

"Me... too!" Red panted and got his face in there too, in time for the second wave. It caught him on the cheek and some went up his nose, making him choke. He twisted his tongue out to taste what he could, while he continued to frantically beat off.

Blondie whined, and Cal aimed with his dick and milked out a jet in the boy's direction, shuddering and unloading for him. All three of them swarmed up the man's thighs, like a nest of hungry birds, and Cal's hot heavy worm just coughed up the syrup they craved.

"Aaah, fuck," he groaned as his

spasms slowed. Then he chuckled as the boys continued their cleaning, sucking in his come-coated fingers. Rod even cleaned up a pool of come that was drying on the floor. "Yeah, I think you guys got the point," Cal said. Then he frowned, looking behind me into the distance. I stopped milking my still-shuddering cock and grabbed for my gun as I turned.

Along the near horizon, and moving toward us fast, was a wall of dark cloud—a wave of heavy thunderstorms racing up the valley. As we looked, the first whiff of wet air brushed over us.

Cal unhooked the ropes from the walls. "You punks get your gear," he ordered as he picked up his own clothes and tossed them over his shoulder. "We'll wait this one out in the house." The wind was picking up. "And buddy, you'd better get a move on," he said to me, "if you want to keep that hot date you got waiting."

I laughed, and finished stuffing my dick away. That come-stain down my leg would brush off, I told myself. We set off down the hill, Cal's dick swinging heavily from side to side.

"You aren't sending us back now, are you?" Blondie asked Cal as we hustled for cover. "Now that it looks like you're gonna get the water you need?" The kid sounded worried, but his eyes were on the big man's meat.

"Yeah," Red piped up, looking cute as hell, buck-naked except for his unlaced boots, a streak of come drying on his cheek. "We could still help." Luis nodded eagerly too.

Cal looked sideways at me and grinned. That toothpick danced on his lip. "Well, I reckon as I've done all the paperwork... And too much water can be just as much trouble as too little," he said opening the ranch house door.

The storm was coming on fast. The air was noticeably cooler. "I'll probably need some help handling the overflow," He gave his big nuts a squeeze.

"Get inside," Cal ordered. "Place a kinda small but we'll worry about sleeping arrangements later." As the boys filed in, Cal stuck out his hand to me. "Thanks bud, for all your help," he said, his grip real firm. "You're more'n welcome to wait this thing out here," he added, nodding in the direction of the threatening clouds.

"Thanks, man," I said, "but I'm gonna try to outrun it." I groped myself casually. "Maybe I'll be back out here in a couple weeks again, when the program's over, to pick these kids up."

Cal laughed. "Well, we got a lot of work to do—I may need an extension on 'em. But come out anyway. Check on their progress."

"Yeah, I guess I could do that," I said. The dull rumble of distant thunder rolled over us. "Yeah, maybe I will." ■

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"Tits! When am I gonna grow tits? A *Chorus Line*'s lyric packs a double-whammy for sophisticated Tit Men who know that tit-pleasure is like taking the Offramp to Alpha Centauri! Tits are the original *Twin Peaks*. Tits are the far out, deepdown thrill of any progressive man who knows how a boy called "Pony" becomes a man called "Horse." Whether a beginner with soft eager nipples or a veteran with thick skinned tread on his tits, a man knows that three hardons are better than one. When a man's tits stand at attention under the fingerplay of another man flicking/massaging/rolling/squeezing/pinching/clamping/piercing, he knows he's entered the Homosensual Arena of High Wire Sex.

It ain't for nothing that artist Kirby's latest "pec" drawing, featuring massive tits, is called "AM/FM." Tits are twin dials that fine-tune a man's head to the music of the night. Tit Play, safe long before safety was required, has become a major league sport. Peter Case, a true case in hot-wired *points*, is current Tit Champ. His "brother," TIT MEISTER, Scott Answer, is official Tit Title Holder for Life. These two men, daddied by ZEUS, sport Olympic Tits so developed, so big, so ripe, so juicy, so ENHANCED that Tit Fans have to carry Drool Buckets!

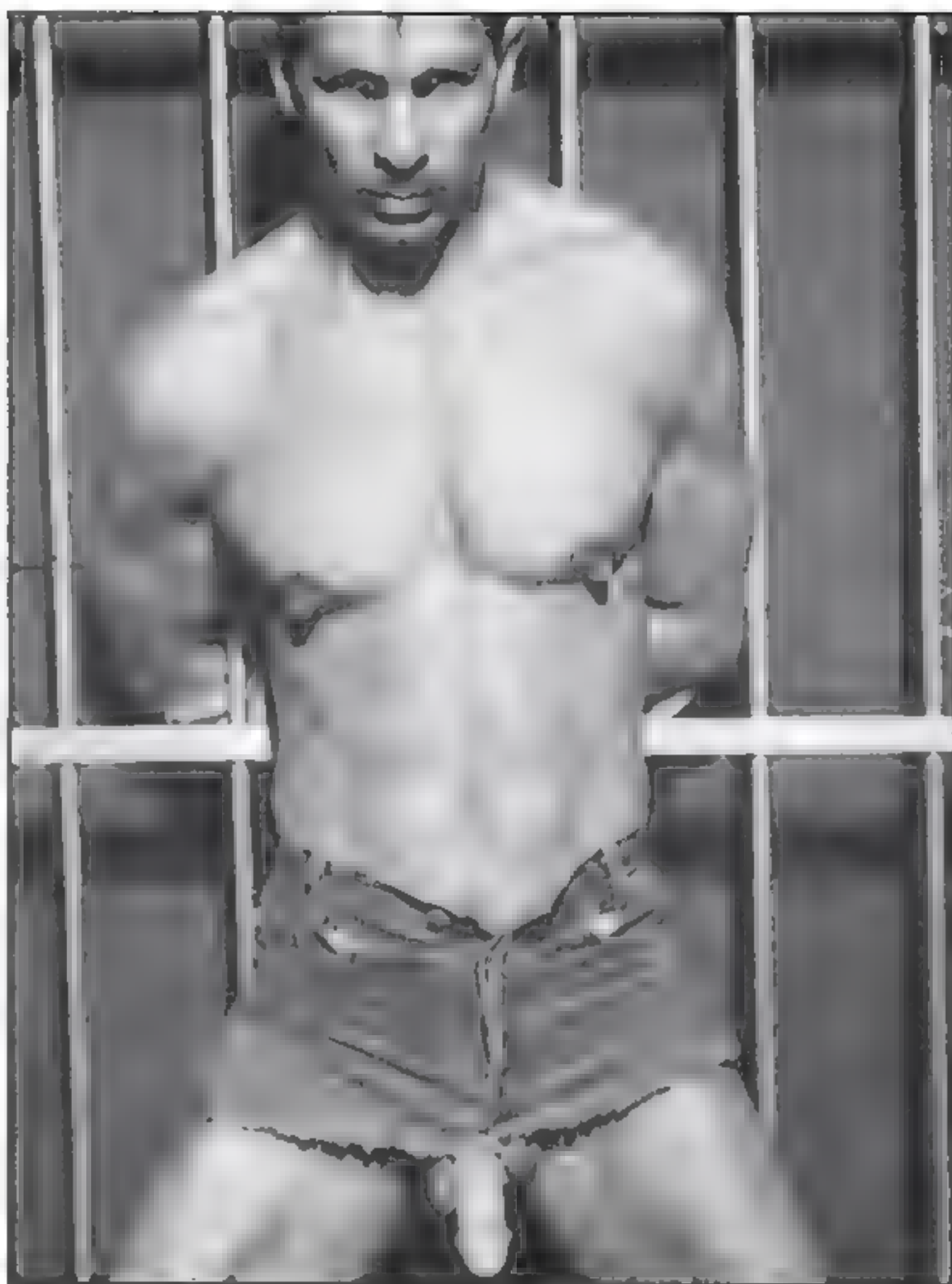
Peter Case's tits first hardened in frigid Wisconsin. Scott Answer's tits bloomed in tropical Florida. These men knew instinctively that what hardened their dicks was their Twin Tweaks. Both men, ardent in their gym workouts, have pumped up their pecs as full-handed mounds to present the pert bulls-eyes of their tits.

Some men are born tit-responsive. Other men learn their tits. If a man isn't born gifted, he can develop his talent for Tit Sports, solo, or with a good coach. Sensitive, tough tits are a sign and index of sexual/sensual sophistication.

Primal Jason Steele, for instance, exhibits in the video, *Tit Animal*, that Tit Play/Torture is a masculine tribal rite-of-passage. Peter Case and Scott Answer take Tit Enhancement into XXXXstacy. These men know that a man can tease his tits—big as meaty thimbles—by developing nipples, born flat as quarters, to half-inch, inch, and even two-inch lengths inspired by, and modeled after, the drawings of artists like The Hun, Kirby, Tom of Finland, and the legendary A. Jay.

Tit training, as chronicled by ZEUS studios Tit Workout Videos, takes time—the same as any sport. ZEUS makes male nipples grow to a growl. As tit-bulk increases by the cubic inch, so does the pleasure.

Body enhancement is in vogue. Al Parker, a victim of the child-abuse which is circumcision, recently had his foreskin restored in a reverse procedure. Also in step with the times, as men are claiming



full rights to their bodies, the voluptuous Peter Case and Scott Answer are both pioneers at self-improvement. Check out their body-sculpting results. You too can have bodacious tits!

Men seeking tit-enhancement and enlargement need only train with constant play: fingers, clamps, and snake-bite suction cups. Once pumped up, the engorged tits, ready for serious training, can be tied off at the base with leather thongs, rubber bands, and dental floss. Such Tit Bondage keeps the tip of the nipple full and juicy for hours while the pressure enhances the hydroponic growth. A teeshirt or tanktop pulled down over Tied Tits excites enlargement with soft cotton massage. Such huge tits pointing hard through a tight shirt advertise a man's double-barreled sexual attraction. And it pays to advertise!

Right now, raise your thumbs and

flick your tits through your shirt. Puts notions in a man's head, doesn't it? Pity the man who has only his dick and his butt as Sex Zones when it's so easy to bring the crowning aureoles on a man's chest to full male empowerment.

Tit enhancement, once some size has been gained, often advances into piercing, akin to the male Native American Sun Dance ritual, with gold rings or posts through the permanent installation. Interestingly, in the shared common cross-culture of butch guys, gay and straight, tit piercing has become *de rigueur* in prisons and in *Easy Rider* with bikers. For some would-be Nipniks, gold tit rings are no more than junk jewelry stuck through wrinkled raisins. For serious sexualists, ever on the quest to increase their total body sensuality, permanent tit inserts serve as twin anchors for hitching the reins of runaway passion.



There's more to consciously reclaiming, designing, and redefining the male body than, say, the usual reshaping by pumping iron. The Aesthetic of Tits is also the Sport of Tit Play and, often, the core of relationships. "With these rings, I thee bond." Tit Attraction, for some, is the Main Attraction.

Tit enlargement is not limited to primitive snake-bite suction cups. To maximize Tit Bulk, industrial-strength high-tech vacuum pumps, once used primarily for dicks, are manufactured, or can be rigged up, to really suck out those sensitive nipples to the max. This is *real specific* bodybuilding! Clip any chest hair back carefully to a perfect wider circle around the golden aureole, lick the sucker-tubes, shove those tasty tits inside, and flip the pump switch. Tit bulk-training is as rewarding as its ultimate results: fine, hard, big nipples standing at erect attention.

Tits are addictive. Once a man gets into tits, there's no limit for the imaginative enhancer.

Once enlarged, bulked and defined, sophisticated tits hunger for that other sensualist's pleasure: tattooing. Not only is tattooing erotic fun, it's almost a *sine qua non* aesthetically. Nipples perma-

nently pumped up 200% to 300% can seem a whiter shade of pale. The dramatic presentation of enlarged tits almost requires adding proportion to the aureole surrounding them on the pecs. Careful tattooing can widen the circle of the aureole's circumference at the same time the color of the tits themselves is handsomely enhanced. Flesh tones with a bit of red can give a man deep-colored Tits of Fire.

Mr. Case, Mr. Answer, and Cirby are three examples of Tattooed Tit Enhancement. If you think getting your tits pierced is a ritual act of Tit Excitement, wait until you feel the hot buzz of the tattoo needle *repeatedly* piercing while permanently inking your hyper-sensitive tits!

Plus! Tattooed Tits are a perfect way for guys who like the sexy idea of tattoos, but can't bring themselves for bourgeois reasons to commit to one on the usual skin. Tattooed Tits provide their own "cover" on a bodypart that is already colorized. The adornment of Tattooed Tits is so subtle an enhancement that guys can have their tattoo and no one, but perceptive Tit Men, will ever notice.

Who said tattooing must be limited to biceps with eagles and bears? Have your cake and eat it, too! The literal

tattooing of a man's tits is abstract art of the most invisible kind.

And the physical sensation of a Tit Tat?

This is sexual pleasure!

Daddies and Daddies' Boys can build Wagnerian Initiation Rituals on this New Frontier of Tit Sports: enlargement, piercing, and tattooing.

Mikal Bales, daddy and mentor of both Case and Answer, recommends that *before* you tattoo your tits, you, solo, or better, with your partner, experiment erotically with body paint and Magic Markers. Such anticipatory foreplay allows experimentation with design, color, and size of the aureole as you check out how far you want to go with the permanent tattoo enhancement. Such colorization foreplay (which can be fun in and of itself as a trip even for men who don't wish to be tit-linked permanently) makes for several great Tit Scenes in themselves as the Tit Coach works out with the Tit Jock savory visions of how big the aureole and how dark the ink of the burgeoning nipples.

Peter Case and Scott Answer put their nipples where their Id is: on screen. If you like *Drummer's* still photographs of these muscular, handsome, big-nippled



men, you'll love their tits, throbbing life-size on video.

ZEUS Studio's Major Tit Video *Headlights and Hardbody* double-bills with the Grenada-hot *Nipple P.O.W.* Both star Peter Case: The Man with the Most Popular Tits in the World!

If "Tits" is the question, "Scott" is the answer. *Headlights*, directed by TIT MEISTER Scott Answer, is hotter than two hubcaps left out in the noonday sun. Shot outdoors at a Florida construction equipment storage facility, *Headlights and Hardbody* is a sensual Tit Duet of Peter "Headlights" Case and John "Hardbody" Panther playing bondage games. Whoa!

This steamy feature is prelude to director Mikal Bales' *Nipple P.O.W.* on the same cassette. Suffice it to say that *Headlights and Hardbody* is about two cube TITFUCKING with bondage while Poppa Bear's away. *Nipple P.O.W.* is a knockout solo featuring Peter Case suspended in bondage hooked up to a triple-suck vacuum pump that engorges his hard cock and peaks up his twin-pack Tattooed Tits all at the same time.

Talk about a 3-Ring Circus!

In an age of Celebrity Workout Videos, for some XXXtraordinary Tit Workouts, stick *H&H/P.O.W.* in your VCR and

see men stimulated in scenes Hollywood action-adventure movies always cut Way-Too-Short when the muscular hero is tied up for tit work. (See Muscle Viking Dolph Lundgren in *Red Scorpion*!) The serious Nipple Connoisseur will also want to check out ZEUS's *Nipple Slave*, Peter Case's first Tit-Action video: huge, vacuum-pumped nipples knotted off with leather thongs, stretched mercilessly with clamps, chains, and weights—all, of course, in a variety of exotic "Nurture-Torture" bondage. VidTit fans may also enjoy *Drummer* coverman Keith Ardent's major industrial-pump titplay in *9-Inch Pec Stud in Black Rubber*, or *Tit Torture Blues* featuring an impromptu, real scene that teaches a young Bear Cub that Bar Cruising for Tit Action can expand expectations and limits.

Tit enhancement, like working out, is a bodyshaping art. Both increase self-esteem and sex appeal. Clearly, while tits are many men's launchpads to the outer limits of SM, Tit Play can be quite endearing even as cuddly Vanilla Bonding—prolonging safe sex for hours of insatiable enjoyment. Any man into Tit Sports will confess he can never ever get enough!

Novices soon learn from Pec Pros that Tit Play can electrify a man, in any

scene, to a hardon hotter than a heat-lightning storm over a southern Delta once he's hot-wired together the synapses in his head that connect the triangulation of his nipples to his dickbal-lenbutt.

In leather, SM, or fetish jerkoff, sometimes nothing's better than a good old-fashioned standup, face-to-face Tit Scene, when two men tango, flowing fluidly from Top to Bottom to Mutualists, nipping their tits in the bud. It's a fine sex scene when two men clamp each other's nipples and then chain the four together, so that pulling away from each other, they are drawn back, embracing chest to chest. The more enhanced the tits, the more the partners are focused and connected for deep Tit-Energy stimulation and communication. In addition, Mutual Clamps free both pairs of hands up for other body stroking.

Because the AMA knows next to nothing, may we suggest Tit Stimulation as a procedure to revive coma victims? (Having fucked with the living-dead, I know that Tit Play can cause resurrections as well as erections. "He's alive! Alive!" as Dr. Frankenstein, who hated the AMA, always liked to shout.)

New Age Tits *deserve* attention and



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enhancement. Through Advanced Tits, a man expands his sensuality from his crotch to wider Sex Zones.

Many men into tits think that any scene without tits ain't much of a scene. Dedicated Tit Men live for that moment, when, playing "Bolero" on their Nipple Slave's tits, the guy gets that hypnotized look like he's slipping away, ready to do anything, and his mouth hangs open and his eyes cross. Talk about "Shared Power Sex!"

Some men, unaware of the "natural poppers" of Tits, foolishly neglect their partner's nipples, exciting their partner less than they could if they'd only twist those AM/FM dials that tune up a man's passion.

TIT MEISTER Scott Answer says, "If you have tits, use them. If you don't, learn them. Investigate and sophisticate your body."

Tits are a sophisticated man's sensual prerogative. There's wisdom in the line, "Play with my tits and I'll follow you anywhere."

"If you have hands," Case says, "don't let them hang at your sides during standup sex, or flop out on the bed during horizontal frickating. Use them on your partner's chest."

If you're giving condom-head, don't

belly to test his Nipple Response. Chances are you'll escalate the simple scene's passion into the Oingo-Boingo dimension of Tit Dementia.

Tops have long known bottoms' secret. Tits are the Great Persuaders! Tits often provide the Great Drugless Seduction needed to take a guy farther than he's ever dared go before—when added in to other games. Besides, even outside Leather and SM, every Bear, Biker, and Bad Ass knows the tools of the trade when it comes to attracting and being attracted by suitable partners. Like seeks like.

It's a universal truth that Tit Jocks cross almost all fetish barriers. You want to catch a Woolly Bully, a bodybuilder, or that piece of trash who looks so good to you? Walk up and smooth the back of your forearm and the palms of your hands lightly across his nipples. When the massage is the message, nine times out of ten, he'll follow you home.

Tits are the international sign-language of love. Enhancement—rings and tattooing—puts your language in *italics*!

Vacuum up those meaty nipples! Nip twin holes in your tanktop! Wear that leather vest that makes your tit rings an invitation to dance! Ending with final Chorus Line wisdom, you've got the option to work up a little pump on your pecs and

enhance your nipples because "Tits and ass won't get you jobs—unless they're yours."

Need inspiration? Get on Pet case. Got questions? Try Scott's and Ardent in your fixation? Keith demonstrates "Nipples R Us." Need some for your gain? Catch *TT Blues*. V steely instruction in self-induced Tit mal Sports? Mirrorfuck with Jason.

Tits up, Bud! What you do with body is the ultimate political act.

TIT-TRAINING VIDEOGRAPH

ZEUS VIDEOS: "Headlights and Hardbody" plus "Nipple P.O.W.," as *Zeus Men I*, (ZV1015), 60 min., \$69; "Nipple Slave" plus "Body Slave" sold as *Tightropes 9*, (ZV1012), 60 min., \$50. ZEUS VIDEO, Box 642, Los Angeles CA 90064.

PALM DRIVE VIDEOS: *Tit Culture Blues*, 60 min., \$50; *Tit Anatomy*, 90 min., \$60. Palm Drive Video, Box 193653, San Francisco, CA 94110.

(All video titles except *Tightropes 9* available by mail order. Desmodus, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco CA 94101-1314. In \$3.50 first title, add \$1.00 for additional title.)

S&M TRUCKERS
Illustrated by Brad Rader

SATURDAY MORNING

In 1978, Surrea Ltd. published a book titled S&M Truckers by Clay Caldwell. This collection of short stories linked by related introductions quickly became an underground SM classic. Clay Caldwell is allowing Drummer to again make these long out of print stories available for the one-handed enjoyment of our readers. This is the third installment. Further stories will appear later in the year.

by Clay Caldwell

It's Saturday, and I don't have to go to work, but I wake up at the regular time.

Clear sunlight is pouring through the open windows, and I can hear Chet's slow, sleep-filled breathing beside me.

I slide carefully out of bed. I've learned to get up without disturbing Chet.

I've learned a great deal since he first brought me here.

I walk silently into the bathroom and close the door, and I go to the toilet and tug my prick before taking a leak. My cock is morning-warm and heavy, and as I piss, I reach over to fool with my slippery, loose-sacked balls, enjoying the sex-hunger filling them.

Finished, I go to the wash basin and splash my face with cold water, and as I dry off, I check my reflection in the shaving mirror. I see that glistening metal chain around my neck, and I can't help smiling.

Chet padlocked the chain on me when he began training me, and he's the only one who can take it off.

I go back to the bedroom, and he's still sleeping peacefully, the single sheet covering him pushed down on his hips.

I should make a pot of coffee so it'll be fresh and hot when he wakes up, but I don't.

I sit on the side of the bed and look

at him.

Damn it, he's an ugly sonofabitch! His face isn't just tanned, it's weathered like old leather and there's a thick scar hacked through his right eyebrow.

Even when he's asleep, his eyes are narrow slits between his heavy brows and high, jutting cheek bones, and his nose is wide and flat at the bridge from being broken, maybe more than once.

He's got more scars on his cheeks and jaws, and his thin lips are spread just enough to show his chipped front teeth.

Yeah, he's just plain ugly!

As though his face didn't already look as if an Army tank'd run over it, he likes to keep his black hair clipped short in a military cut. Most guys want a haircut that helps cover up the flaws, but not Chet. I know, because he's taught me how to trim it just right.

The first time I tried, it came out all wrong, and he disciplined me by shaving every bit of hair off my body. My hair's grown back and I've learned how to cut his the way he likes it.

Yeah, I've learned so goddamn much from the ugly bastard!

I sit on the edge of the bed watching Chet, and his bare shoulders are wide and lined with ropey muscles. His chest is broad and slicked with black silk, and his nipples are amber circles at each side, flat and hard.

One of his powerful, tanned arms lies outside the sheet half-covering him, and I remember the torturing strength of his thick-knuckled fingers.

I wait patiently for him to wake up.

At last, he squirms lazily, and his dark eyes flick open. He yawns and stretches, and then his gaze focuses on me.

"What're you starin' at?"

"You," I reply and take a deep breath.

"You're ugly."

"Tell me somethin' I don't already

know." He settles back again, his arm folded behind his head, and the sleek hairs gleam in his wide armpits. "Got coffee ready?"

"No." I put one hand on his shoulder, chest, and I smooth the silky strands against the firm muscle-plates. "It's Saturday."

"So?"

"Neither of us has to go work." I trace my fingertips outline his tits. "You're the ugliest stud I've ever met."

"Yeah?" His eyes tighten into a squint, and I feel as if he's reading my mind. "If I bust that handsome face of yours, you'll be as ugly as I am."

"I'll never be that ugly, no matter what." I keep my voice quiet and challenging, and I see the hint of a grin crinkling the corners of his mouth. I know he understands what I'm thinking, and I turn my hand back, trying to hide the hum of mounting inside me. "Want me to play the coffee pot?"

Chet grunts and rolls away, swinging to his feet. He ignores me, stretching again with catlike ease.

His physique tapers from those broad shoulders and chest to his slim waist, and his heavy cock dangles outward down from the forest of pubic wire to the base of his taut, pale belly.

He's hung like a goddamn stud, and he knows it!

He reaches down to scratch his bulging nuts, and his full-crowned flops toward me tauntingly.

"C'mon," he orders and turns toward the sliding glass doors leading to the patio.

I follow him, and we go out into the warm, bright sunshine.

There are no neighbors near the place, but he had me build the brick wall that now surrounds the lawn and

I know what he expects, and I stand on the lush grass in front of him.

He fingers his dick and takes careful aim, and a golden stream of piss sprays out, washing over my bared chest.

From experience, I know he pisses like a race horse when he first wakes up, and I bow my head so the body-hot liquid can play across my shoulders and stream down my back and into the cleft in my ass.

The acrid stench wafts into my nostrils, and I rear back, exposing myself completely.

The stream sluices down over me, and when it centers on my crotch, my dick soars up full-hard.

I remember the first time I got a hard-on from having Chet piss on me.

When he's finished, I hunch forward and take his bulging cockhead into my mouth, lapping up the last droplets.

I wash the slick crown thoroughly, but when I try to gulp down the still-soft shaft, he pulls away.

He knows I'm hot to suck him off, but he isn't ready to give me his cum.

"Stand up," he orders quietly. The bastard never yells at me because he knows I'll do what he says.

I get to my feet, and he turns the garden hose on me.

The water is icy cold, but I try not to flinch.

He blasts the spray on me, and I fight to keep from covering my crotch as he aims deliberately at my exposed genitals.

My prick shrivels, and my nuts lighten at the stabbing pain.

He drenches me front and rear, even squirting the stream into the crack in my ass to scour out his piss, and I know he won't quit until I'm clean enough to suit him.

I've heard about guys who keep their slaves in filth, but Chet's just the opposite. He's neat as hell himself, and he expects me to be the same.

As last, he's satisfied, and he leaves me shivering with cold.

I know better than to object.

He comes back and rakes me with a coarse towel.

"Thank you, sir," I murmur when he's finished drying me.

"Still think I'm ugly?" he asks, studying me narrowly.

"Yeah!" I whisper defiantly, goading him. "You're ugly!"

He spins me around and shoves me forward across the lawn.

At the back corner of the patio is the concrete block building Chet calls his "workshop," and the sex-excitement renews inside me as we walk toward it.

There are no windows in the building, and the walls are soundproofed. I know, because this is where Chet kept me until he'd trained me.

He opens the heavy metal door, and I step into the humid darkness.

Warm air laps over my nakedness, and the floor is cold and rough beneath my bare feet.

Chet slams and locks the door behind us, then flicks on the single overhead light.

The room is large, and pulley-hung ropes and chains dangle from hooks in the ceiling. All the torture machines I remember are still here, and the far wall is still lined with the shelves of neatly placed equipment.

Right from the first, Chet called all those whips and belts and gadgets his "equipment."

I see all of it in an instant, and I feel as if I've come home.

Yeah, this is where Chet brought me that first night...where he worked me over...where he kept me until I willingly submitted to everything he demanded.

I know what he expects, and I move under the hanging chains.

He steps in front of me, naked and cock-soft, and he attaches the bindings to my wrists, then hauls on them to pull me up, arms over head and stretched taut, helpless.

Damn it, Chet is one ugly bastard...and a real sadist...and he's finally brought me home!

He leaves me hanging by my wrists as he crosses to the collection of whips, examining them thoughtfully, and a quaking tension grips me as he chooses a length of thick, black leather.

I remember when I'd hung here while he made that lash, drilling rows of holes in it so it'd whistle through the air and land squarely, oiling it so it'd curl and lap at the curves and hollows of my unprotected flesh, then fashioning one end to fit around his wrist and across his palm for maximum control, and I remember how he flogged me into total submission.

Chet moves behind me, and I know he's positioning himself before delivering the first blow.

I tense every muscle, trying to prepare myself for what I know is to come, and nothing happens.

Yeah, the sonofabitch knows he's torturing me by waiting, by making me stand there naked and chained, by making me sweat, by making me concentrate on the memory of how he's beaten me before.

A glaze of perspiration breaks out across my shoulders, and a drizzle of wetness trickles down over my rib-etched sides from my armpits.

I try to hate him for being a goddamn sadist, and just before I'm ready to whimper and beg him to get it over with, he starts.

The lash sings as it streaks through the air, and I feel so goddamn good when it hacks across my back from my right shoulder to below my left armpit.

There's an instant of numbness, and

then the wrenching pain as the welt is given time to rise and turn blood-red.

Okay, I know what my back looks like after that first stroke, because Chet's made me watch while he'd whipped some pickup he'd brought back from the bar where he found me.

From experience, I know he'll let the fiery pain sink in before laying the lash on me again.

Yeah, the bastard never rushes anything! After all, he took weeks to break me down to being his goddamn slave!

I recover from that first stroke and tense again and grit my teeth, and when he's damn good and ready, Chet straps me, this second stroke carefully placed just below the first.

He continues the flogging, slowly, patiently, methodically.

He lines my back and ass with slashes of fire and I struggle to keep from crying out.

I am dripping with sweat, and I can feel my full-hard cock bobble in the air with the force of each new blow.

He returns to my shoulders this time whipping from left to right, and when the new welt crosses an earlier one, an agonized groan breaks from my throat.

He does not react, and the lash continues searing my raw flesh at the same brutal cadence.

My groans become curses, then hoarse screams.

Chet doesn't give a shit!

I clench my eyes shut, and a warm numbness seems to close over me.

I can hear the whip whistle through the air and strike with a wrenching snap, and I can feel the streaking pain, but I seem to be separated from the torture. It's as though I'm standing in the distance watching some poor bastard naked and hung up by his wrists and showing a hard-on while his Master whips him mercilessly...and I am that poor bastard!

I want to crawl to Chet, to kneel before him, to confess my servitude, to endure any humiliation that will please him, to welcome his tortures...to belong to him completely.

Damn it, I want to—

The beating has stopped.

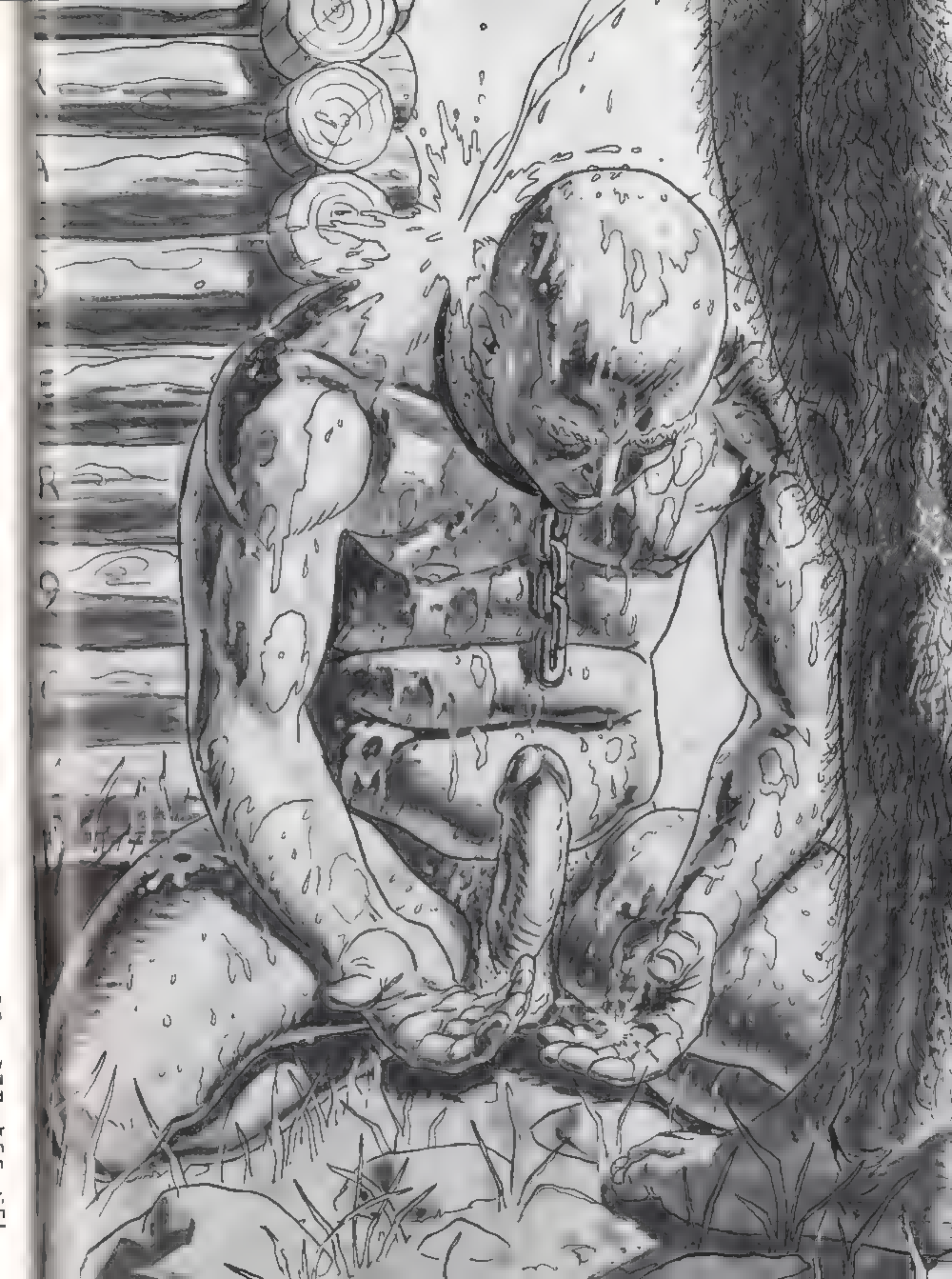
That sonofabitch's done it again! He's eased off just before I would've passed out...or babbled that he owns me...

Goddamn sadist!

I'm hanging in Chet's workshop, my backside beaten raw-tender, my head down and my chin on my chest, stripped bare...with a hard-on!

I know he's giving me time to clear the numbness from my brain, and when he's sure I'm ready, he releases me from the chains.

I crumple to the floor, gulping for air, and my beaten back and ass burn with



pain.

I open my eyes and see his bare feet in front of me.

I let my gaze rise up his powerful legs to his crotch, and his massive prick juts toward me, solid and potent. The huge, blunt-rounded crown blends into the broad shaft with almost no indentation at the flange, and the long, thick column is lined with taut, throbbing veins.

Yeah, he's hung like a stud bull, and I feel proud that whipping me has aroused him.

I rock forward and press my lips to the tip of his ram, nibbling lightly and tongue-stabbing the deep clearly marked well.

Sometimes Chet holds me in place and jams his iron into my throat brutally, but now he stands motionless, letting me worship his masculinity.

I take the cockhead into my mouth, licking it gently, and I swallow the lush, taunting taste of his sex-hot flesh.

I inhale the all-male scent of his crotch, and I suction downward on his potent shaft.

I remember how he's forced me to watch other men go down on him, and how they choked and gagged, and my own rod pulses with pride because he's trained me to suck him off the way he likes.

His turgid column plunges deep into my throat, and I nuzzle the crisp tangle of pubic hair at the base to show him that I've accepted every inch of his giant club.

An aching hunger to drink his spurt-ing cum fills me, and I suction eagerly, aggressively.

He grips my hair and jerks my head back, and I stare up at him. He looms over me, his eyes narrowed and cold, his harsh features set, his muscle-hard physique glazed with a light sweat.

Yeah, the bastard knows what I want, but he isn't ready to give it to me yet!

He grasps his spit-wet cock and slaps it across my upturned face. It stings, and I try futilely to get it back into my mouth.

He slaps again and again until I whimper in frustration.

With a grunt, he hauls me across the room to a low, platform-like table.

He lays me down on my back and attaches my wrists and ankles to metal clamps so I am spread-eagled and unable to move.

My rigid prick snaps back against my belly, a drop of clear liquid dangling from the tip toward my navel, and he views me coldly, as if I were a slab of meat laid out for his inspection.

I can't keep from staring back at him, worshipping his masculine nakedness, his rugged features, his spit-gleaming cock.

He goes to his equipment shelves again, and when he returns, he has the

gag he made especially for me.

Chet only uses a gag when he expects me to howl and beg for mercy.

He doesn't like to hear me beg; that's the kind of bastard he is.

The gag is one of those soft rubber pieces athletes use to protect their teeth, only Chet added a metal bar that digs into the corners of my mouth and holds my tongue down.

He fits the gag into my mouth, and the only sound I can make is a strangled choking from my throat.

More pre-cum bubbles from my dick.

He gets another item from his collection, and I tense and strain at the bindings holding me when I see it.

The metal ball-stretcher!

Yeah, Chet made the goddamn thing for me when he decided his leather ones weren't painful enough. He measured and remeasured just how far he could force my nuts down in their sack, and then he let me watch while he made the hinged clamp.

Christ, I can still remember how I howled when he locked it in place the first time. Like most guys, my testicles pull up tight when they're worked on, but he dragged them down until the stretcher fit and held them in place, bulging like a couple of goose eggs. And once I got used to the pressure-pain, he added more weight to the metal sheath...and then the strap to spread my balls as far apart as possible.

He comes back to the table where I'm tied down and he grabs my nuts, stretching them and applying that torture device without notice that I'm trying to scream against the gag in my mouth.

He snaps the strap in place, and he knows he's strained my nuts to their limits.

He drops them, and lightning bolts of pain stab through me again as they bounce between my legs.

Chet doesn't give a shit about how much I hurt...the sadistic bastard!

Aching, I watch him go back to the shelf once more and pick up—the switch!

I remember the day we went swimming bareass down at the creek, the day he cut the long, thin branch from the willows growing by the water. He peeled off the light green bark, and then he made me bend over while he lashed my butt with the supple stick. Each blow raised a welt of crimson flesh, and for days afterward, I was reminded of that beating whenever I sat down.

I want to beg him not to use that goddamn switch, and now I know why he's gagged me.

He's going to use it on my frontside, not my ass!

I cringe as he positions himself beside the platform table, but I can't take my eyes off his rugged nakedness and his soaring prick.

He raises the switch and brings it down with a sure, well-placed stroke. It sings through the air and snaps across my chest, and a trail of fire races from one nipple to the other.

I thrash helplessly at the bindings holding my wrists and ankles, and he hits me again...and again...and again....

The blistering blows crawl slowly downward over my chest and muscle-tightened stomach, and the pain-pleasure numbness engulfs me once more.

I close my eyes, and I'm floating away, standing back and watching the sadistic master discipline his naked, cock-hard slave.

But I am the body stretched spread-eagled, and I am writhing and trying to scream against the gag in my mouth as Chet lays stroke after stroke of the switch on my quivering flesh.

He pauses, giving me time to wallow in the fiery agony as if knowing I'm on the verge of exploding in sexual climax.

I no longer hate Chet, but I don't love him, either.

I am his slave, that's all.

I force my eyes open, and he's staring down at me, viewing my battered form, his rigid prick glistening with heat. I am pleasing him, and that pleases me.

He reaches down and runs his fingers over the narrow, ridged welts he's raised on my chest and stomach, emphasizing the marks he's given me.

"Still think I'm ugly?" he growls, speaking for the first time since he started his torture. "How about it, asshole?"

I want to tell him he's so goddamn ugly that he's beautiful, but I know he gagged me because he didn't want me to beg or cry out or speak.

Hell, he doesn't give a shit about what I think or how I feel.

Yeah, he knows he's made me his slave.

He gives me the hint of a smile, and he moves down the platform to my hips, letting the switch drag over my exposed genitals.

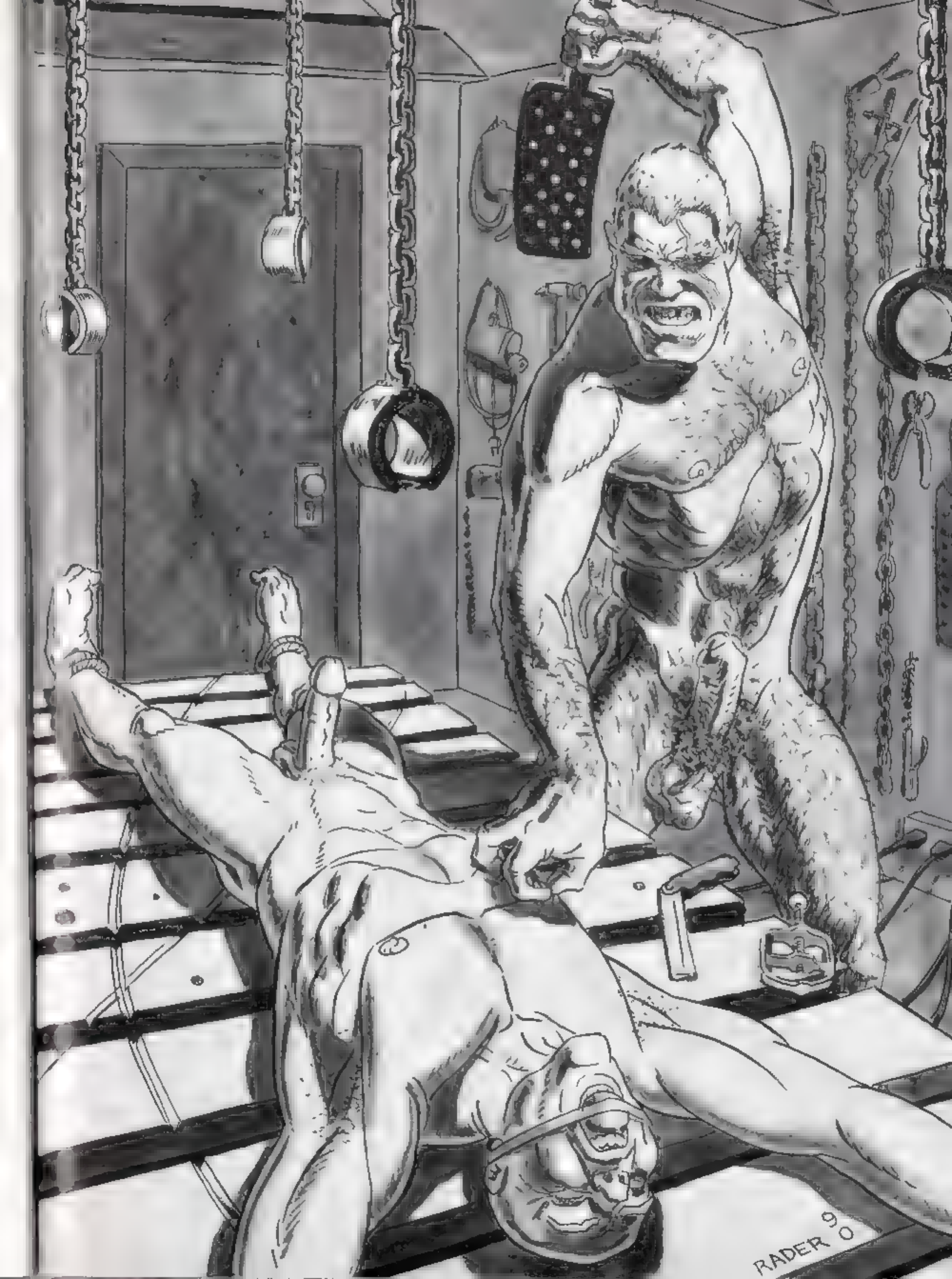
Then he slams it down on my upper thigh, and the muscles contract into the granddaddy of all charley horses.

Christ, it hurts!

When I was a kid in high school, one of the guys used to sneak up on me and ram his fist into my biceps or thigh muscles to give me a charley horse. He got a charge out of seeing me hurt and hearing me curse his brutality...and he made me suck his cock in return for not hitting me that way...and I lost interest when he quit punching me and took it for granted that I'd go down on him whenever he wanted.

Chet continues to hammer my thighs, first one and then the other, and the pain is as bad as any I've ever known.

He ends the torture by tapping my stretched and separated balls lightly with the switch, and I almost pass out.



RADER 90

He watches me
struggle, and we
both know he's
taking me to
the limit of my
endurance. He
steps back and
hauls on
the chains,
wrenching my
legs upward.
The pain over-
whelms me.

...Maybe I do
love the bastard.

No, Chet won't let me lose consciousness. He doesn't want me to miss a second of the torture he's inflicting on me.

He runs his palms over my whipped nakedness and toys with my sensitive nipples, and I know what he's going to do next.

He gets the tit clamps he made especially for me; the ones with large metal springs that gouge the pinchers into my flesh, and when he applies them, I shriek into the gag in my mouth.

He watches me struggle, his massive prick throbbing, and we both know he's taken me to the limit of my endurance.

The pain overwhelms me, and my only thought is to serve Chet in any way he wants.

He's taken me into total submission, and once again I'm warmed with the pleasure of being his slave.

And the sonofabitch knows it!

He moves to the foot of the table, unfastening my ankles and attaching them to chains hanging from the ceiling.

He steps back and hauls on the chains, wrenching my legs upward until I'm doubled back on my shoulders, and I admire his harsh, set features and the play of his powerful muscles beneath his bronzed, sweat-slicked skin.

Maybe I do love the bastard.

Shit, how can a slave love the stud who's used him the way Chet's used me?

I'm hanging upside down, my weight pressing down on my chest and making it hard to breathe, much less scream or beg for mercy, and my butt is exposed to his cold gaze.

Yeah, he's going to fuck my bell-stroked ass!

I remember the first time he rammed his piledriver into my tail. He'd whipped me and tortured me, he'd made me suck his cock, he'd passed on me, he'd expanded my limits step by step, but it wasn't until I gave up completely that he doubled me over and fucked me.

Christ, it hurt! I felt like a goddamn virgin, and he plowed that iron into my guts as if he wanted to rip clear through me.

Yeah, when Chet's horny, he fucks ass like few men and no boys at all!

I see him bring a tube of lubricant and climb into position on the table, and my asshole twitches hungrily.

Damn it, I want him to screw me, to shoot his load into me, to get his rocks off!

He rubs his palms over my whip-hot buns and spreads them, and he presses his grease-covered fingers against my unprotected hole. His face is still expressionless, but I know his cock's as hot as my butt.

He lubricates the pulsing opening, spreading the puckered lips slowly and

working the slick ointment inward. He always greases my tail, never his prick.

His dark eyes are fixed on me, watching for my reaction as fingers probe and knead the tender flesh-ring, and if it weren't for that goddamn gag, I'd be begging for his hand, his arm... all of him!

He straightens on his knees, looming over me, and his sinewy muscles quiver as he brings the tip of his massive ram up to the center of my throbbing asshole.

Fuck me, Chet!

Fuck me, sir!!

He pressures slightly, knowing he's torturing me in a way his whips and chains and toys never could.

Stinking, lousy, sadistic, ugly bastard!

He relents and nudges his blazing cockhead into my quivering hole, and I try to drag him all the way into me.

No dice. He's going to do it his way...like always.

He inches that fuck stick into my tail so slowly that I can feel the ridged veins along the shaft.

He takes his sweet time, but he goes all the way to his sack-tight balls.

Give it to me, sir!

He hunches over me, sweat-glazed and rugged, and when he's damn good and ready, he begins pumping.

His hips slam against my tight-held testicles, and his cock slithers into my guts.

He rocks forward between upturned legs and grabs my shoulders to increase his leverage, and the sweat from his body splashes down on me.

My nuts are hammered with each penetration, and the pain makes my asshole clench around his iron-stiff ram.

That's what the sonofabitch wants, damn it!

He increases the tempo slowly, and his excited breathing echoes mine.

He jerks the clamps from my tits, and I writhe in the agonizing afterpain.

He takes his work-rough hands over my welted flesh, and his huge, rigid cock is slamming into me with mounting fury.

Give it to me, you bastard! Fuck the hell out of me, you ass-busting stud!!

Master!!!

He's using me without mercy, and the mixture of hate and love swirls in my brain.

Yeah, I'm your whipped and beaten slave, you fucking prick!

He throws his head back and roars a hoarse bellow of conquest, and butt-ripping iron convulses in my guts.

Christ, he's beautiful when he blasts his load!

I'm trying to howl, bound and gagged and lost in the ecstasy of serving him, and he grips my steel-hard dick, jamming his fist down from the swollen head to the hair-nested base and my aching

balls.

Agggggghhhhhhhhh!!!

I'M CUMMING!!!

My sperm spatters on my belly and chest and spurts all the way up to my face, and I know Chet is still pouring his climax into my guts.

I slump back, exhausted, floating in ultimate, dazed numbness.

I hear Chet's voice from far off, but I can't tell what he's saying to me.

I don't care.

Hell, he doesn't know the special feelings only a total slave can enjoy when he's served his Master!

I feel him relax, and he scoops up my cum and spreads it over my belly and chest and face.

I want to lick his fingers clean, but he's gagged me so that I can't.

I want to lick his fingers and body and cock.

I want to taste his sweat and cum

I want to serve him totally!

I wonder if he recognizes my attempt to smile gratefully....

With a grunt, he drags his still-firm iron from my clenching hole, and I feel weak and empty.

Chet moves off the table and releases the chains holding my legs, letting me down to lie arms-spread on my back.

He gazes down at me for a long moment, and then he turns and saunters from the room.

I know he's going back to the house to take a shower, and I ache to go with him.

He's trained me to shower with him. He likes to stand under the cool spray while I soap him from head to toe, front and back, and I've learned to scrub him spotlessly clean.

I'm lying with my arms stretched and my wrists chained down, naked, my mouth gagged, and I try to hate Chet because he hasn't let me wash the sweat from his body, the cum from his cock, the shit from his asshole.

Hell, I'm no good at hating the sonofabitch!

My body still aches from the beating he's given me. My back and ass are streaked with whip lashes, and my chest and belly and thighs are lined with crimson welts from the switch. The gag fills my mouth, and the metal sheath stretches my balls and holds them painfully tight.

I wonder what other torments Chet has in store for me, and my dick quivers with renewed strength.

He returns with a steaming cup of coffee and a cigarette, and my iron snaps to full hardness at the sight of his rugged, freshly washed nakedness.

He puts down the coffee and cigarette, and he unhooks the stretcher from my nuts, then grips them in his fist.

It hurts, but I'm willing to submit to anything he wants to do to me.

I'm his slave, and he knows it.

He releases my balls and runs his fingertips over my pulsing hard-on.

His long, thick cock flops tauntingly between his thighs as he moves to the head of the table, and I want to touch it, to suck it, to make it blaze with heat, to satisfy its master.

Without a word, he takes the gag from my mouth, props my head up and feeds me some of his coffee, then gives me a drag on his cigarette.

"Thank you, sir," I murmur.

He doesn't answer.

He releases my wrists, and I rub them to restore the circulation.

He leans back against the shelves holding his torture equipment, and I realize that each of the ones he's used was made especially for me.

Yeah, the lousy sonofabitch made all of them just for me!

Christ, only a slave like me knows how important that is!

I roll from the table and crawl across the floor to kneel in front of him.

His legs are fleeced with black silk over muscled flesh, and I press my lips to them and lick hungrily.

I don't give a damn that I'm acting like a dog in heat.

I want to please him!

I lap upward toward his loose-falling cock and bulging testicles.

Shit, I'm horny for the fucking bastard!

I inhale the potent, masculine scent of his crotch.

I nuzzle his large, slippery balls, wash them with my tongue, suction them gently.

He stands motionless over me, but his prick is swelling with excitement.

I caress the broad, satin-smooth head and massive shaft.

"Still think I'm ugly?" he growls.

"Yes, sir!" I wrap my arms about his hips and press the side of my face against his flat-curved belly. "You're getting uglier and uglier, damn it!"

"Asshole!" I feel him chuckle, and he scratches my scalp with his fingernails. "We've got our Saturday chores to do, but afterwards, I'm goin' to bring you back in here for some more trainin'."

"Anything you say, sir."

"I've made somethin' new for you." He reaches back to the shelf behind him, and when I look up, he's holding a length of iron, a crescent-shaped piece of metal welded to the tip. "It's a brandin' iron. Think you can take it?"

I picture the half-moon heated white-hot and searing into my flesh, marking me with his initial.

I'll be branded the way cattle are branded by their owners.

I'll belong to Chet forever.

"Yes, sir," I whisper. "Yes, Master!"

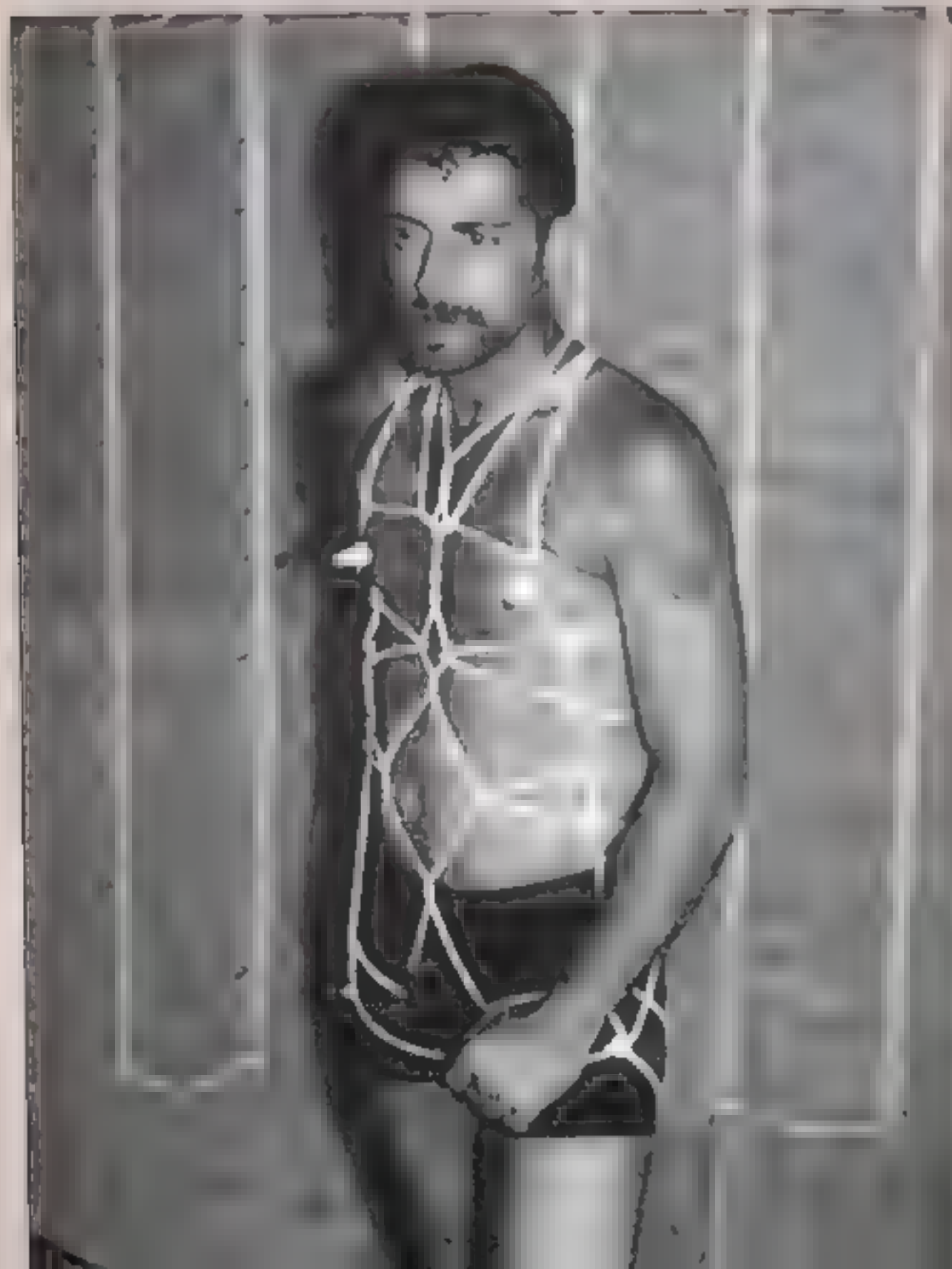
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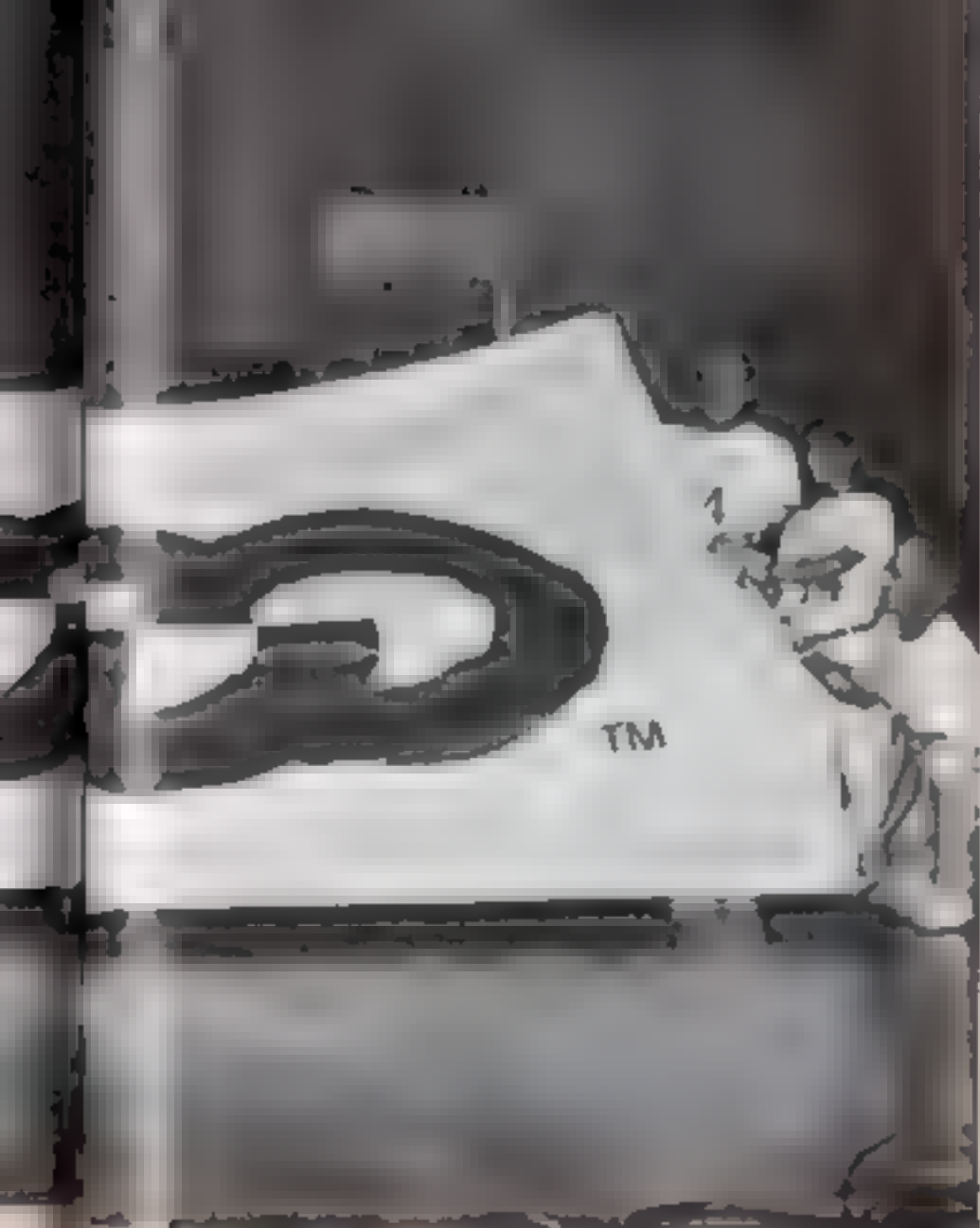


A CANADIAN
LEATHERMAN
LOOKS AT
CELEBRATION '90
AND

GAY GAMES III

Reporting by
HODDY ALLAN
Photography by
JOHN KOZACHENKO





Never have the streets of Vancouver been so busy, the bars and the restaurants of the West End so crowded, so friendly, and oh so very gay.

It was Celebration '90, Gay Games II and Cultural Festival that brought over 20,000 gay men and lesbians from around the world to Vancouver, British Columbia Canada this summer. For the first full week of August this city was Mecca, a gay and lesbian UN of Canadians, Americans, Australians, Europeans (from both the East the West), Asians, and Africans, all here to participate in 29 sporting events and in the numerous cultural and social events that happened all over town.

And boy, were the lineups to everything ever long.

There were half-block lines almost every night in front of Numbers and Celebrities, two popular gay clubs on Davie Street in the heart of Vancouver's gay neighbourhood. There was a two-hour wait to get into the Shaggy Horse, the closest thing Vancouver has to a leather bar, over on Richards Street. Stores and shops reported almost double their usual sales for the time of year, and a rumour floated around town that one restaurant had to close its doors for one night, because it ran out of food.

Not that anyone here was complaining about the constant activity on the streets of the West End, except for maybe those who worked in the bars, stores, and restaurants that serve this community. The staff at Little Sister's, Vancouver's gay and lesbian bookstore, were run off their feet with increased sales of T-shirts and souvenirs. bartenders and waiters really earned their tips.

But for those with nothing better to do than to take in all the sights and sounds of an incredible week, Celebration '90 was a feast of fresh new faces in



Leather warm-up suits? Never. But you can't keep leathersmen in jogging suits all the time, either. John Kozachenko caught some of the less ordinary sports at Gay Games. Top left: Andy Mangels in uniform with Mr BC Drummer 1990. Left: Marc Lowry in bondage by Brian Dawson. Top center: Flag of the Gay Games unfurled. Top, this page: competition bondage in progress. Above: spectacular spectators.

town and gay pride on the streets.

Celebration '90 was a project eight years in the making, ever since the first Gay Olympics were held in San Francisco, "Challenge" in 1982. For the past four years, ever since Vancouver won its bid to host the 1990 Games, Vancouverites have been reminded that a gay and lesbian mega-event of this size was indeed going to happen this summer. With the successful bid coming during Vancouver's turn at hosting another world-class mega-event, the World's Fair, Expo '86, no one here could be caught unprepared for the influx of people.

Sort of

The Opening Ceremonies at BC Place stadium Saturday night were attended by over 12,000 people, according to the mainstream news media. But the stands around the football field seemed half-empty when the Lesbian and Gay Bands of America marched out onto the field with baton-twirlers and flag-wavers. The LGBA was a gathering of bands from Texas, Florida, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Minnesota and Los Angeles. After a welcome from various organizers of the games, marathon runner Brent Nicholson Earle ran out onto the field, completing his 1,600K Run to End AIDS from San Francisco to Vancouver, bringing with him the rainbow flag to officially open the games.

Then seven thousand athletes marched out onto the field.

Team San Francisco first, it seemed like a never-ending parade as the previous host team for the last two games proceeded from the entrance to the field, around its perimeter and out again. Then the rest of the world came marching in: Australia—261 team members were flown in on one of the many charter flights that had kept Vancouver International Airport busy for a couple of days before the games—Belgium, Denmark, England. Team France had 69 people attending the games, and Team Berlin's 193 members were from both the East and the West of their nation. The welcome for them was deafening.

Czechoslovakia, the Netherlands, and Greece followed, and the empty seats in the stands of BC Place were filling up as teams finished their march around the field and made room for the 5,000 American athletes, representing almost every state in the union. 2,000 were from the state of California alone.

The Parade of Athletes was seemingly endless, but festive, as some teams, like Team Netherlands with its colourful umbrella-twirling contingent, made entrances. Some teams threw souvenirs to the crowd in the stands: beads, hats, frisbees and tennis balls. Others had cheerleading squads, and many athletes danced and skipped out onto the field, cartwheelled and waved and blew kisses

to the crowd.

The stands, the field were almost full by the time Team Canada marched out, representing the host country from the Yukon Territories to the Province of Quebec, the Maritimes, the Prairies, Central Canada and the West. And, finally, Team Vancouver.

Vancouver could barely hear itself cheering its own, for all the out-of-town visitors in its midst. It was a concrete demonstration of just how many people there were in town that week.

A fuck of a lot.

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one hell of a good
time, Celebration '90
was a media
relations success.
Mainstream media
covered the ceremonies and events, and
every day local TV
ran interviews with
good-looking,
athletically healthy
gay men
and lesbians.**

That quantifier seemed to apply to just about everything that happened, in and around Celebration '90's full schedule that week. It was a week of seeing two major annual events in gay Vancouver double in size, and Davie Street was littered with posters and notices advertising bar nights and fundraisers, hotel parties and meetings.

Numbers, and the size of things, can be very important, as the Celebration '90 organizers seemed to know, for all the statistical information stuffed into press kits for the over 300 journalists covering the games for publications and media worldwide. Numbers are important, but they don't convey the feelings that ran high at BC Place, the heart-thumping joy and pride of seeing so

many gay people in one place, just glad to be there.

Sunday night, in a spacious warehouse of a disco called Graceland, a few blocks away from the Shaggy Horse on Richards Street, the Mr And Ms Vancouver Leather Contest was attended by over 700 leatherfolk. A fuck of a lot of leather men and women, according to an earlier, off-hand estimate by Bonnie Ramsay, Ms Vancouver Leather '89 and one of the contest organizers, who looked about at the crowds in the spaces around the dance floor/stage area to make her guess.

The Mr and Ms Vancouver Leather contest is a relatively new annual event that's been established in a season of summer parties, the provincial government holiday weekend in August, when Vancouver has its Gay and Lesbian Pride March.

It's usually a regional leather pride weekend. The contest, held on the Sunday night, is preceded by meet and greets, workshops, parties and brunches. Anyone who can stay in town on Monday is invited to join the leather contingent in the parade. Leatherfolk from around the Pacific Northwest and from Northern California come up for it every year. This year there were leatherpeople from just about everywhere, making Vancouver's local pride celebration truly an international event.

Not that anyone could tell right off where all those people came from. There were few team T-shirts, buttons or badges in that crowd. Even listening for languages and accents, or reading the occasional bar T-shirt, wouldn't give much of a clue as to whether someone was from outeast or downsouth, overseas or downunder. Unlike the Opening Ceremonies the night before at BC Place, there were no signs to march behind that showed where one came from, and everywhere in Graceland it was denim and leather: boots, chaps, uniforms, vests, and harnesses.

It was just leather together, one big international tribal gathering of leatherfolk. Some were in town to compete, others to perform, or to volunteer for the many jobs that would make Celebration '90 the success that it was. Others were there to simply take in all the sights and sounds of an incredibly busy week, just glad to be there. The socializing around the dancefloor/stage area of the club, and around the two bars on either side was very busy, what with all the fresh new faces in town to meet.

And before that audience, four very nervous people, three men and one woman, had to perform for/speak to/impress the hell out of them to become Mr and Ms Vancouver Leather 1990. Half of a good start to what will be a busy year for the winners: Contesha Cote and

Bertrand Tremblay.

Hell of a busy week for gay Vancouver: sporting events began Sunday, as did the Words Without Borders literary festival at Simon Fraser University, which brought prominent gay and lesbian authors from all over North America to sit in on 29 panel discussions with topics that ranged from Unlearning Racism to the politics of getting published; to Dicklit and Clitlit, two panels that ran side by side, Thursday morning, on gay men's and lesbian's erotica. The literary festival also included a mini-book fair hosted by Little Sister's and Arlel books. There were readings and book launching parties almost every night.

There was an Out On Screen film festival which featured, among other titles, *Common Threads: Stories from the Quilt*. There were concerts and shows every night: San Francisco's City Swing Band and Tap Dance Troupe, Beyond the Rainbow; The Lesbian and Gay Bands of America Concert, Rise Up!; the Vancouver Men's Chorus concert, Dance Celebration; Gaylal, a celebration of women's culture; plus plays, dance parties and Celebration Centre, that opened mid-week in the Plaza of Nations, a leftover from Expo '86 that became the administrative centre and party zone for the Games.

Celebration Centre was a veritable gayland, free during the day, about two dollars to get in after four. There were performances and shows all day and night on the outdoor stage. In the BC Enterprise Building, a glass and steel structure just off the plaza, there was an Artisans Market and business fair, which became Celebration '90 Nightclub at night, a megadisco of a dancefloor with an ocean view.

And there were still half-block long lineups to get into the clubs around town, almost every night.

Not that anyone here was complaining about the fresh new faces in those lineups. The lines in front of Numbers, Celebrities and the Shaggy Horse were social events in themselves as men chatted back and forth on the street. Some just hung out for the conversation.

And the Vancouver dailies said that this year's Pride March was the biggest yet, a record-breaker with over eight thousand people either participating in, or lining the streets to watch the Monday afternoon parade swelled with choruses, marching bands and out-of-town entries.

Vancouver has its pride march in August, on the provincial government's holiday weekend, because that's when good weather can be assured for it. The rainy winter season seems to take its time leaving, and last June was the coldest, wettest one on record. It seemed like summer would never get here, but it did. Well before the games began.

It was hot, bright sunny weather all that week in Vancouver for the games, too hot and sticky at night which is rare for this city. Perfect weather for tight athletic bodies in shorts and T's. Not so leather-weather, as the people who marched in the parade's leather contingent can attest to.

But the one opinion heard all week around town was that, despite its record-breaking attendance this year, the parade could have been even bigger than it was. With so many gays and lesbians in town for the games, the numbers attend-

There were physical assaults and graffiti attacks, all isolated incidents, but most of Vancouver seemed to welcome the Games. The talk around town was how there would be no turning back for gay and lesbian Vancouver after the success of Celebration '90.

ing the parade could have been much higher. But Celebration '90's organizers did not include the parade in its already full schedule of things to do that day, and many people, who did hear that it was happening, had to scramble to get to it from their sporting events; or leave the rally at Sunset Beach early enough to get to the events scheduled across town.

It was an oversight on their part, but Celebration '90's omission of the Vancouver community's annual pride march did create a few suspicions around town.

Aside from its being one hell of a good time, Celebration '90 was also a media relations success. Stories about the games were published in the city dailies, and in the Globe and Mail, Canada's national newspaper, almost every

day. The mainstream media covered the opening ceremonies, and wrote stories about some of the individuals here for the events, some being former Olympic athletes. There were stories about how much money the games brought to the city—18 million tourist dollars spent in a province where tourism is the number one industry—and practically every day the local TV news shows ran interviews with gay athletes and gay visitors to this fair city; good-looking, athletically healthy examples of gay men and lesbians. Positive images, as Richard Dopson, one of Celebration '90's organizers stressed, at a press conference one week before the games were to begin.

This press conference was held in a lounge at the Plaza of Nations, where the media were invited to meet with Dopson. In his remarks to the press, he expressed the hope that the media, at least for the Games, would see and show that gays and lesbians were more than just "leather queens and drag queens"—alluding to the media's tendency to snap the flashier images of a gay event, rather than pictures of "real" gay people, people who are "just themselves." [Editor's Note: of course, some leatherfolk are of the opinion that they are being "just themselves" while in leather. For a closer discussion of that point, look for the Off the Top editorial in the next issue of Drummer.]

That's the same complaint heard every year in Vancouver about this city's gay and lesbian pride march: that the newspapers and TV news shows in this town show more pictures of the "leather queens and drag queens" in the parade than they do anyone else, much more than pictures of the "regular-looking" gays who were marching in the parade alongside the "leather queens and drag queens." There are some gay Vancouverites who even consider the parade an embarrassment that "sets the cause back" each year, because of the straight media's preoccupation with what they see as the "extreme" side of gay life (which, apparently, reads "gay" much better to their audiences than anything else about a gay event).

The leather and drag communities were invited to the International Fantasy Ball on Wednesday night, sponsored by Celebration '90. It was the only event of its kind on the official schedule. The Ball was held at the Commodore Ballroom on Granville Street, a swanky downtown venue with one of the few spring-loaded dancefloors left in North America. The show featured performances by local artistes, and fantasies were performed by leather titleholders.

The Ball was organized by a committee made up of representatives from the leather and drag communities, and Celebration '90 organizers. The media guide stuffed into the press kits said that

the Ball would be great for photo opportunities. But it was decided somewhere between committees that there would be no media access to the Ball, after all. This change of policy was made, according to the media centre, out of concern for those attending.

Later on, the policy was changed again. Media would be allowed in, for approximately ninety minutes, just to see the show. Then media would be cleared out for the party afterwards. Most journalists who went to the ball that night ended up staying for the party after the show anyway, finding themselves quite welcome to stay and to roam freely about the room.

There is no doubt that the organizers did want to protect the privacy of those attending the drag and leather gala. (So they could let their hair down, according to one media centre official.) But there seems to be some truth to the nagging suspicion that, in a society whose media insists upon seeing gays and lesbians in only a few, particular lights, Celebration '90 felt they had to pull a few moves to get reporters to see (and portray) gay people as "regular" people, too.

Those "regular" people made it into the news each day: stories about good, clean, wholesome and healthy gays playing sports, some leading drug-free lifestyles. They were like "the people next door," nice neighbours, good houseguests. Big spending tourists. And people all over the lower mainland were finding out just how much gays and lesbians were just like everybody else.

Not that there was much opposition to the games from the city's straight community, except for one fundamentalist fellowship in Burnaby, a suburban community with a gay Member of Parliament representing them in Ottawa, who said they were forbidding the games from taking place in Vancouver. They held a prayer meeting a week before the Games to ask for divine intervention in the matter, and distributed leaflets around BC Place that week as they waited for an answer.

There were physical assaults and graffiti attacks, all isolated incidents. But most of Vancouver seemed to welcome the Games. Bus drivers, taxi drivers, and the police were very helpful to out-of-towners, and the streets of Vancouver were friendlier and more open than usual what with all these gay people.

And when two world records were broken at the games, in the 50 and 100 metre butterfly events by Mike Mealiffe of Team West Hollywood, the story got out to the news networks fast, who carried it on their broadcasts. The games were sanctioned, and therefore recognized as international competition, making the record official.

The news that week was indeed

good, and the talk around town throughout the Games' run was how there would be no turning back for gay and lesbian Vancouver after the success of Celebration '90. Things were going to be different around here.

At Celebration Centre, Friday night, after a busy week of successes and personal bests, the athletes who finished their events came to party. There was line dancing starting up on the amphitheatre stage of the plaza, the disco in the BC Enterprise Building was just warming up, and as a light rain fell, an

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Positive images.**

honest-to-goodness rainbow ribboned the sky over the Plaza of Nations. Talk about divine intervention.

And what a great photo opportunity.

The leather gala at Ms T's, a club down on Pender Street in the east side of downtown, was a jam-packed sweat-box of a party that night. It was hot pec to sweaty pit around the bar, and the stage area/dancefloor in back was crowded.

The event was organized by VASM. Its president, David Lewis, announced a bondage contest for the evening, and invited everyone who had won a medal in their sports event to come up and be introduced. A few did come forward, and there were a number of chests in the crowd sporting medals.

In keeping with Dr. Tom Waddell's philosophy of the games, Celebration

'90 organizers gave everyone who participated a medal for the efforts. The Games were meant to be inclusive. Anyone at just about any level of competition could take part in an international sporting event and feel the same thrill Olympic athletes feel when they compete.

There were quite a few leatherpeople at Ms T's who had the thrill of international competition that week, from weightlifters to wrestlers to those who competed in the Physique contest Tuesday night at the Orpheum theatre: such good-looking, athletically healthy-looking examples of gay men and lesbians, who were also into leather. Positive images.

In fact, leather was just about everywhere in the Games and the Cultural Festival; not necessarily showing its colours in the hot, sticky weather, but competing nonetheless. And performing. Or volunteering.

Like Rob Neyts, Mr. BC Drummer 1988, who stood on the soundstage in BC Place the next night. He wore a bright green "volunteer extraordinaire" T-shirt under his leathers onstage that night. Every one of the 1,200 people who helped out with the Games got one.

Neyts was there to present the Tom Waddell Memorial Cup, an award for the most outstanding participant in the spirit of the Games. Rob had spent the past two years raising money for that trophy and, as part of the Closing Ceremonies, he presented it to the Federation of Gay Games officials, who then turned it over to Sara Lewinstein, the late Dr. Tom Waddell's wife, to present it to its first recipient.

Paul Mart accepted, on behalf of the many volunteers who helped make the first two Games the successes they were, for the work they did in first contacting and then helping gay and lesbian sport teams organize all over the world, so they could come together in international competition every four years, and take over a city for a week at the same time.

Some Vancouverites got the bright idea that "since we're all here, why not just take over Vancouver? Make it a gay and lesbian homeland." From the sad sighs and groans heard from the crowd at BC Place for Saturday night's Closing Ceremonies, when Celebration '90 organizers declared the games officially closed, that may not have been too weird an idea for this mob.

All 20,000 and more of us. Double the number that came to "Triumph," the Gay Games in '86. Four times the number that went to "Challenge," the Gay Games in '82. If this kind of growth for the Games holds true, you'd better start saving your money and frequent-flyer points now: plan ahead for New York City in 1994, the site of the next Gay Games.

There'll be a fuck of a lot of people there.

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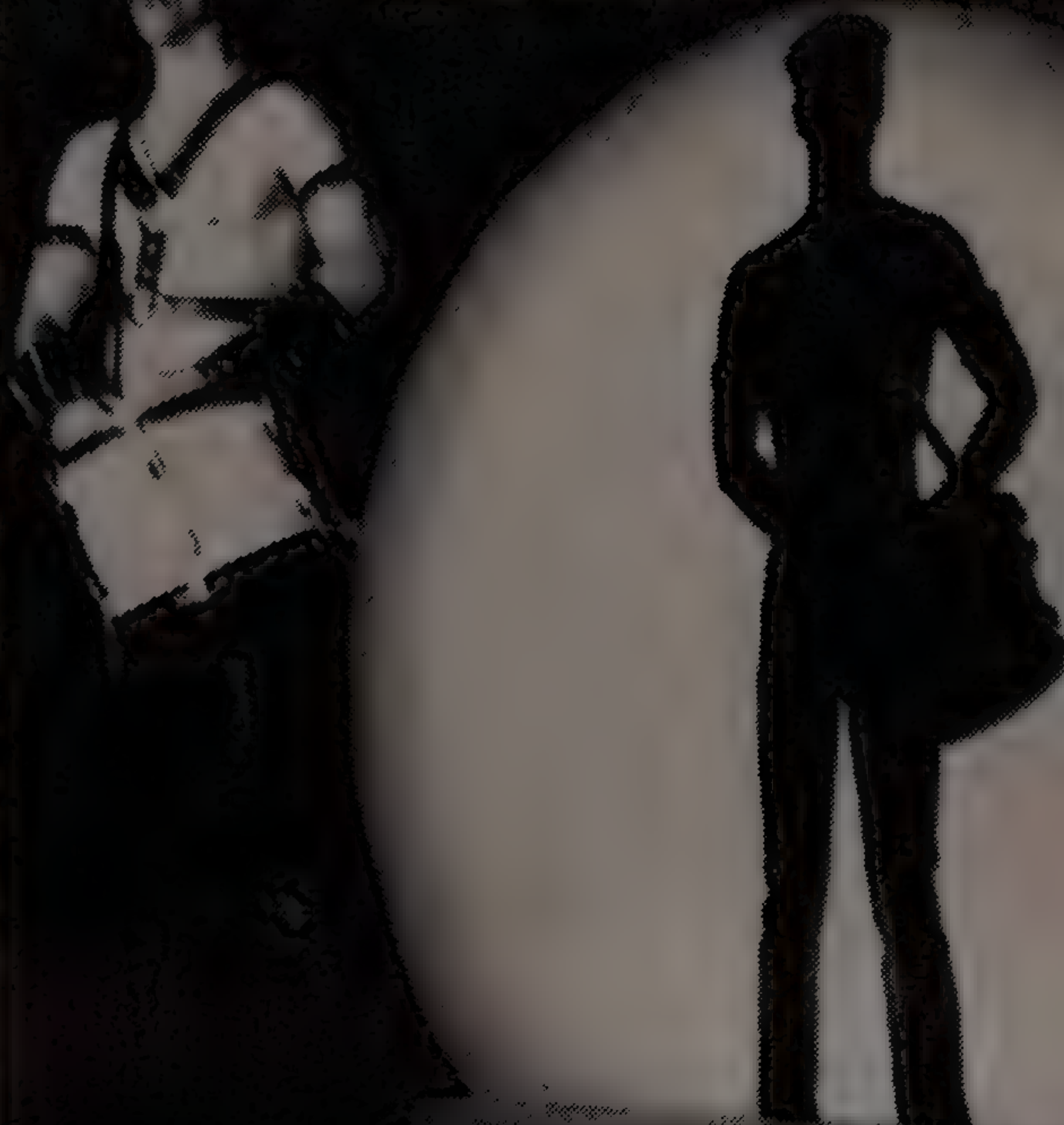
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NAME: 'DOC THE ROCK'.



... God only knows how...

The opening question didn't go over quite too well...

WHY DO I LIKE LEATHER?
EASY: A LINEN MOTORCYCLE
JACKET WOULD BE A BITCH
TO CLEAN.



Some of the fantasy sequences seemed mundane to everyone but the judges, who always found something to like in each...

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HAVING SEX - NO WHIPS,
NO CHAINS, NO RESTRAINTS
HOW NOVEL / HOW VERY
DARING!

AN UTTER MINIMALIST
APPROACH - A STRIKING USE
OF AUDIENCE INVOLVEMENT

VERY JOHN CAGE.



We had a small problem at the hotel...

OF COURSE WE HAVE
A RESERVATION - MY LOVER
MADE IT TWO WEEKS AGO!



- under the name (as we
finally discovered) of 'The Rock and
His Entourage'!

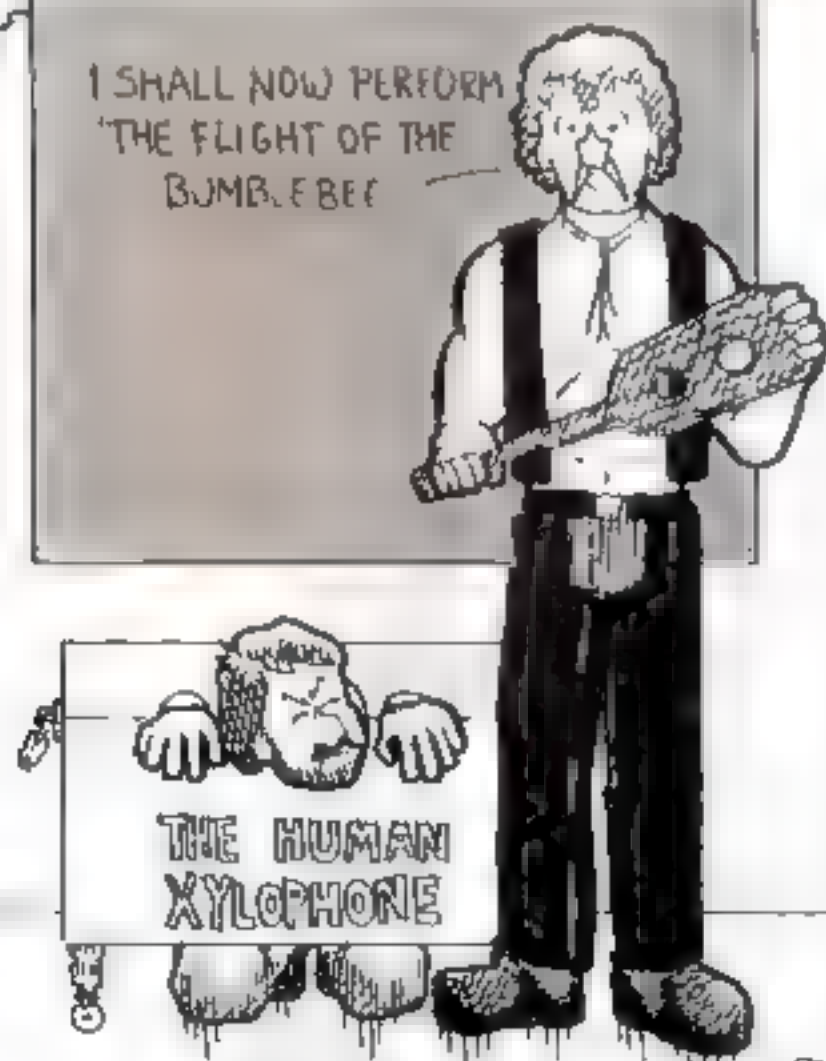
Compared to other competitors, I think he felt
somewhat under prepared...

OKAY, THAT'S
MY COSTUMES
YOU CAN START
BRINGING IN
THE SCENERY
NOW



Doc's, on the other hand, was somewhat
more unorthodox...

I SHALL NOW PERFORM
'THE FLIGHT OF THE
BUMBLEBEE'



... but so well received, he
did an encore (unfortunately)

Now you would think after all that, he would have been
a shoe in, right? Wrong They chose someone else, and I'm
afraid he was far from a gracious loser...

FIXED! FIXED! I BET HE
TOLD THE JUDGES HE'D SHINE THEIR
BOOTS WITH HIS PUBIC HAIR!
FIXED!!



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International Mister Leather



Above: International Mister Leather 1990, Mark Ryan, flanked by his runners-up Richard Armstrong (left) and Barone. (Photo: Vern Stewart)

The International Mister Leather Contest this year was—as it is each year—bigger and better than ever before. For some interesting background on the contest and on Chuck Renslow, the man behind its success, see Guy Baldwin's article in *Drummer* 143. For a taste of *the thing itself*, turn slowly through the next five pages. Remember to breathe!

(Photos, except where otherwise credited, are by Lee Newell, courtesy of Back Door Promotions and IML.)

Here's what you'll see, page by page

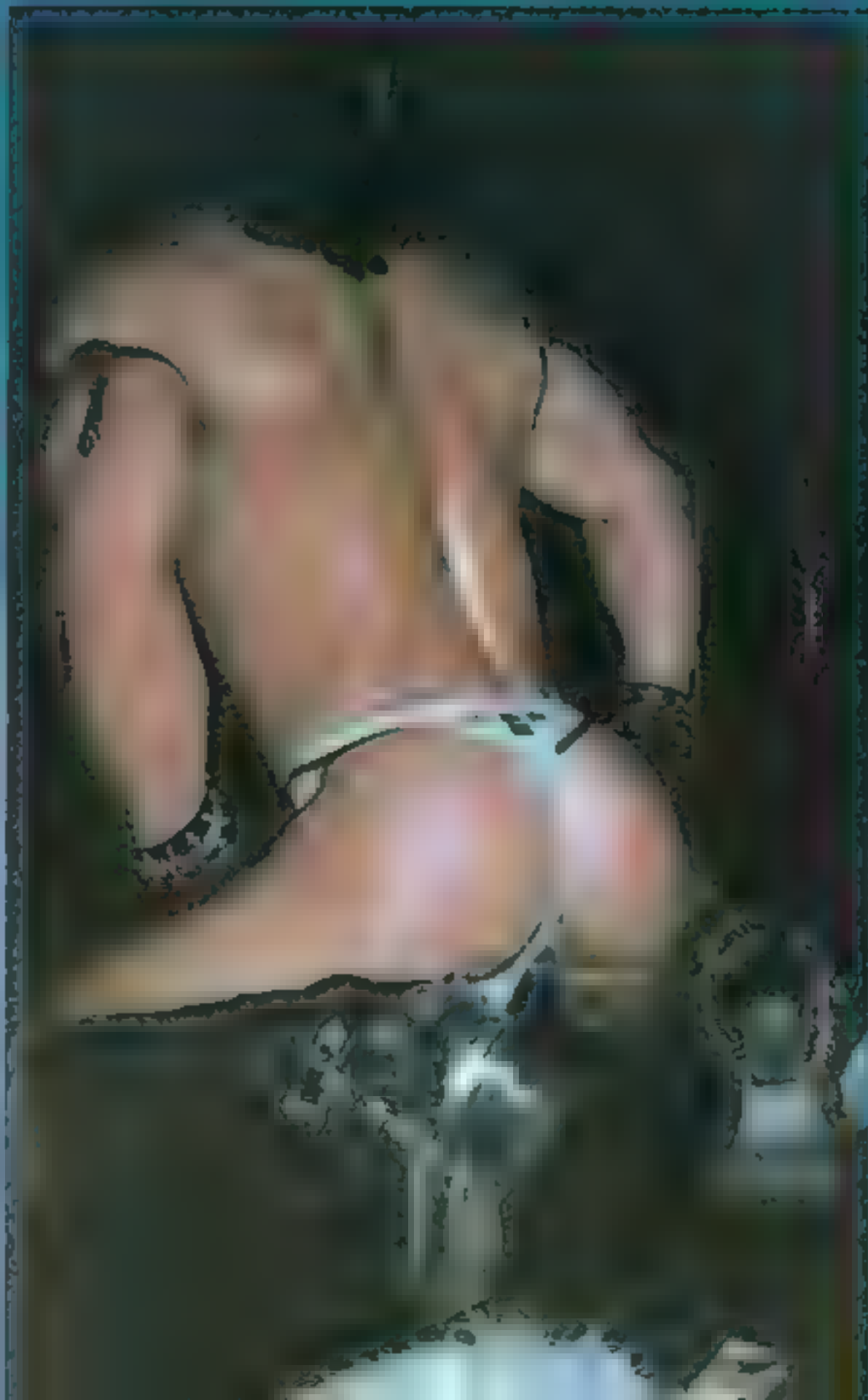
PAGE 43 (facing) Headliner Linda Clifford, a former Miss New York, is seen performing a stunning production number with the IML contestants. And, below, two views of one of the evening's other entertainers, in photos by Vern Stewart

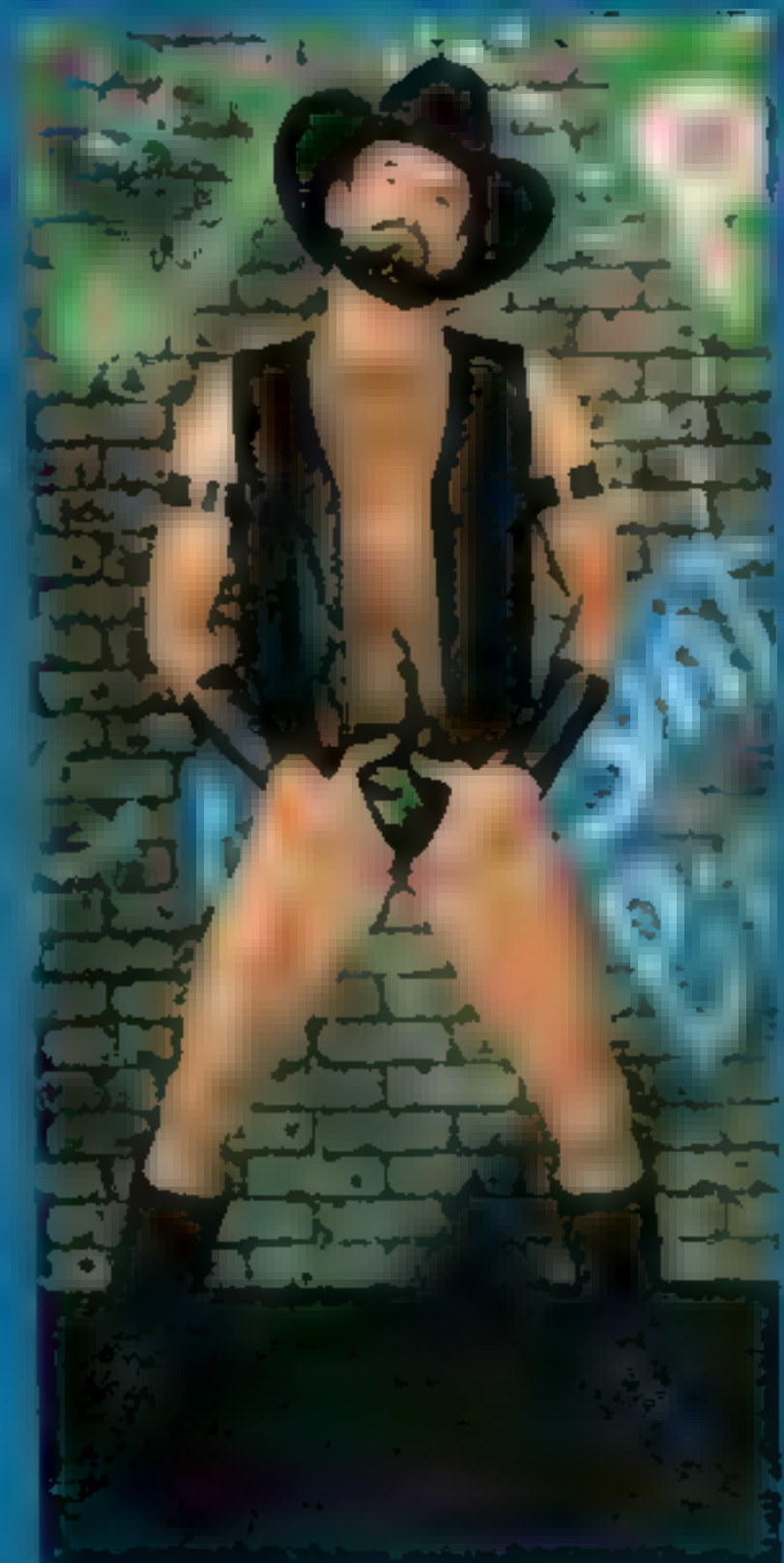
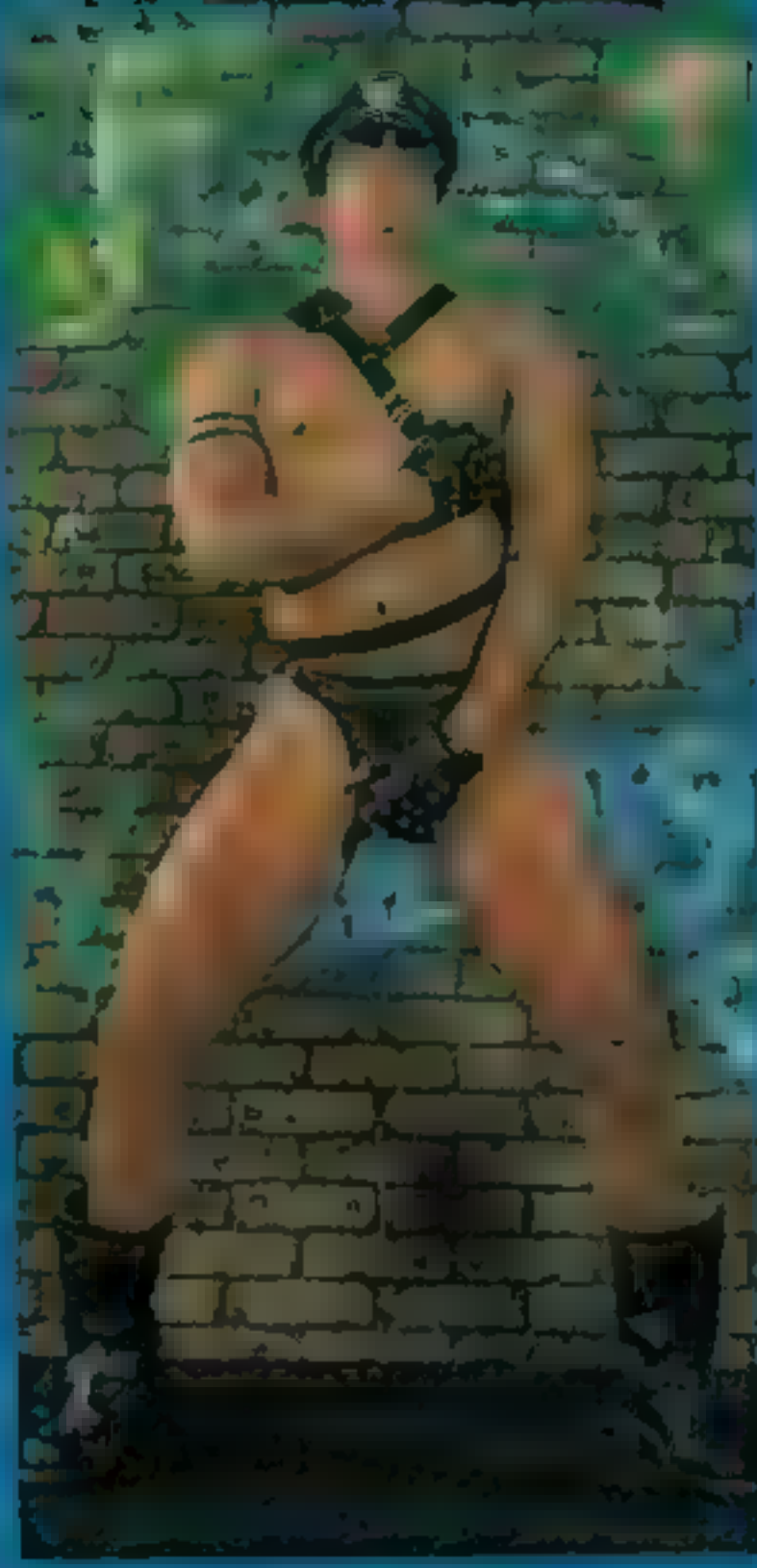
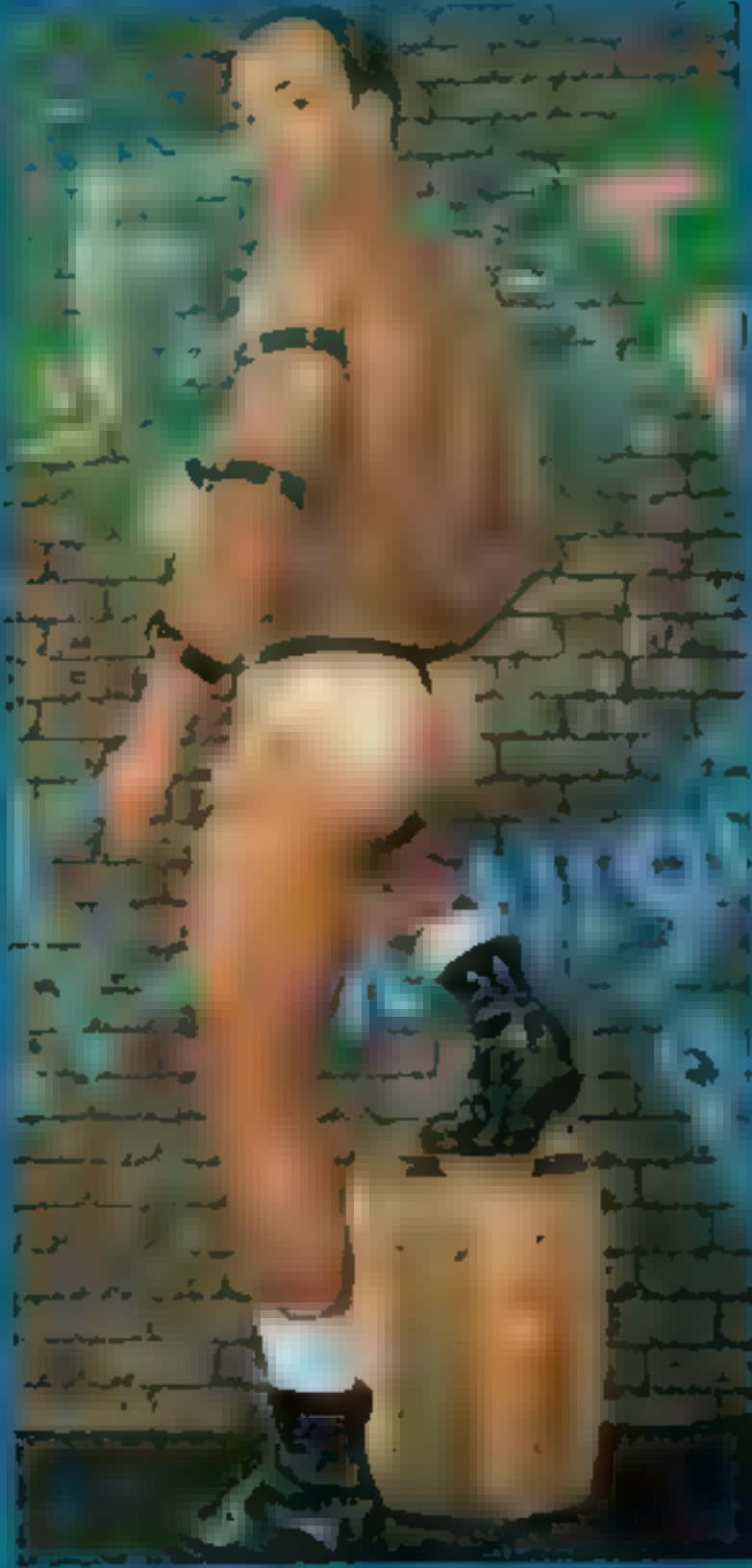
PAGE 44: Contestants: (Starting Top Left) Christian Dreesen, (Mr. Germany Drummer), from Berlin, sponsored by Marathon Films, Joseph LoPresli, sponsored by AA Meat Market, Chicago; Bill Rodriguez of Honolulu, sponsored by Leather Stud Enterprises, (Bottom Left) Patrick Sullivan, Mr. Oklahoma Leather, sponsored by TU L.S.A./Tool Box; Dan Kelly, sponsored by the Bunkhouse, Hollywood, CA, William O. Webster of San Diego, CA, sponsored by A.J./Fred Acheson BULC.

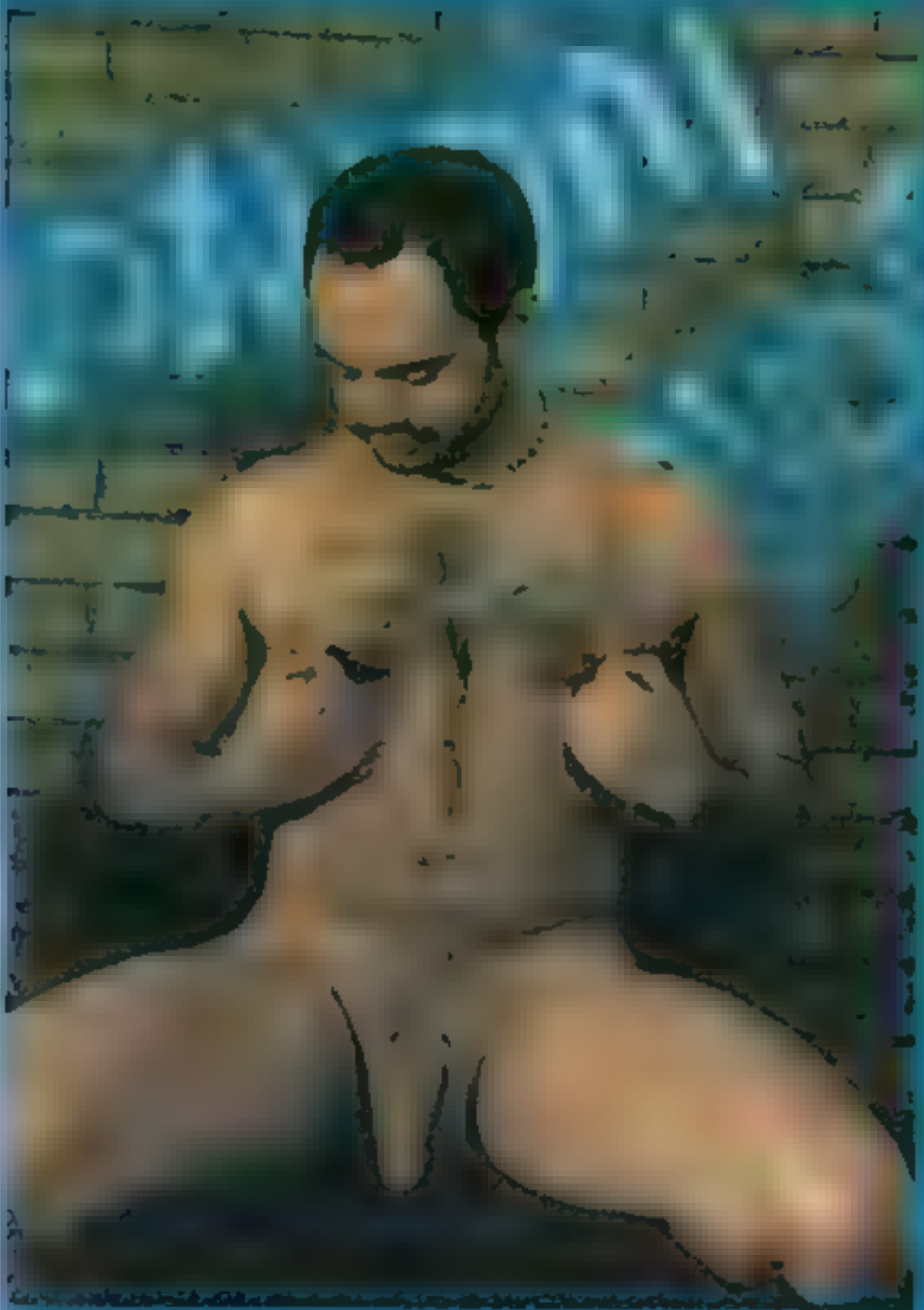
PAGE 45: Contestants: (Top Left) Alex Del Rosario, sponsored by Bike Stop, Philadelphia, PA, (Bottom Left) Alan J. Potter, Mr. Colorado Leather, sponsored by NLA Denver, Denver, CO, (at right) the newly selected International Mister Leather, Mark Ryan Mark, who was sponsored in the contest by Riders MC of Boston, MA, has already been on the road a good deal with his new title, doing the work that comes with the honor of being IML 90.

PAGE 46: Contestants: (At Left) Richard Armstrong, Second Runner Up for IML 90, sponsored by Mr. Leatherman Toronto, Inc.; (Top Right) Chris Welch, sponsored by the DC Eagle, Washington; (Bottom Right) Joe Holinger, (Mr. San Francisco Drummer), sponsored by Mercury Mail Order, San Francisco, CA.

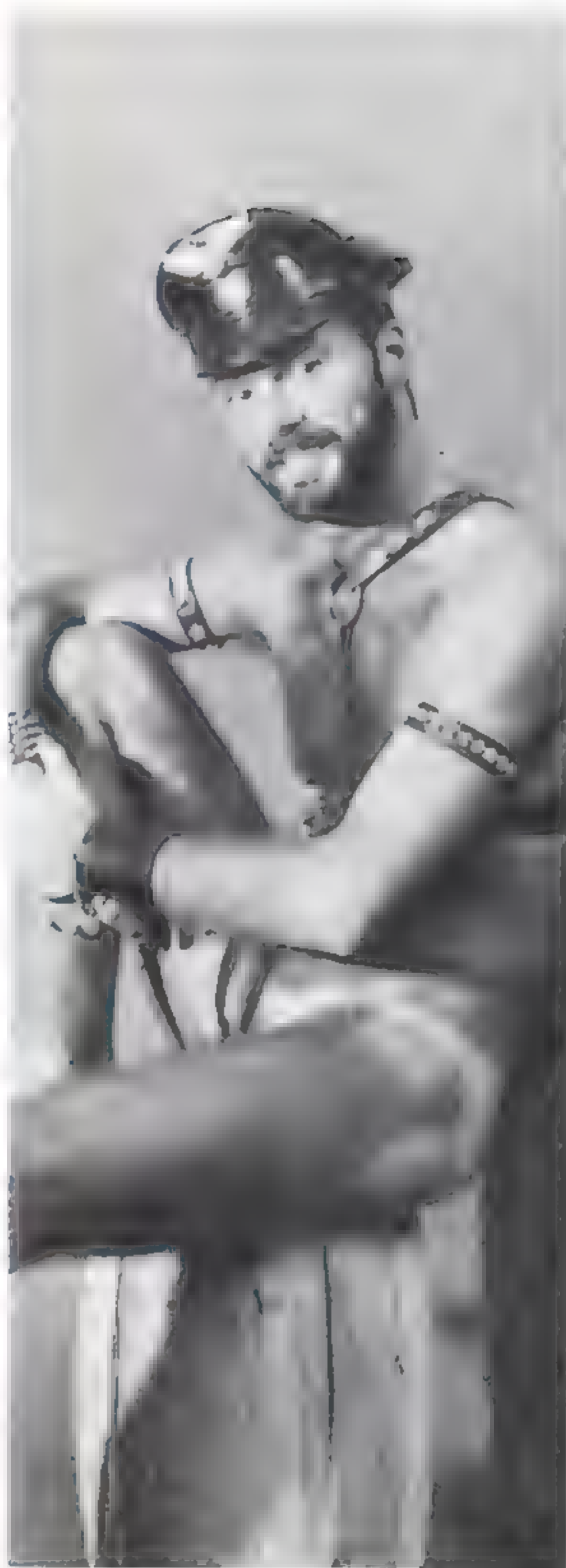
PAGE 47: Contestants: (At Left) Dino Rosie, sponsored by Charlie's Denver/Phoenix, (At Right) Barone, First Runner-Up for IML 90, sponsored by the Ramrod, Boston, MA.









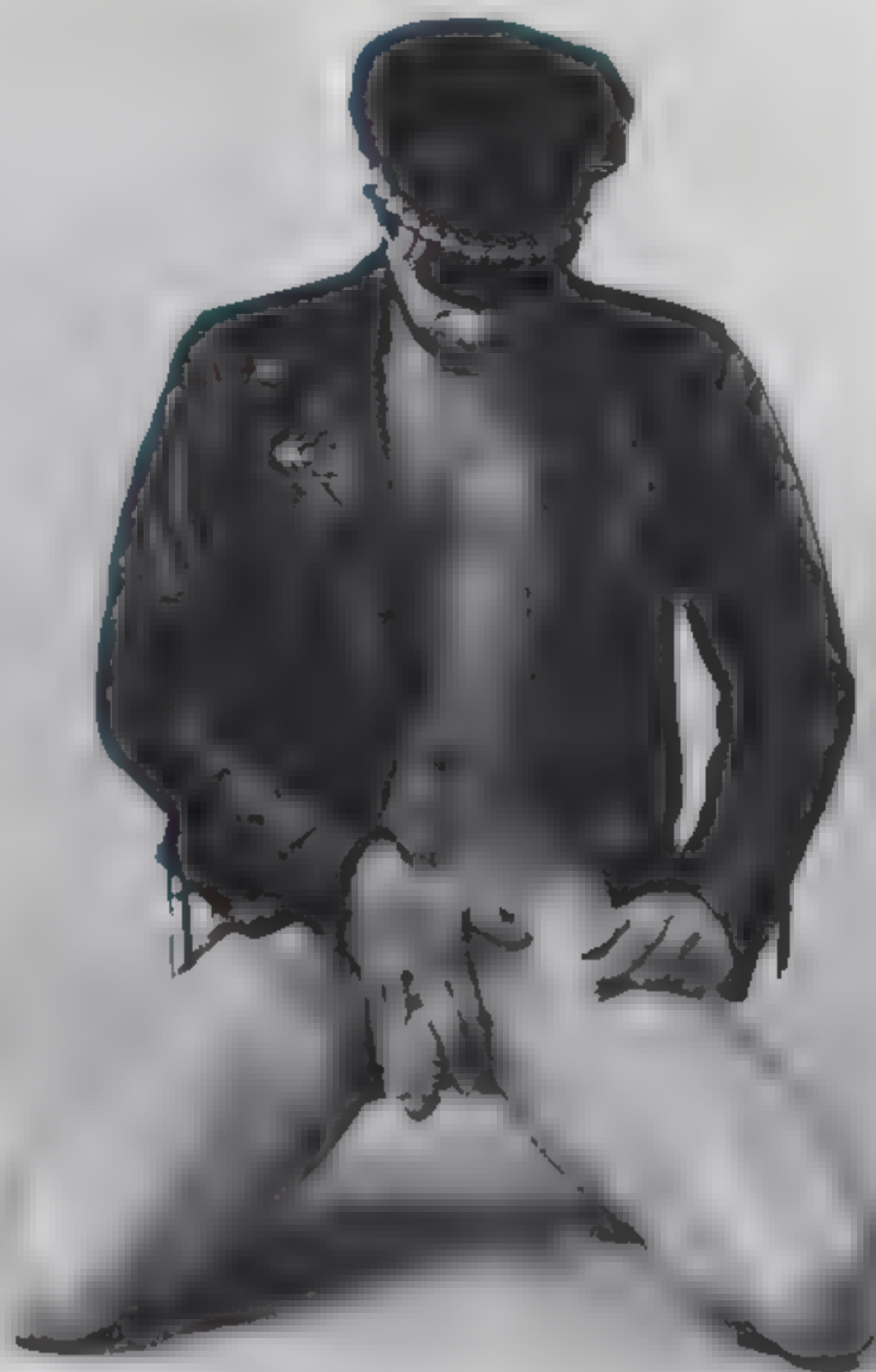
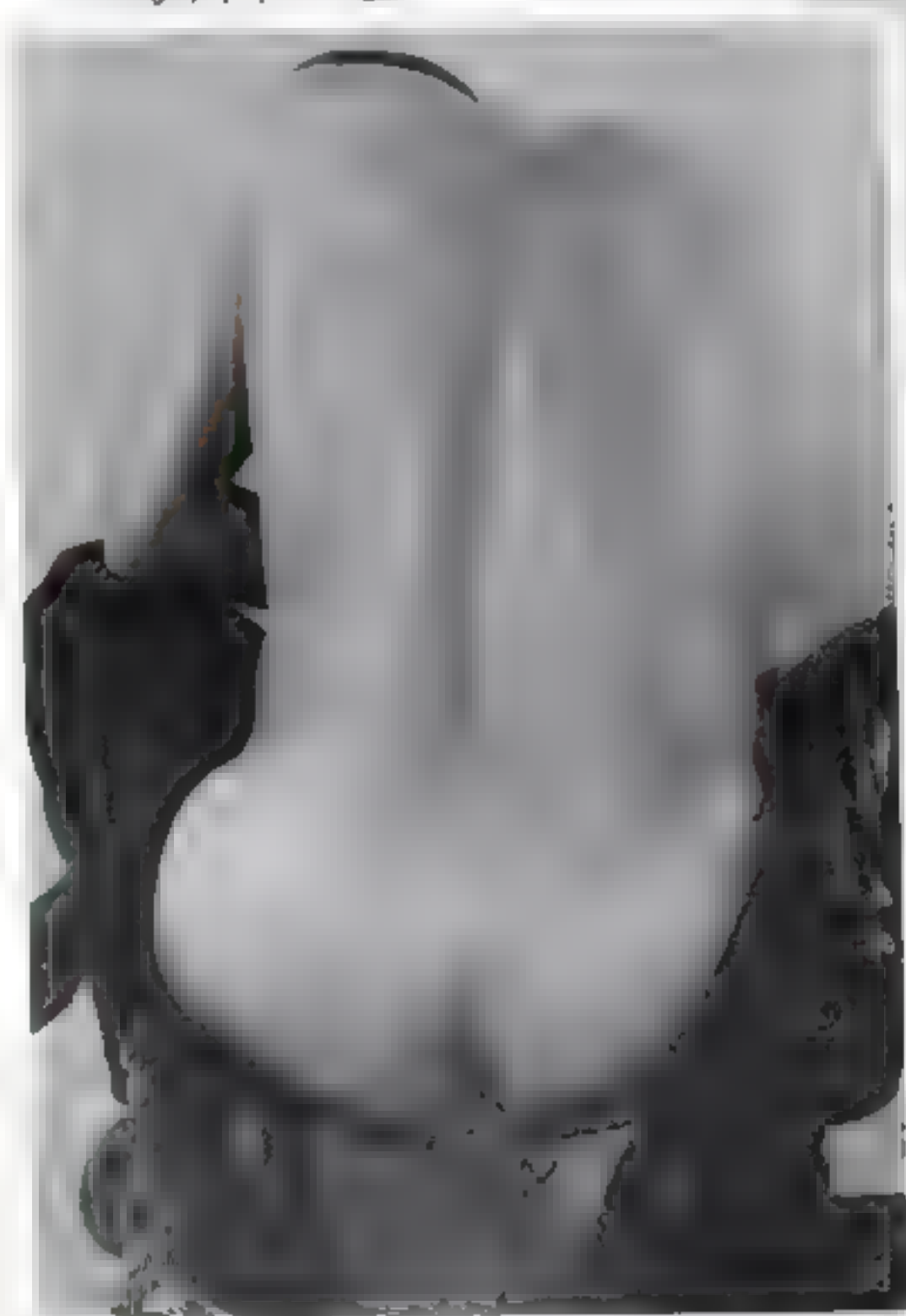


GREGG SYLVESTER

Mr. Northwest

Drummer 1989-90

Photography by Jim Wigler



Gregg Sylvester's year as Mr. Northwest Drummer has left him with challenges he didn't anticipate a year ago. The travel that accompanies the title allowed him to observe what he considers to be a growing separation in the community, between the Leather "Old Guard" who developed what have become our traditions, and the younger generation of leathermen who have more contemporary concerns. Sylvester sees himself as a bridge.



Rick Conder

Mr. Southwest Drummer 1989-90

Rick Conder has up and relocated to New York where he moved with his new Daddy. They met at the Powerhouse in San Francisco during Leather Week 1989. When we finally caught up with Rick, he had just gotten home from the pet shop with a new cat, so he appears to be domesticating nicely. In addition to his Mr. Southwest Drummer title, Rick holds the titles of Mr. Leather Arizona 1989 and Mr. Firebird 1989.

Photography by Jim Wigler





LARRY RIGSBY

Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer 1989-90

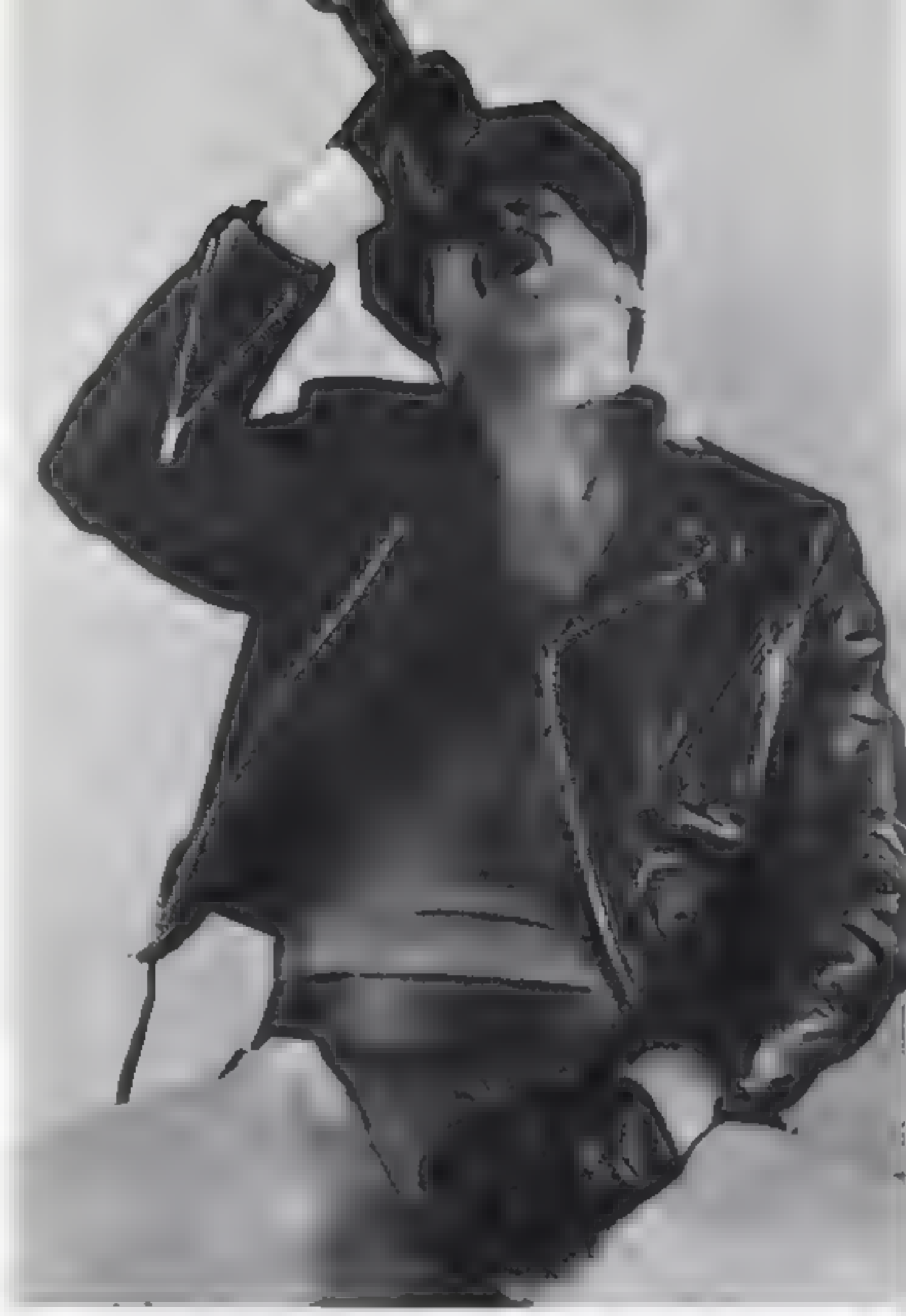
Larry Rigsby's year as Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer has enriched his life considerably. The title provided him the opportunity to come out of his personal AIDS closet, and allowed him a release that has become part of his healing, nurturing his growing spirituality. His travel to nine cities as both leather ambassador and HIV anti-discrimination spokesman have earned him the respect of his growing leather family.

Larry earned his Master's Degree in Exercise Physiology and has used his knowledge to develop a free exercise program for HIV patients. His paper studying the effects of exercise on people living with HIV was the first of its kind and was published in *The Journal of Medicine and Science for Sports and Exercise*.



Photography by Jim Wigler





CRAIG LAKOTA

Mr. Midwest

Drummer, 1989-90

Photography by Jim Wigler

Craig Lakota's year as Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer not only helped him fully realize the diversity of the leather community but provided a unique position from which to educate others about that diversity. His concurrent title of Mr. Gay Cleveland gave him access to the less adventurous, whose questions about the leather lifestyle allowed this professional teacher to indulge in some freelance educating. On the Executive Board of the Northern Ohio Coalition, Inc., The Rangers, Inc., The North Coast Rangers Uniform Club and the American Uniform Association, Craig has been in a position to raise substantial funds for HIV-related causes.





D

DAVID NICHOLSON

Mr. Rocky Mountain
Drummer 1989-90

Photography by Jim Wigler

The last time we heard from David Nicholson, Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer, he was still living in Denver and tending bar at the Triangle. He was "very single" at the time and may still be breaking hearts in The Mile High City as far as we know. He told us a story about jacking off while riding horseback—we thought they only did that in the movies.











ROUGH STUFF

I Scream, You Scream

by Paul Martin

In the last few "Rough Stuff" columns, we've heard from Tops who only want to be Tops, bottoms who prefer to remain bottoms, and Switches who still haven't figured out where to hang their keys so you can tell they switch. (Don't try the back middle belt-loop - it's hell every time you sit down or lean against anything.)

There's a style of play which hasn't been addressed yet: Mutualism. By this I mean that each partner feels free to cause an effect in the other without considering top or bottom roles. This is different from taking turns at being top and bottom from scene to scene—what I am discussing here is more like simultaneously being top and bottom.

Just to be on record: up until two years ago, I considered myself exclusively bottom. For a number of reasons, some of which I will share, I no longer do so.

I knew I was kinky long before I knew anything about sex. I grew up Catholic, and managed to stay innocent of genital sex, (including masturbation, until I was sixteen. (I never said I was smart, just kinky.) I was getting hard-ons at the age of nine, though, reading such indecent literature as The Hardy Boys novels—at least the parts where the Boys would be tied to chairs and gagged. Such staples of juvenile adventure fiction as kidnapping, bondage, interrogation, hypnosis, and being drugged or knocked unconscious fed my early fascination with domination/submission, and somehow it never occurred to me to be on any other than the receiving end.

When, at 24, I finally got over my many fears and insecurities and came out, it was my intention to come out as much to leather and SM as to being homosexual. I had what I believe could be called "beginner's luck." My first ever venture into a gay bar (what is now the Eagle in Seattle) led to a night of SM, bondage, and rough sex with the man who became my lover/mentor/Daddy for the next several years. He was twenty years my senior, a



Jim Wiegler

good fifty pounds more massive, and infinitely more together than I. From the first, there was never any question that he was the Top and I the bottom.

So let's just say that it came as something of a shock to me when my Daddy left me a few years later to be somebody else's "boy." He and I had been increasingly unable to make things work, and finally he admitted to me that, a.) he wanted to be a heavy SM bottom, b.) he knew that I simply was not experienced enough to be, and did not have the desire to be, the SM Top that he needed.

There are more ways than one to knock some sense into someone. This blow wasn't physical, but it left its mark. It made me question Top and bottom, and begin to understand that, in many ways, the standard definitions of the roles turn the "reality" of an SM relationship inside out.

Who was serving whom, in my relationship? I certainly wasn't serving *him*. I was serving the Top I was imagining him to be (and to an extent, the Top that he was pretending to be.) Perhaps if he had ordered me to pick up the whip and stripe his ass I could have made the mental adjustment and delivered the whipping in the true spirit of servitude. . . But it would never have occurred to him to give that order—and to me, frankly, it would have seemed blasphemous. Me? A bottom?

Whipping my Daddy?

An obvious fact simply never occurred to me: I enjoyed being whipped, except for certain cosmetic differences, there wasn't that much difference between his body and mine. So why shouldn't he get the same enjoyment out of the same physical exercise that I did?

Whole new vistas spread out before me with that realization. And now, I cannot help it: when someone whips me, or burns me, or ties me up, or pierces me—I must at least offer to return the favor.

It throws some people off.

And it wasn't easy at first. (It still isn't always easy.) I am painfully (ouch!) aware of how much work it can take to satisfy some men's desire for pain (not to mention my own). And fulfilling some men's fantasies can be exhausting. But I'm twisted enough that I can still get some bottomish satisfaction out of all of this: I'm "fucking Daddy." I'm serving.

And the funny thing is, I'm starting to like Topping.

All of this didn't come out of the blue. It came out of being hurt, and feeling that I had failed my Daddy. I promised myself it wasn't going to happen again: if I loved someone, and it turned out he needed a Top or a Master, I wanted to be able to give him what he needed.

At the same time, it was still quite true that I was a bottom, through and through. The thought of tying up, whipping, beating, burning, or piercing anybody else simply did not make me enthusiastic, and as far as I could tell, my dick was not made for fucking—it certainly wasn't the *Drummer*-style always-hard-when-you-need-it fuckpole.

But I didn't spend all those years reading The Hardy Boys for nothing. Brainwashing—yeah, that's the ticket! Brainwashing!

Or sort of, anyway. Obviously I needed to make a mental transition toward being able to perform as a Top, and this is the plan I came up with:

1. Define being Top as servicing another. I know many Tops will bridle at this definition, and I'm not trying to make it a universal. But it seems to me that if a bottom is begging to be whipped, and a Top expends the great amount of energy it takes to whip him, the one doing the work is providing a service. Whether you agree with the definition or not, you'll have to admit it allows me to be Top and bottom at the same time (I also never said I wasn't greedy.)

2. Begin including Top fantasies in my jack-off fantasies. This involved two steps, first I had to force myself to masturbate. I'm not kidding—I

(Continued next page)



don't like to masturbate, and I *hate* to masturbate alone. I used masturbation as a substitute for sex for too many years, and now it still seems to me a poor substitute. But for almost a year, I forced myself to masturbate almost daily, and I added to my fantasies these sorts of scenarios: three-ways in which I was a slave, but my Master ordered me to beat the shit out of someone; being gently (or ungently) coerced by my Daddy to fuck him, turning the tables on a Top in almost any scene. It didn't matter whether these fantasies got me off or not, what was important was that I made them a regular part of my sexual activity, and I was imagining these scenarios while my dick was hard. Do two things together long enough and your brain cannot help but connect them: thus eventually my Top fantasies began begetting and multiplying.

3. *Begin practicing what I am preaching.* I met a man who matched in every way my criteria for "Daddy." I won't bore you with his physical description, suffice it to say he was older, bigger, and funnier. I would have loved nothing better than to be at his feet, one hand resting caressingly on his boots, face pressed to his groin. But the first thing he said to me, looking down at my Danners, was, "Boy, I'd sure love to lick those all night." Hmmm. So eventually we ended up playing, and yes, he licked my boots, and yes, he called me "Sir," and yes, I spanked him long and hard, and beat his ass black and blue with my favorite length of rubber hose. And you know what? My dick got hard. Nobody was more surprised than I.

Beyond roles, what I'm finding is that what really satisfies me is to make someone happy. When I begin playing with someone's ass, and I'm watching the expression on his face, and I see how much he's enjoying what I'm doing—that is what gets me hard. When someone who told me twenty minutes ago, "You can't leave marks," then ten minutes ago, "Well, maybe just one," and now finally is begging me to draw blood, that gets me hard.

In fact, one of the most satisfying things I can do in a scene is leave a mark—and this stems completely from the fact that I love to be marked myself. Up to a point, I am living my bottom fantasy vicariously through what I am giving the bottom. But more and more, what I really would like to do in such scenes is make my mark and then have him mark me. Order him if necessary God damn it, if I can't be a pushy bottom then I can damn well be a pushy Top!

With the ideal being mutuality. Drop the roles. Be neither bottom nor Top, just someone who is determined to give the greatest amount of pleasure you can, knowing your partner is determined to give you the same.

A fantasy? Maybe.

Think about it. Or—dare I suggest it?—jack off about it. For a year or so. Then tell me what you think. ■

^A Snuff Film *for* Uncle Sam

by Bill Andriette

To their neighbors in Arlington, Virginia, Daniel Depew and Thomas Bradden (not his real name) seemed like an unexceptional gay couple. Daniel, 28, grew up in a working class home in LaPlana, Maryland, and after a stint in the Air Force was managing a computer parts database for a government contractor. Thomas, 39, was an aspiring painter and composer who worked as a waiter in Washington.

After three years, Dan and Thomas had fallen into a routine of spending their evenings together quietly, watching TV together or having dinner with friends.

Now Daniel Depew is held at the Washington city jail, pending transfer to federal prison, where he will begin a 33-year sentence handed down last May by U.S. District Judge T. S. Ellis.

Depew, along with Dean Lambey, a 34-year-old real estate broker from Richmond, is convicted of plotting to kidnap an unspecified boy, then film him being raped, tortured, and strangled. Officials allege they planned then to wash the body in muriatic acid to remove incriminating evidence, and bury it in a Maryland marsh.

The men were arrested August 14, 1989, after a 6-month investigation that put them under round-the-clock surveillance, and involved 100 FBI agents from across the country, as well as police in Virginia and California.

Law enforcement patied itself on the back for nabbing the bad guys before they could strike. For U.S. Prosecutor Henry Hudson, the head of former Attorney General Edwin Meese's pornography commission, the opportunity to fight a case mingling homosexuality, sadomasochism, pederasty, and murder was a right-wing sex crusader's wet dream-come-true.

But Depew, Lambey, and their friends allege that the apparent plot was contrived and nurtured by undercover agents. It represented, they say, more a fantasy than deeds either man every really intended to carry out, or even would have seriously considered without the police as catalyst.

Lambey, now in federal prison in Oxford, Wisconsin, was the first to nibble at government bait. In February, 1989, he began talking with a

"Bobby R" over a California computer bulletin board service (BBS) called "Chase," and in the coming months shared fantasies about sex with boys. In particular, they considered the logistics of making a porn film with a boy. If ever Lambey seemed to break off contact with Bobby R, "Bobby" would be persistent about hooking him back in.

"Bobby R" was actually Officer James Rodriguez of the San Jose Police Department, one of probably dozens of agents who comb BBSs hoping to entice persons attracted to minors into illegal activity.

Dan and Thomas traveled in Washington's gay SM circles. Depew was a member of the Highwaymen, a local leather/levi group, and his favorite bar was the Eagle.

Watching westerns even as a 5-year-old boy, Thomas says he was fascinated by the idea of being held captive. "I'd always picture myself as the one with the tight jeans who gets captured by the crazed maniacs," Depew, in turn, liked to play captor. They would use a videocam to record fantasies, particularly enjoying a scenario where Thomas would play a teenage boy whom Dan would kidnap. "We'd pretend that I was a hitchhiker and he'd pick me up out in the boonies with nobody around," Thomas explains. Scenes of capture would often segue to depictions of Thomas getting beaten and hanged.

But their SM activities were completely consensual. "Dan always respected limits, always," notes Thomas. "It's difficult to enjoy a session with anyone you don't entirely trust."

Outside of his sadistic fantasy personas, Depew was a nice guy, say people who knew him. Friends describe him as gentle, thoughtful, and slow to anger.

Since Thomas had gotten him a modem, Dan was calling up BBSs to spin out fantasies and meet people. Over a board that used the password "Drummer" (but not affiliated with *Drummer* magazine) he met Dean Lambey and the two decided to meet at the Alexandria Radisson on May 31, 1989.

Police say this is where Depew and Lambey first plotted the kidnapping. The men deny the charge. They say they realized they had incom-

palible fantasies and separated, not expecting to see each other again. Though Depew gave Lambey his business card he never got Lambey's address, phone, or even real name (Lambey called himself "Dave Ashley") in return. The two men had absolutely no contact again, except for a single meeting arranged independently by police.

Lambey met with undercover cops and discussed further the porn film project. The agents pressed him to find a collaborator. Without one, Lambey could not be charged with "conspiracy," since under the law one can't conspire with an undercover official poseur. Lambey mentioned Depew, and out of the blue, the cops called him at work. They were vague about their designs, but Depew, thinking he might get a sex date, drove out to the Dulles Marriot on July 19 to meet them.

San Jose cops James Rodriguez and Robert Nalett were posing as professional pornographers with some snuff films already under their belts. Over dinner and drinks, (enough, says Depew's lawyer to have made him legally drunk) the cops told of the porno film plan they were discussing with Lambey, and urged Depew to get in on the action. However Depew regarded the proposal, he was at least intrigued, and agreed to stay in contact.

Two days later, there was another meeting at the Dulles Marriot. This time Lambey showed. If a conspiracy existed between the two men, who had not spoken with each other since May, it was forged in room 3128 that afternoon over a bottle of scotch.

The transcript shows a melange of ordinary chitchat and sexual scheming of high sadism. Amid talk of Washington's bad traffic jams and drinking water is consideration of such questions as the best place to kidnap a boy, how to bind him quickly, and the relative sedative merits of ether and chloroform.

Conflicts emerge between Lambey and Depew's conception of the plan, and there are long digressions in the discussion. Without the direction and diplomacy of the undercover agents, and their insistence on haste, one senses this meeting would end with little to show for it. But one also gets the impression of people who sound like they could execute the scheme they are plotting.

The scenario sketched is to snatch a boy off the street somewhere in northern Virginia, sedate him with chloroform, take him to Lambey's house, and film rape scenes over a period of two weeks. Then the boy would be turned over to Depew, who would "finish" the project.

Lambey's interest is in filming sex with the boy. Depew, on the other hand, is interested only in the final torture scene. Vanilla sex videos, he says, put him to sleep.

"I intend to make him scream and make him yell, and I want to watch his eyes all the time; I want to watch them pop out of his head. I want to make him jump and I want to make him choke,

and everything I do is making him as unresponsive as possible, fighting his ropes, fighting his bonds. I want him to know at the beginning that if he doesn't show me enough energy, I'll just go ahead and finish it right then. The little boy is going to be worked up."

Lambey shrinks from Depew's seeming blood-lust: "I'm not sure I even want to be around the last two days when you have him," he says. The agents mediate, pointing out that everyone has a right to their pleasure. They carefully mirror the tensions between Lambey and Depew, with Rodriguez professing interest only in vanilla sex, while Nalett suggests such tortures as wiring the boy's penis up with electrodes.

Depew and Lambey were arrested August 14, having been placed under 24-hour surveillance since their meeting. Neither had done anything substantial to further the plot. Depew had looked up making chloroform in the library, but friends say he usually pursued his fantasies with close attention to detail.

The men were arrested even though Depew had called the agents in early August to tell them he had decided "not to be involved in this one," - something his lawyer insisted should have nullified any conspiracy.

But under what he'd said was the promise of a short term, pled guilty to charges of conspiracy to kidnap and produce child pornography. He tried unsuccessfully to reverse his plea and stand trial, but was sentenced to 30 years on February 28, 1990.

Lambey insists he had no intention of carrying out the deed, and continued contact with the agents out of a desire to play "cloak and dagger."

Depew's case went to court on March 26 in a 3-day trial that the Washington Post said "opened a window into a little-seen Washington area subculture that thrived on sadomasochistic fantasy." Though his lover and two friends testified that Depew's SM interests had stayed within the bounds of consent and fantasy, Depew was convicted, and sentenced to 33 years—effectively a life term, his lawyer says, because Depew is HIV positive.

"This was a crime that wouldn't have even been considered as it was finally plotted out if these police officers hadn't continued to play a leading role in masterminding it," says Peter MacDonald, a reporter with the Alexandria Packet-Gazette, who covered the case.

But through great effort, the government managed to create the evil that it was so desperate to find. And now the hundreds of law enforcement officials who worked to put Lambey and Depew away are free to turn their attention to other crimes—real or yet to be invented.

(This article is based on a longer discussion in the July 1990 issue of The Guide magazine.)

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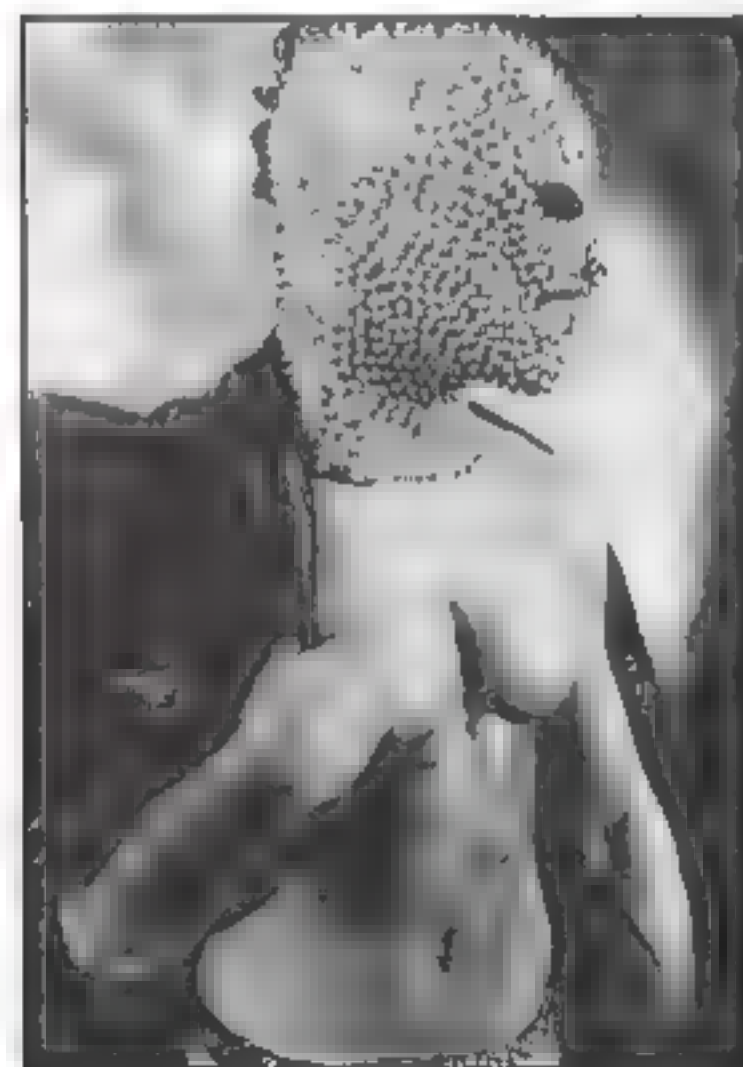
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THE BAWDY BEAUTIFUL

by Paul Martin



ATHLETES

Patrick Sarfaty is, as Edmund White describes him in the introduction to *Athletes*, a fetishist. There is no question that, even in the photographs which are not overtly sexual—or perhaps especially in those photographs—the driving force behind these images is fetishistic sexual energy.

Anyone who eroticizes athletic gear will want a copy of this book. The props and costumes in these photos—the swimsuits, the leather belts, the chain-mail gloves, the boxing gloves, etc.—are a

strong part of the sexual energy driving the photos, which are at least as much about "gear" as about the models.

While Sarfaty glorifies the male body in every frame, it's clear that what he is glorifying is the *object* that the male body can become. The viewer is not expected to empathize with the subject, or "get to know" him (as one might in *Playgirl* spread). Only very occasionally is there eye-contact with any of the models. A typical pose will have the face turned away from the camera, or obscured by the model's muscular arm, or by huge black rubber goggles.

Salted in among the photographs glorifying athletes are a few photos that might seem out of place—if you thought the book was about athletes. A shot of a young muscular hunk in a studded leather hood and yockstrap, or a big bodybuilder wearing leather pants, wide leather belt and motorcycle goggles. But in the context of all the other fetishes flowing throughout the book, the leather/SM fetish images seem right at home.

(*ATHLETES*, Patrick Sarfaty, preface by Edmund White, \$25.95, from Bruno Gmunder, 100 East Biddle St., Baltimore, MD 21202.)

MEN: SKIN & STEEL

The (loose) concept binding this video is of a correspondence club that gets together men who include steel in their sexuality. Members generally make their own "home-made" videos and then pass the videos around.

Men: Skin & Steel does a pretty good job of chronicling the many—you might be surprised how many—ways men are already playing with steel. There's the obvious, such as the first segment, in which Ron Champion ties up his dick and balls with chain, there's the always-impressive collection of stainless-steel body jewelry on, in, and around Rolf Eric Bergman's dick, there's the cold steel of the razor... and more. (Although I was disappointed not to see steel ass eggs in this video oh, well, maybe in the next one?)

Along with the variety of steel implements in the video, I think Altomar should be applauded for the variety of *men* appearing in their videos. *Men: Skin & Steel* has a "type" for nearly everyone—from young longhair biker-type Ron Champion, to Rolf Eric Bergman, a gorgeous, furry Daddy who *Drummer* readers will remember from past issues (117 and 129 if you want to look him up). Rolf has a huge, beautiful uncut (but certainly not unpierced) dick, and we are treated to an extended scene in which he and James Williams (producer of the video and not underendowed in the uncut-dick department himself) play with each others' foreskins and fuck their brains out. The sight of two huge uncut dicks, one white, one black, flowing together into one (almost) seamless whole, is by far the most beautiful "docking" scene I've ever encountered on video.

Adding more variety is the next couple: a young smooth topman who plays with an older, hairy Daddy type (if you follow Altomar videos much, you'll recognize him from *Working Stiffs*)

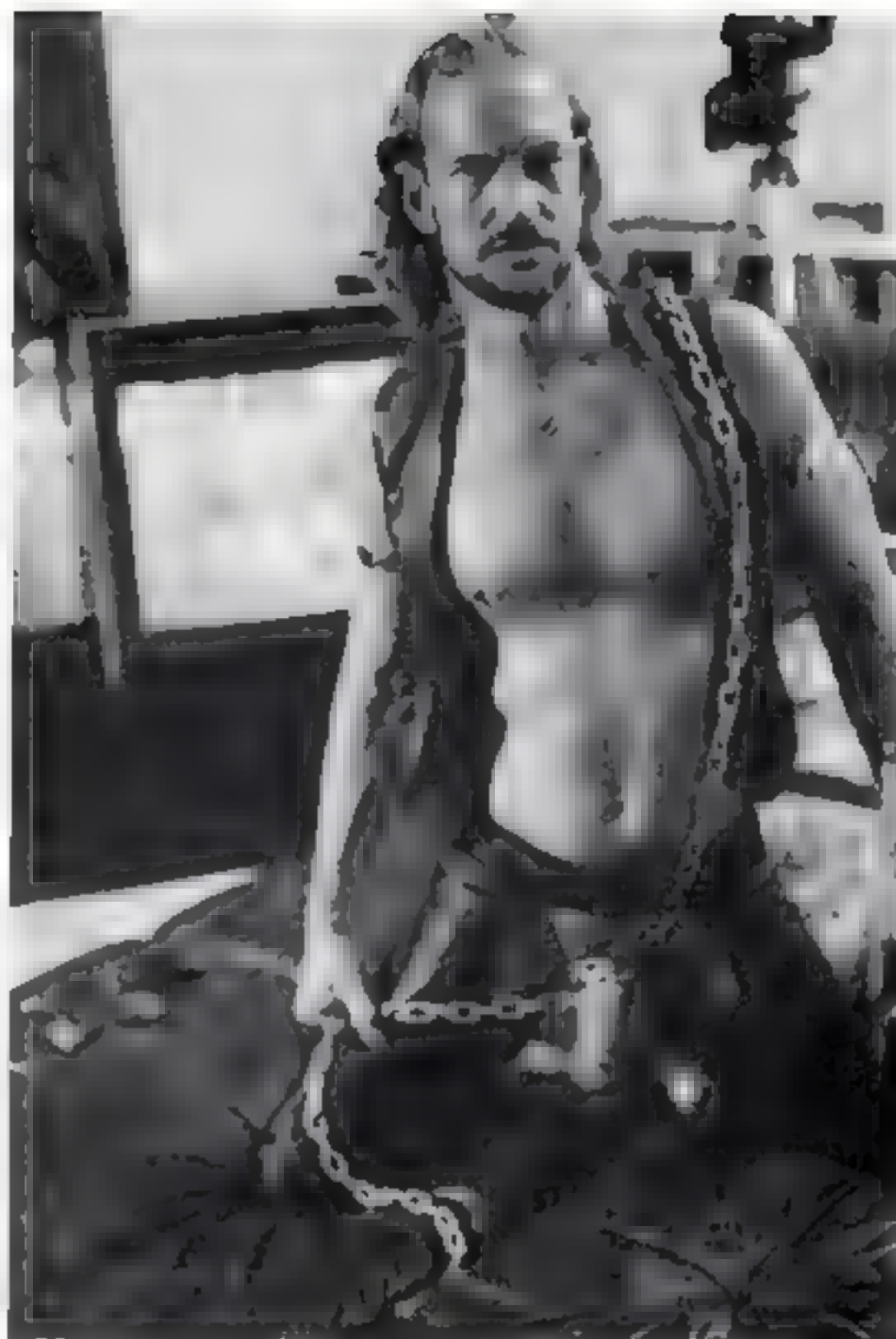
If the title makes *Men: Skin & Steel* sound too hard-core for you, don't be intimidated. This video isn't out to scare anyone away from steelsex. Instead it's more of an invitation to the subject, a primer. Who knows, maybe there'll be a version of this for more advanced players. It probably wouldn't hurt to write Altomar and ask for such a thing.

(*Men: Skin & Steel*, \$59 + \$3 postage, from Altomar Productions, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., #109/255, West Hollywood CA 90046)

Ron Champion ➤

in *Men: Skin* ➤

& *Steel* ➤



Rolf Eric ➤

Bergman ➤

(Photo courtesy ➤

Altomar; not ➤

from *Men:* ➤

Skin & Steel) ➤



ASK THE MADAM

Leatherfolk everywhere who worry about such play-party etiquette questions as "Which whip do I use first?" (*Answer—watch your host and follow his lead,*) will be relieved to note the publication of a new book on sexual etiquette, *Mayflower Manners*, written by Sydney Biddle Barrows, better known as the "Mayflower Madam."

While Ms. Barrows admits to not having known much on the subject of SM before writing this book, she did do some research on the topic. "Of all the things in the book," she says, "this is the part where you really do have to follow rule by rule, since S&M is such a ritualized form of interaction. For instance, as a slave, you never do anything without permission and you have to be deferential at all times, including never meeting your master's eyes. As for general rules, though, I'd say: be on time; bring something nice, maybe a covered dish; and always write a thank-you note."

(*Mayflower Manners*, Sydney Biddle Barrows, 1990, Doubleday, \$14.95)

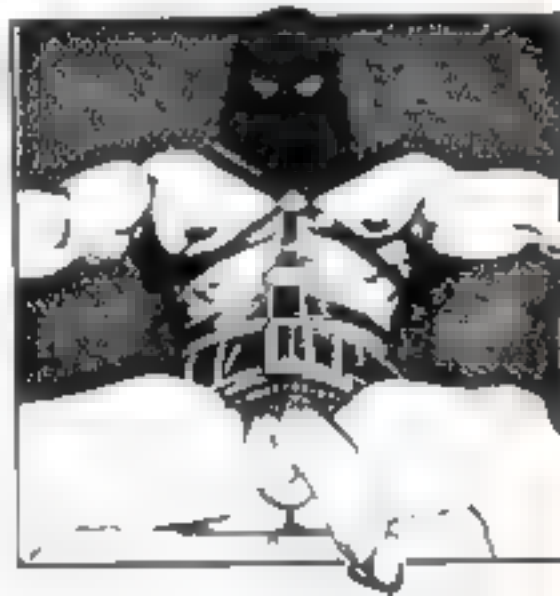
MIRROR ETCHINGS

Here's an erotic medium we hadn't thought of—fortunately, Alaska artist Orlino deLeon did. DeLeon etches his designs in mirrors or glass. While his advertising notes that DeLeon "specializes in Alaskan art and wildlife scenes," the photos he sent us (not reproducible here, unfortunately) show erotic drawings of extremely well-hung leathermen. Hmm... Might be just the thing for that playroom that has everything

(O.d.'s Mirror and Glass Etchings, 315 E Street Terrace [Lower Level], Anchorage, AK 99501.)

"DRINK ME."

No, this isn't the wine label discussed below. But we think it would make a good one, don't you? (Art by Bill Ward.)



CENSOR THIS!

Speaking of obscure media, here's another bastion of freedom of expression that's under attack by the forces of stupidity, wine labels.

The U.S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms has barred the importation of a French champagne which is being bottled by Thiebault de Sade—yes, a descendant of the Marquis de Sade with whom we are all familiar. It seems the USBATF objected to the picture of a statue of a nude woman (alas, not in chains) on the bottle's label as "obscene." Also pictured on the label is the de Sade family coat of arms. The exporter is considering coming out with a "softer" version of the label—putting a dress on the statue—so that the vintage would be eligible for export to the U.S.

(Thanks to *Growing Pains* for this one.)

SAY IT WITH... SHIT?

Fecetious Productions, Inc., the "entremenures" marketing CRAPOGRAMS, claim to offer people an important new means of personal expression.

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"Someone YOU know deserves a Crapogram!" they say. "Just think about it for a minute and I'm sure that several names will spring to mind." Well, yes, now that you mention it.

(Fecetious Productions, Inc., 4949 Dempster, Suite 307, Skokie, IL 60076. Phone orders: 1-800-CRAP-911)

Press Release

by Cavelo

(KW:LC-RETALIATION)

(ON-LINE WIRE WIL:K1212;ARBX;02)

(WB)BC-Japanese retaliation against foreign national

ATTN: Foreign Editors

09-FEB-1687

KYOTO, JAPAN — Japanese authorities said Friday that a Portuguese national, accused in a 1686 abduction-rape case that occurred near Osaka, was abducted as he left his ship by 3 unknown men Jan. 22 and left naked and bound to a tree in Kobe, about 20 miles west of Osaka.

"When he was found it was discovered that the person tied up was in fact an individual who had felony indictments against him. The foreigner was arrested," said prefecture police chief Yoshiro Matsura.

Antonio Cabral da Silva, 22, of Lisbon, Portugal, sailing with the "black ships," was being held Friday in the Kobe Prefecture Jail pending trial. Matsura said da Silva has been charged with aggravated sexual assault, aggravated kidnapping and aggravated robbery of a Japanese male, Kenji Akazawa, 16.

Officers said da Silva is accused of using a knife in last November's abduction and rape of Akazawa. After the alleged crime, the suspect fled to the safety of his ship, the Bom Bahia. Unidentified Japanese nationals seized da Silva when he was recognized while disembarking the Bom Bahia in Kobe. Matsura is quoted as saying that da Silva was allegedly kidnapped and taken to an undisclosed location where he was brutally beaten. His severe treatment was apparently in retaliation for his alleged 1686 assault of the Japanese youth. After the beating his unidentified abductors left da Silva's battered body tied to a tree as a warning to all foreign nationals to stay away from local Japanese. Matsura said Friday he has "no idea" who did it, but expects da Silva to stand trial for his felony indictments soon. "We have no additional information," he said.

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CROSS ROADS

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FROM AROUND THE WORLD...

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

An SM organization in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, which formerly went by the name Vancouver Activists in SM (VASM) has applied for incorporated status under British Columbia's Society Act. Unfortunately, the provincial government objected to the term "sado-masochism" in an organization's name, so several alternate meanings for the letters V.A.S.M. were submitted. As it happened, the government was happy to incorporate VASM as the "Vancouver Association of Safe Men."

Not everyone is pleased with the idea, however: some members object to the name change, which amounts to an (unvoted) change in the VASM bylaws. Incorporation would also automatically require that the VASM constitution and bylaws follow a somewhat particular format... with the changes to the constitution not necessarily voted on by the members.

One result of incorporation might be that the club's confidential membership lists could be made available for public scrutiny. Another concern is that, under British Columbia law, the use of the word "man" or "men" in an organization's name, bylaws, and constitution includes the female gender. VASM presently is an exclusively male organization, and there is some concern among membership that, after incorporation, they could be required by law to admit females.

By the time this sees print, VASM membership will have addressed the issue of incorporation at their Annual General Meeting. We'll follow up as we learn of developments.

ROUGHING IT UP IN THE WOODS

On August 25, Seattle Men in Leather hosted a campout at the Triangie Campground, a gay campground near Index,

Washington. In season, the campground is full of rather elaborate temporary structures (no permanent structures can be built, since it all washes away every winter). For this party, a generator provided power for flashing overhead lights, a VCR for porno tapes, and a strobe to illuminate a special flogging area. While not flogging or being flogged, partygoers could relax in the steam sauna. From all reports, the event was a great success.

PANTHEON OF LEATHER

The Leather Journal will host its first annual leather awards ceremony, the Pantheon of Leather, Saturday, January 26, 1991 at the Musician's Union Hall in Los Angeles. Nominations are currently being solicited for Man of the Year, Woman of the Year, Non-profit Organization of the Year, Club of the Year, Business of the Year, Forbearer of the Year, and for four regional individual or organization awards. A judging panel consisting of Jan Lyon, Dustin Logan, and Guy Baldwin will make the selections from the nominees. In addition, Readers' Choice and Publisher's Choice awards will be presented.

The evening's events will include the awards themselves, entertainment and a raffle for a free registration for two to the 1991 International Mr. Leather contest. Tickets are \$35 for general admission seating and a goodies package including a pin and poster, or \$60 for table seating and a larger goodies pack-



Albert Kraus, President of the Windy City Bondage Club, presents club colors to the new Touché bar in Chicago (Touché burned down early this year, but they have reopened.) Accepting the colors is Jerry Musileva, manager (Photo courtesy WCBC)

age including the above plus a T-shirt. The host hotel is the Holiday Inn Hollywood (213/467-7181), which is holding rooms at a special event rate through December 21, 1990. The official travel agent is G&W Travel (213/664-5833) of Silverlake. For more information, or to order tickets, call *The Leather Journal* at 213/469-5922, or write them at 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., #109-368, West Hollywood, CA, 90046.

SOUTHWEST GAY AND LESBIAN PAGAN COALITION

A new group marched in Oklahoma's Lesbian and Gay Pride Parade this year, the newly-formed Southwest Gay and Lesbian Pagan Coalition. SWGLPC is in the process of compiling a mailing list and producing a newsletter, to network with other gay Pagans in the Southwest region of the U.S. The coalition is to be an information gathering and dissemination organization, as well as providing spiritual support, discussing and taking an active role in environmental issues, coordinating social services, and instilling pride, dignity, and spiritual unification in the gay and lesbian Pagan communities. Contact Desmond Stone at SWGLPC, PO Box 26442, Oklahoma City, OK 73126.

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

The Gay and Lesbian Task Force of the American Library Association is issuing a call for nominations for its 1991 Gay/Lesbian Book Awards. Awards are made for both fiction and nonfiction, and are given to books of exceptional merit relating to the gay/lesbian experience. To be eligible, a book must have been published in calendar year 1990. Awards are not limited to American publications, books published outside the U.S. and in languages other than English are also eligible. Nominations, including a short statement describing why the book is being nominated, must be mailed by December 31, 1990, to: Adam L. Schiff, Asst. Science Librarian, University of Colorado at Boulder, Campus Box 184, Boulder, Colorado, 80309-0184.

LEATHER STAR

An organization in the Pacific Northwest, Leather Star, has formed to grant living wishes of terminal PWAs. Leather Star does not give cash grants; rather, they work to make any (realistic) dream come true for the PWAs. Some of their projects have been: to bring a mother from Memphis, Tennessee to the Northwest to visit her child, who could not leave town due to frequent hospitalization; to found an ex-lover, after five years, of a man who wanted to die with dignity, talk a major petroleum corporation into donating 250 gallons of gasoline for travel for someone who wanted to go home.

Leather Star gets its funding solely from fundraising events put on by its members. Their major event is the Puget Sound Mr. and Ms Leather contest, held on the Saturday before Thanksgiving in Tacoma, Washington. They have also held a number of benefits, including "Turnabout's", in which bottoms turn the tables, and "Cuffs and Crowns" a joint Leather and Court Communities party.

Any terminal PWA resident in the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, and the Province of British Columbia can be eligible for Leather Star's services. Leather Star can be contacted at #501-1027 Davie St., Vancouver, BC, Canada, V6E 4L2.

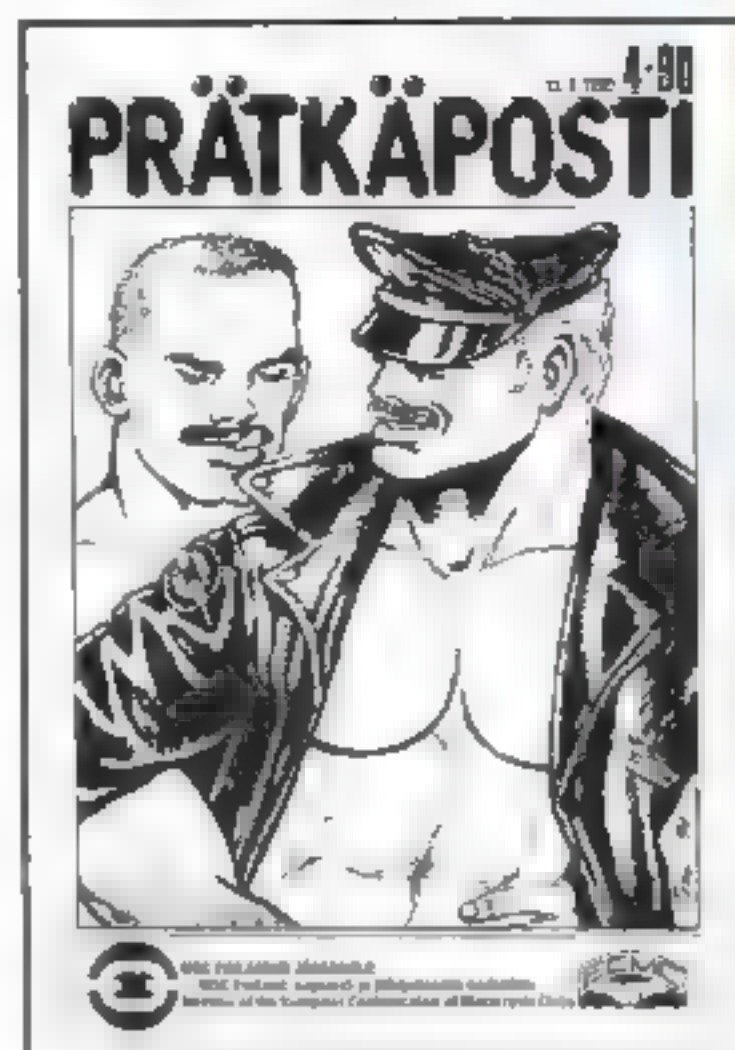
NEW ENGLAND PIERCED MEN

A new organization dedicated to the male piercing fetishist, New England Pierced Men has begun publishing a newsletter, and is planning informal discussion gatherings as well as play parties. For information, call or write: NEPM, PO Box 6366, Chelsea, MA 02150-6366, phone: (617) 889-6460.

TOM OF FINLAND

In case you had heard that Tom of Finland was ill, *Prätkäposti*, the publication of MSC Finland, reports that his con-

dition has greatly improved. He has begun drawing again, and his first drawing was for the cover of *Prätkäposti*. Our best wishes.



FREE ANTI-HELMS SOUVENIRS!

Well, almost. "NC Senate Vote '90," an independent political action committee of pro-choice activists, people of color, artists, gay people, environmentalists, human rights activists, and others, is working to defeat Helms in this November's election. They are actively seeking contributions from all over the country, and they are offering such Helmsiana as a Helms pin (featuring the ever-popular international circle/slash symbol) with a \$10 donation; 20 Helms stickers with a \$20 donation; bumper stickers with \$30 donations; T-shirts with \$75 donations... And "a very, very special surprise for all contributors over \$100." Hmmmm. "a very, very special surprise?" An autographed copy of "Piss Jesse" perhaps?

NC Senate Vote '90 can be contacted at 604 West Chapel Hill St., Durham, North Carolina, 27701. (919) 682-6374.



INTERCHAIN

Interchain, an international gay-male SM contact organization, has ceased to exist.

LEATHER CALENDAR

OCTOBER 1990

- 16 ■ Abrasion/ GMSMC/ Philadelphia, PA
- 17 ■ Smoke Eater's Rubber Party/ Hot Ash/ Cible 25, NYC
- Program Mtg/ SM Gays/ London
- Ask the Lawyer/ QSM, San Francisco
- 18 ■ Bar Nt/ Griffin MC/ Renaissance, Newark, DE
- Club Nt/ Leather United-Chicago/ AA Meet Market
- 19-21 ■ Ann. Run/ Gateway MC/ St. Louis
- Provincetown Weekend/ Extra Nour, Boston
- 20 ■ Party/ The 15 Assn/ San Francisco
- Mtg/ New York Bondage Club/ NYC
- Ask the Nutritionist/ QSM, San Francisco
- Bar Nt/ Hartford Colts/ The Pub, Springfield, MA
- 22 ■ Mtg/ New York Strap & Paddle Assn/ NYC
- 23 ■ Demo & Social/ VASM/ G&L Centre, Fresno
- Bondage w/ Permanent & Temp. Piercing/ QSM, San Francisco
- 24 ■ Program Mtg/ Avatar/ Los Angeles
- 25 ■ Cigar Night/ Hot Ash/ Lone Star Saloon, SF
- 26 ■ Windy City Bondage Club/ Chicago
- Beer Bust/ Knights of Maki/ Red Lantern, Fresno CA
- 26-29 ■ LIVING IN LEATHER VI/ NLA-Natl/ Portland OR
- 17th Birthday Party/ MSC London/ England
- 27 ■ Autumn Party/ SLM Copenhagen
- Bar Nt/ Tridents Cent. Mass/ Mailbox, Worcester
- Leather & Lace Ball/ GMSMA/ NYC
- Bar Nt/ Excalibur/ Leather Stallion, Cleveland
- Halloween Party/ 119 Merrimac/ Boston
- Fetish Night/ Re-Bar/ Seattle

NOVEMBER

- 2 ■ Club Nt/ Tradesman J.J./ Charlotte, NC
- 2-4 ■ Fox Hunt/ The Rurals MC/ Roanoke, Netherlands
- 3 ■ Rocky Horror Nite/ Chicagoland Discussion Group
- Bar Nt/ Thunderbolts MC/ The Brook, Westport, CT
- Bar Nt/ Unicorn MC/ Leather Stallion, Cleveland
- Dungeon Demo/ GMSMA/ NYC
- 4 ■ Beer Bust/ NLA-Denver/ Denver
- Club Nt/ Tradesmen/ Charlotte NC
- 5 ■ Beer Bust/ NLA San Diego/ Wolf's, San Diego
- Mtg/ NLA Virginia/ Alexander's Ret. Richmond VA
- 7 ■ SM Univ/ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Chicago
- 9-11 ■ Southbay Leather Fest/ Southbay Leather & Uniform Group/ San Jose CA
- C M G 11/ Castaways of Milwaukee/ Milwaukee WI
- Firestorm IV/ Firestorm J.C./ Dallas, TX
- Starchen Party/ Leathermen Düsseldorf-ECMC
- 10 ■ Smoke 'Em If Ya Got 'Em/ Hot Ash/ The Annex, NYC
- Me So Cal Leather Contest/ S.C.L.A./ Blue Spot Bistr/ L.A., CA
- Leather Fantasy Night/ Seattle Men in Leather/ Spokane, WA
- 16 ■ TOUGH CUSTOMER PARTY/ Trident Int-Los Angeles/ Griff's, Hollywood, CA
- 16-18 ■ 3rd Anniv Weekend/ Trident Int-Los Angeles/ Los Angeles, CA
- 17 ■ Safe-sex Dungeon Demo/ GMSMC/ Philadelphia, PA
- Puget Sound Mt. Leather Contest/ Seattle Men in Leather/ Tacoma, WA
- 18 ■ Brunch/ Seattle Men in Leather/ The Encore, Seattle, WA



- 21 ■ Smoked Turkey/ Hot Ash/ Cellblock 28. NYC
30-2 ■ Christkindlmarkt/ NLC Franken/ Nuremberg

DECEMBER

- 14 ■ Holiday Social/ GMSMC/ Philadelphia, PA
14-18 ■ European Winter Weekend/ ASMF/ Paris-Toulouse
20-1/1 ■ Tri-Cen VII/ Philadelphians MC/ Philadelphia, PA

JANUARY

- 13 ■ Uniform Night/ Trident Int-Los Angeles/ Griff's, Hollywood
15 ■ Th Torture/ GMSMC/ Philadelphia, PA
20 ■ Beggars Feast/ Knights of Malt/ Seattle WA

FEBRUARY

- 2 ■ Mardi Gras/ Celestial Krewes de Cade/ San Francisco
3 ■ Seattle Mr. Leather Contest/ Seattle Men in Leather/ The Offcamp, Seattle WA
10 ■ Condom Collection Contribution Night/ Trident Int-Los Angeles/ Griff's, Hollywood
18 ■ Master/slave Relationships/ GMSMC/ Philadelphia PA

Club Listings: Overseas

(The U.S. & Canada, A-L, will be covered in the next issue; US & Canada, M-Z, in the one following that.)

Club names marked with an asterisk (*), are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names marked with a question mark in square brackets (?) have had mail returned from the address previously listed. If you can provide a correction, please do so.

(SM) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in SM; (W) indicates a women's leather-SM club (Mixed SM) indicates an SM club that includes men and women, hetero-homo- and bisexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc. (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national, or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster, they may or may not have periodic meetings. (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national, or international, membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's leather-levi-motorcycle or social clubs, (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list which do not fit into any of the above categories. If any club wishes to change the way it is listed please let us know.

Send new listings or changes to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

Beat Ruedl, Secretary of E CMC, has polled the clubs in Europe and solicited much of the information for this listing. We appreciate his assistance

INTERNATIONAL

European Confederation
of Motorcycle Clubs
c/o Logo 70 (Schweiz)
Box 725
CH 8008 Zurich
Switzerland

AUSTRALIA

Boomers MC
GPO Box 3926
Darwin 5794 NT

Cruisers MC
PO Box 57
Altona 3018 Melbourne,
Victoria

Delphins MC
PO Box N13
Petersham North 2049 NSW

Griffins MC
GPO 1048
Canberra 2601 ACT

Iron Tigers MC
c/o Bear
4 Hillview Ave., Rowville
Melbourne, 3179 Victoria

Jackarass MC
GPO Box 5064 Y
Melbourne, Vic 3001

Motmen (FN)
PO Box 313 Potts Point
Sydney, NSW 2011

Rangers MC
PO Box 449
Spring Hill 4800, Brisbane,
Queensland

*Moths (FL/SM)
(Melbourne Boudage Club)
PO Box 1395
Collingwood, Vic., 3066

Roe Bika Club
PO Box K704
Haymarket 2000, Sydney, NSW

*SBC
(Sydney Boudage Club)
PO Box 244
St. Peters 2044
NSW, Australia

South Pacific MC
PO Box 823
Sydney 2001, NSW

Southern Cross MC
PO Box 1438
Melbourne 3000, Victoria

Southern Region MC
GPO 252
Adelaide 5001, SA

AUSTRIA

CFLM
Klostergasse 18/2/24
A - 1030 Wien

LMC Vienna
c/o Sepp Fahrmeier
Waggoner 5 / 14
A - 1040 Wien

BELGIUM

Doornvooje (Mixed SM)
Postbus 448
B - 9000 Ghent 1

MSC Belgium
c/o Big Nose
Rue du Marche aux Charbons
44
B - 1000 Brussels

DENMARK

A-Men's Club Aarhus
Postbox 370
DK - 8100 Aarhus C
Ph 86 19 10 89

SLM Copenhagen
Schacksgade 9, 14. th
DK - 1365 Copenhagen K

SMB (Mixed SM)
Sorgenfriegade 88P
DK - 2200 Copenhagen N.

FINLAND

MSC Pihlani
P.L. 48
SF - 00531 Helsinki

S/M Group (Mixed SM)
c/o SEIAY
Toussa Kaja 18
SF - 00550 Helsinki 35

FRANCE

ASMT Paris
c/o Jean Pierre Camelin
Residence La Menagesse
Rue de Reilly 117
F - 75012 Paris (Ddauphine)

MCRA
B.P. 4545
F - 49244 Lysle Ciel. 04

GERMANY

Bart, Inc.
Chernakerring 47
D - 4400 Muenster

Black Angels Köln
Address Confidential

FLC (Frankfurt Leder Club)
c/o Hans-Joerg Muller
Gr. Friedbergerstr. 19
D - 6000 Frankfurt 1

GLSM (Grosse Leder SM)
Postfach 32 34 48
D - 2000 Hamburg 13

LC Stuttgart e.V.
c/o Jürgen Mack
Postfach 13 12 14
D - 7000 Stuttgart 1

LFRM Essen
c/o Bar OO - JN
Steinlestrasse 83
D - 4300 Essen

LM Dueseldorf
c/o Alf Dahlwitz
Charlottenstrasse 49
D - 4000 Dueseldorf 1

MS Panther Kooles e.V.
c/o H. J. Mueller
Postfach 5143
D - 4620 Catoep-Roedde

MSC Berlin e.V.
Postfach 30 39 49
D - 1000 Berlin 30

MSC Hamburg e.V.
Postfach 30 36 83
D - 2000 Hamburg 36

MSC Hannover e.V.
Postfach 4149
D - 3000 Hannover 1

MSC München e.V.
Postfach 330 143
D - 8000 Munich 33

MSC Rhein Main Frankfurt
c/o Horst Pieper
Muehlheimer Str. 10
D - 6000 Frankfurt/Main 61

MSC Suedwest
Postfach 1105
D - 7800 Freiburg

MSC Viking Köln
c/o R. Waldorf
Hohle Pforte 13-17
D - 5000 Cologne 1

NLC Franken
Humboldtstrasse 136
D - 8500 Nuernberg

NLC Munich
Address Confidential

ICELAND

MSC Ischani
PO Box 5321
IS - 125 Reykjavik

ITALY

LMC Firenze
PO Box 536
I - 60100 Piacenza

NETHERLANDS

MS Amsterdam
Address Confidential

MS Rotterdam
Postbus 22184
NL - 3003 DD Rotterdam

MSC Limburg
Postbus 435
NL - AK 6040 Roermond

The Rurek MC
Postbus 435
NL - 6040 AK Roermond

Schlechte Meiden (W)
Postbus 201
NL - 31 10 AE Dieren

VSSM (Mixed SM)
att: Werkgroep Vroeswa
en SM
Postbus 3570
NL - 1001 AJ Amsterdam

NEW ZEALAND

Five Stars MC
PO Box 3764
Auckland

41 South MC
PO Box 27 180
Wellington

NORWAY

SMB Norway (Mixed SM)
Box 3456
Bjelson
N - 0406 Oslo 4

SLM Oslo
Postboks 703
Sentrum
N - 0106 Oslo 1

SPAIN

MSC Barcelona
AP Postal 9063
E - 08000 Barcelona

SWEDEN

Club Sunrise (Mixed SM)
Box 486
S - 53116 Lidtopping

SLM Malmo
Box 172
S - 20121 Malmo

SLM Stockholm
Box 9239
S - 10273 Stockholm

SWITZERLAND

Black Panthers Club
Case Postale 204
CH - 1010 Lausanne

LOGE 70 (SCHWEIZ)
Postfach 725
CH - 8025 Zurich

MSC Solms Remade
B.P. 3343
CH - 1002 Lausanne

UNITED KINGDOM

Bournemouth Leather
c/o Mike MacDonald
5 Surrey Towers
2 Ipswich Rd.
GB Bournemouth,
Dorset BH4 9HZ

DSSM (Mixed SM)
Box BCM DSSM
GB London WC1N 3XX

East Angles Bikers
c/o 48 Cowper Rd.
GB - Cambridge CB1 3SN

Emex Leather
PO Box 184
GB - Westcliff-on-Sea
Essex SSO 7EB

Glasgow/Edinburgh
Wrestling Club (PL)
c/o Ian Whitchard
51 Albert Ave, Crosshill
GB Glasgow G42 8RA

The London Blues
c/o 9A Fishpool St.
St Albans
GB - Herts AL3 4RS

London Boxing
& Wrestling Club (FL)
c/o John Gibbons
443 Whitehall Rd.
GB Bristol, BS5 7BX

Meltdown (Mixed SM)
PO Box 19
Farnborough
GB - Reading RG8 8LW

MSC East Merca
c/o Lancaster Place
24 Dryden St
GB - Leicester

MSC Hallamshire
c/o The Albert Inn
Sutherland St.
GB Sheffield S4 7WG

MSC London
B. M. Box 8370
GB - London WC1N 3XX

MSC Midland Link
PO Box 1509
Castle Bromwich
GB - Birmingham B36 9UD

MSC Manchester
Superchase
c/o Nigel Griffith
25 Kensington Road,
Charlton
GB Manchester M21 1GN

MSC North East
Address Confidential

MSC Premier Chain
c/o Paul Bodrill
32 Worella Ct, Bramley
GB - Leeds LS11 3EL

MSC Scotland
PO Box 28 H.P.O.
GB Edinburgh EH3 5JL

MSC Severn Link
c/o Oasis Club
14 Park Row
GB - Bristol

MSC Southwest
120 Forest Rd.
GB Torquay,
Devon TQ1 4Y

RMC London
BCM / RMC
GB - London WC1N 3XX

BM Gays (SM)
BM SM Gays
GB - London WC1N 3XX

SNC London
B. M. Box SNC
GB London WC1N 3XX

Southampton Centurians
c/o Flat 1,
Thornhill Park Rd
Thornhill, GB Southampton

South Lancs MSC
PO Box 890
GB Brighton BN2 2DA

DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC. • PO Box 11314 • San Francisco CA 94101-1314

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____
 ZIP _____

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmodus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

SIGNATURE REQUIRED _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

____ My Home State ____ International
 ____ Nationwide ____ Other

(If you do not select a category we will place the ad in your home state.)

Cost of Ad:

Read across to the amount in the right margin of the last line you have used: \$ _____
 Number of times ad will run: x _____
 Subtotal =
 For 4 or more insertions, deduct 10% from subtotal ... _____
 Box Number (One-time charge of \$5.00) + _____
 Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$2.00) + _____
 Total: \$ _____

OR: Sign me up for the Leather Fraternity!

This includes a *Drummer* subscription, persona ad, and free forwarding as described on the facing page, all for only \$120.00 (\$160.00 outside the US) \$ _____

Method of Payment: ____ Check (Payable to Desmodus, Inc.)
 ____ Money Order
 ____ Visa ____ Mastercard ____ American Express

Card Number _____ Exp. Date _____

Your signature is required here for credit card authorization

* Your ad should appear in print in about 60 days. *

BOLD HEADING:

(25 letters and spaces maximum)

**MINIMUM
AD COST
\$12.50**

AD COPY: (One letter or character per box)

\$16.00
 \$19.50
 \$23.00
 \$26.50
 \$30.00
 \$33.50
 \$37.00
 \$40.50
 \$44.00
 \$47.50
 \$51.00
 \$54.50
 \$58.00
 \$61.50
 \$65.00

Need more space? Print or type the rest on a separate sheet, and add \$3.50 for every 25 characters/spaces you use.

THE DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

HOW TO PLACE YOUR AD IN DEAR SIR:

READ THIS!

We accept ads, and changes to ads, only in writing. Sorry, we cannot do this over the phone. Submit ads on the form on the facing page or a copy of it. If you can't bear to cut up your issue of *Drummer* and can't make photocopies, send us a note and we'll mail you copies of the form.

Box Numbers:

\$5.00 buys you a *Drummer* mail box for the life of your ad. Even after your ad expires, we will continue to forward replies forever—as long as we keep getting letters.

Give us a name. We cannot forward mail to someone named "Boxholder" at a P.O. Box—the Post Office won't do it.

If your address changes, let us know. Include your box number with your new address, so you'll continue to receive replies.

Phone Numbers:

You can put your phone number in your ad for immediate response. **WE WILL ONLY PUBLISH VERIFIED PHONE NUMBERS.** Here's how to put your phone number in your ad.

Mail in your ad. (Don't forget to include the \$2.00 phone verification charge.) About two weeks after you mail the ad to us, you call us at (415) 252-1195, during business hours (9:00 am—5:00 pm Pacific Time, Mon-Fri). Be at the phone number you are placing in your ad. We will call you back to verify the number. If we have not verified your number within three months, we will publish the ad with a box number instead of a phone number.

You only need to verify a number once. Once it has appeared in print in *Drummer*, just attach a copy of the printed ad to your new ad if you wish to use that telephone number again. We will not publish voice-mail service numbers in personal ads. Don't forget to include your area code.

What else?

Put anything you want in your ad, except: references to minors, animals, prostitution, drugs.

Expect about a 60-day delay from the time we receive your ad to when it appears in print. Remember, it takes time for people to respond, too. So if you're looking for Christmas presents, it would be smart to send us the ad 90 or 120 days before Christmas. Also remember: replies by international mail may take longer than domestic mail.

HOW TO REPLY TO A DEAR SIR AD:

How to reply to a *Drummer* box number: Answering a *Drummer* box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else: 1.) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2.) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish to let it be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3.) Put proper postage on the envelope—domestic postage is 25¢ for the first ounce, 20¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45¢ per one-half ounce. 4.) Put the sealed letter(s) and a buck (\$1.00) forwarding fee for each letter in another envelope and mail it to DESMODUS, Inc. PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return mail without your return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

NATIONWIDE

INDIAN TORTURE

Authentic torture & full body sexual use by goodlooking native. Serious only. Box 8161

WANTED: MATURE SADIST

Tall, well-built masochist, retired and financially secure, would like a close relationship with mature sadist in similar state. I would relocate or live-in if necessary. Your race or looks unimportant but you must be 45+ and have well equipped and secluded place. I enjoy all *Drummer* activities except electro torture and branding. Am average drinker but non-smoker and no hard drugs. Replies with photo from genuine sadists only. Box 8148

STUD SON TO SERVICE DAD

GWM, 38, Clarksburg, WV to Pgh, PA. Place to spend night. Leather, levis, WS, BD, SM, ass fucking, kid back to HEAVY 18-45. HIV-⁺ Letter, photo, phone, address to Mr. AL, Box 185, Clarksburg, WV 26301

THERE IS A MORNING AFTER

serving, servicing, belonging to 2 safe, stable, secure, supportive, sensual, strict dominant, demanding 10-yr. monogamous Masters (41, 8-2, 185 & 58, 5-10, 160) in country home & 2-acre gardens 2 hrs from Balt. & DC, 3 from Philly, 4 from NYC as their lifetime sexslave, houseboy, manservant, gardenboy, slave son & know you're owned, appreciated, manhandled & loved, you are positive, special, committed, humble, deserving, skintan, nakedattractive, trim, easy & at the snap of a finger, do as you're told. Snap! Submit to Bill & Dick, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. Now, boy! Let's touch. Box 6702LF

FOOT-LONG BEER-CAN THICK

turds, long hot pisses, wet crotches, dirty asses, Shit Lube JO 28 yo, jock, 180, 6', into safe/raunchy (to b/w men who piss, shit, JO in 50's, sweatpants, shorts, spandex, diapers & bed. Cops, jocks, suits, construction, military with dirty minds/butts. Do it. Wash, DC. Box 6600LF

BOSTON LEATHER DADDY

Black Daddy, 35, looking for white son slut who wants to be used. Daddy knows you're a whore and wants your hole. ME? 6-4 bearded, in-shape Top, 200, thick dick. You? Bearded asspussy into VA, submission, spanking, admiring Daddy's leather. Age unimportant. Smoke, wine, booze, NYC. SF OK. Box 7529LF

GRIZZLY BEAR

GWM 41, 6-2, 225# black hair, beard, moustache, hairy, nonsmoker, HD biker, hung, cul. into meh, reality, hairy, hung, honesty. Not into role playing bullshit games or closet cases. All answered. PO Box 572 Worthington, OH 43085-0572, or Box 6440LF

MASOCHIST SLAVE

desires the experience of true slavery to another man. Beating, whipping, torture, piercing, shit-piss, confinement, obedience, training, humiliation, ownership. All or none because I offer total submission. Am 44, 5-10, 150, well-defined. Desire a lean, mean, handsome Master. Picture, orders, phone to P.O. Box 5906, San Francisco, CA 94101. Trial period requested. Can travel.

TIT WORK

Large protruding nipples on a lean, hairless, defined chest need abuse. WM 40's, brun, excellent gym body with prominent veins. Love to give and take with the right man. Travel nationwide. Boxholder, Suite 408, 3315 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, CA 94118.

MUCKER

5'8, 185, average built, seeks buddies into muck or mud wallowing scenes, clothed in boots, 50's, leather or rubber, travel Northeast but answer anywhere. Have city center but looking for barn, barnyard or country facilities. Age-looks secondary, muck/mud action counts. Contact Box 7484LF

SADISTIC YOUNG COP

requires an affluent, masculine, powerful executive, politician, military or police brass to submit mentally and physically. Mutual confidentiality required. Limits respected. Photo (if possible) to: S R Box 8157

HEY BOY!

Drop your pants so Dad (WM, 34, 6' 185) can shave/spank/fuck your boy butt. You'll learn to service dad, or you'll be tied down, disciplined, punished, humiliated and pissed on by Dad. All you'll be is my boy toy. Masculine, serious and HIV-⁺ only. Write now, boy! Occupant, P.O. Box 19854, New Orleans, LA 70179. 7487LF

WICCAN MASTER

Metaphysician, seeks to network with like-minded men who are interested in ritual, neopaganism, Witchcraft, occult and esoteric disciplines. Feeble religions. Absolutely no satanists. Penman, PO Box 870214, Dallas, TX 75387

TOP SEEKS BB

Dominant top, 39, 135 lbs., 5-10, seeks bodybuilder to relocate to midwest college town. I supply room, board & discipline. You supply hard body. Write G.W. P.O. Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502

HOT YOUNG RICH MASTER

seeks muscle-boy toy for permanent slavery. Only those committed to be owned for life need apply. ME 6-11, 175, muscles, huge cock. Photo a must, phone # if possible. Box 8114



JOIN THE LEATHER FRATERNITY!

Membership has its privileges: a 12-issue subscription to *Drummer* and a free 10-line classified ad (as measured on the grid order form) in *Drummer* that runs for 12 issues. Leather Fraternity members also do not pay for a box number or pay forwarding fees when they write to Dear Sir box numbers. Members may change their ads up to three times, non-members may not. A Leather Fraternity box number for your ad is included in the \$120 membership fee. And, from time to time, Leather Fraternity members are offered other benefits.

Add it up: A *Drummer* subscription costs \$70. A 10-line personal ad running 12 times would cost \$354.60. No mail forwarding fee? No box fee? So, even if you never use the forwarding service, you're already saving at least \$328.00. Do it.

Just use the grid order form in this magazine. Your subscription will begin with the next issue we ship, and your ad will begin usually two issues after that (there is always a 60-day delay from the time we receive an ad, or a change to an ad, and when it appears in print.)

ATTRACTIVE SOUTHERN BOY

WM, 23, 6-2, 160, brown/blue, uncut, athletic, masculine, submissive, into BB, long hair, BD, shaving, piercings. Possible heavier scenes. Seeks dominant male 35 or younger or lover for mutual Drummer relationship. Graduating in spring (accounting). Grades would make relocation easy. Write with offer, can't refuse! Photo, please. Sam, Box 7482LF

A REASON TO COME HOME

Submissive body-builder (competes in March) 29, 5-8, 180 solid pounds, masculine. Hairy pecs, bubble butt, very hot. Educated, strong sex drive, extroverted. Seeking three dimensional relationship with older dominant man, sexual, emotional, intellectual. Fantasize about: bondage, dog training, shaving, etc. HIV+, seeking monogamy. Ready to relocate. Box 8115

TOTAL ENSLAVEMENT

offered by handsome top to two slender healthy, full-service cocksuckers and suckers. Master is smart, mature, manly, with good body and huge, uncut pole. Quiet, family-style living in woodland environment. Limited travel. Bad habits unacceptable. If seriously committed and immediately available, call 214/593-2307 Box 7584LF

COGS/OTHER BOOTED MEN

Smartest Military, cocky airline pilots, swaggering cowboys, crewcuts, high and tight, no beards. Handsome sane but tough TOP will cuff feed BOOTS and SQUARE AWAY wisassed BOOTED men punished and confined when needed. 21+ photo/letter, preference to uniformed safe sex, white only. Box 7545LF

ORIENTAL SON AVAILABLE

For tall, masculine, dominant, Dad/master's pleasure on call or live in. Son is submissive, smooth, good looking, 30, 5-7, 130, HIV+, into light SM, BD, TT, whips, leathers, collar chains. Living in San Francisco, can travel, relocate. Letter, phone, photo? to Tim, Box 7528LF

AUSTRALIAN FIG

30, 6-8 1/2, 215, coming to SF and NYC, wants hot filthy master for toilet training, scat piss, bondage, humiliation and total degradation. Shit that wants to be treated like shit. Photos and letters appreciated and answered. Box 7575LF

WANTED: PROFESSIONAL TOP

Successful executive seeks masculine GWM, 25-45 for travel and business companion. Must be straight appearing with social grace in public and an aggressive top into heavy SM in private. Education a plus. Must be available for extensive travel. No fats, no smoking, no drugs. Luxury lifestyle for serious, solid, stable only. Send application and photo to Allen Roberts, P.O. Box 27701-214, Houston, TX 77227-7701

MUSCLEATHER

Leatherman serious about bodybuilding, posing, body worship wants to exchange photos and possibly meet other men who are proud enough to show it. Will also consider BB training for a slave with potential to be huge. Box 8237LF

HOT AND VERSATILE

Well built GWM, 6-2, 175, working man into hot, intense sex. CBT, TT, Leather, Levi, SM, heavy Assbeating, Assplay and all the extras. If discipline is your desire, submit your needs and expand your curiosities to P.O. Box 883, Ogden, UT 84402. Serious minded. Let's explore! Detailed letter/phone/photo. Box 8528LF

BLACK SADIST

32, 160, 5-8, mean and uncompromising,

seeks clean, polite, respectful masochist, 25-35. Must be successful, intelligent, literate. No sex games. I'm not your sex animal. Photo/phone required. Torture, ass whipping, total submission awaits! Box 7600LF

GUT PUNCHING/BODY SHOTS

and other body punishment. A club for guys into working over and getting it in the belly and related scenes. Body Shots, 229 W 13th St., Suite 1A, New York, NY 10011

HYPNOTIST

sought with info & experience in fantasy scenes, mind control, age regression. Box 8124

SIR, TAKE TOTAL CONTROL

Please! Sir, this 35, GWM, 5-10 HIV+, hairy slave, semi-experienced in CBT, BD, piercing, Wax, worshipping, catheters, shaving, electrocution, rimming, WS, etc. Only limit is no permanent damage. Sir, I'm only fulfilled in body, mind, and spirit when serving my any age, race Master/Daddy completely! Box 7054LF

OLD FASHIONED SLAVE

Wanted. Cocksucking, ass-eating, pissdrinking masochist. HIV unimportant, looks, age, race unimportant. Just desire for good old fashioned sex and sadism. Must relocate to Bay Area. Photo, phone, address, and qualifications to. Box 7613LF

SON SEEKS DAD

GWM, 32, 6-0, 158 wants to be collared, leashed, petted, spanked and bound by Greek/A leather Dad. Photo to 2059 Market St. #49 San Francisco, CA 94114

DISCREETLY AVAILABLE

GWM, young 43, wants to hear from all men also fascinated by fire. Interested in responses from fellow sadists as well as masochists. Everything from CBT to human torches. Swap stories, fantasies, pics. Like jeans, leather, western, uniform. Suite K47 496A Hudson St., NY NY 10014

ATTN STEVEN COLUMBUS, OH

Hi, you answered my ad #7839 but gave the wrong P.O. Box, also no phone. Please write back Dude. Thanks. Kent, P.O. Box 854, Rehoboth, DE 19971

CIGARETTE BUTT FANTASY

Mostly non-smkr GWM 3-9, 160, 38 gets off smoking & dumping used butts in under wear/T-shirts, licking his leather speed balls/hardcock. Send coffee can of non-litter butts (Camels, LS etc.) and tell me what to do with them. Photo appreciated. Peter P.O. Box 83, Cassadaga, NY 14718. Maybe you can show me too?

29, 5-11, 135, brown/blue, moustache, 8 inches cut, into shaving, leather, underwear, piss, sweat tits, ripe crotches, boots dirt, looking for Daddy or Big Brother to share life experiences and fantasies. head to toe shaving, bondage, short-term slavery. All answered. Box 7300LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Master 43, 6-3, 210, bl/gr, hung, experienced with well-equipped playroom seeks live-in slave. Serving your Master will be your life. slave must be slim and 18-35. If you are not serious and ready to relocate to New England immediately don't waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 7472LF

ASSPLAY MARATHONS

Versatile, 25 yo, 6 ft, swimmer's build, attractive, creative, into bondage, toys, leather, TT/FF, groups, one-on-one. No heavy pain. Very verbal. I'll tell you how good it feels while you

stretch my butt hole (until you shove your cock down my throat). Top-only men OK, no bottom only. Versatile preferred. Work in DC, NYC, travel often. Write TS, PO Box 39078, Washington, DC, 20015. Photo appreciated, phone gets faster response. 7218LF

GERMAN MILITARY MASTER

Looking for Big b dicks and/or older queens that can be submissive. Fems & fannies are fine. MS, BD, WS, BP, toys, rimming, potty seat, piercing. All replies w/hot photos. KWS. 1710 Independence Parkway, Plano TX 75075.

TWO MASCULINE LOVERS

(45 and 29) looking to meet a totally submissive person (25 to 45) for mutual pleasures. Between us we are into various scenes, some of which include bondage, SM, spanking, Greek active, French passive. We are HIV negative and AIDS safe. Travel the US & NY so all areas are welcome. Answer w/ photo/phone. Box 1027, Valley Stream, NY 11582 7371LF

INTENSE DICK PAIN

Masochist, 37, uncut, needs brutal genital torture from sadists into electricity, burning, branding, piercing, skin removal, piss-hole stuffing/modifications. Seeking genital torture videotapes. (818) 723-8882. 10 p.m. - midnight western.

FRIENDS AND BROTHERS

Computer professional. Intelligent, dominant, masculine, sane. Totally male oriented. Looking for a like-minded brother for good times and possible relationship. Start with friendship, not sex, but be prepared for anything if things click. I'm 35, 5-10, 175, HIV+, non-smoker, drug-free. You are 30-45, HIV+, and in-shape. Non-smokers only. Absolutely no drugs. Central NY but can travel. Box 7818

SLAVE WITH EXPERIENCE

desired by 42 yr old W Master w/lover. If you know how to service a stocky, hairy, sadistic Master, then send letter, photo and phone now to Master Robert, Box 26412, Dallas, TX 75226. All letters answered, only one slave will be accepted. 7438LF

SM REALITY

Dominant sane Sadist wanted by hot masochist for control of mind and body. No fantasy. M is 5-10, muscular 170, bl/bl, beard and exceptional pain level. Into bondage, heavy torture of three quarter inch protruding tits, bare ass and back floggings and other tortures desired by S. Based in NYC, but travel frequently to Chicago and No. and So. Calif. Also will travel USA for right Topman. Send description of yourself and desires. 5444LF

HELP!! I'M SHRINKING!!

Like to imagine you're a towering giant?? Or that you could shrink someone down to doll-size? I like to fantasize I've been shrunk to only a few inches tall. Humiliated by my size, I look up in awe at colossal hairy legs, towering over me like skyscrapers!! Box 7367LF

TIRED OF WIMP BOYS!!

Fugged attractive mid-fifties sadist Whipmaster, sane and safe, seeks trim masochist slaves under 45 for intense weekend SM workouts. No taunty or overweight. Write detailed letter for application. Tom, Box 28652, St. Louis, MO 63123 5760LF

TRAINING

Top WM, experienced, with specific drives handgrips, gun leather, physical control, SM, Nazi SS/SA, police, uniforms, tall black boots being in command. I want to meet all serious real men for action. Secluded meetings together are possible after exploring our similar interests. Box 7423LF

PROFESSIONAL ATHLETE

6'-0", 200, weight trained, lean, powerful, into rough & tumble with other big guys. Dave, P.O. Box 8035, Brattleboro, VT 05304. Travel P-Town & NY

STRANGLE ME!

35 year old, white male, 220 lbs., looking for stronger man who would enjoy getting into strangulation and suffocation fantasies. Your letter and phone gets mine. Box 8185

AUSSIE LEATHERMAN

Handsome, hung, 34 yo, 6-2, 180 lb. country boy with very creative mind. Visits JS often, desires contact with others into military or prison induction scenes with head and body shaving, torture and rape. Written fantasy leading to real scenes during visit, top or bottom. Box 6732LF

READY WILLING AND ABLE

Experienced white male masochist slave bottom needs to be well used by experienced sadist Master Top. Slave lives in Miami Florida but can travel JS and Europe. You lead and I'll follow. Box 7854

WORLDCLASS MUSCLEGOD

Handsome stud/hung blond bodybuilder Top: rockhard pecs, huge pierced pussyripper, pulsating manholes enter per encased in bulging codpiece. Tan/shaved for exhibition. My ripped/vascular manhandler body deserves a mature well positioned, financially successful, spiritually solid, hungry fuckmouth, booticker, muscleslave presig to suck worshipful. Tough heavyduty action! Letter, phone, photo required. 6835LF

BIG CIGARS - REAL MEN

Muscular, 'stached WM 28 5-8 160lbs wants a cigar-smoking Top with a 'take no shit' attitude. If you're lookin' for a real man - not a limpwristed queen, you've found one. Work me over. If you're into punching and pulling and pile driving face/butt fucking call (818) 889-5475 or write POB 8681 Canoga Park, CA 91308. 6777LF

LOVING PROVIDER WANTED

35, 6-7, 175, HIV+, tired of society bullshit game, likes to meditate for hours daily, nature, bikes, motorbikes, need positive reinforcement of my animalistic ways. No sadists or occultists. Write: MJD, 707 NW Everett #508, Portland, OR 97209

DISCREETLY AVAILABLE

Bearded Leathermaster, 33, 5-8, 180, seeks slave for ball kicking, ball punching, ball kneeling, ball squeezing and other pain. Slave must handle heavy pain and public display. Permanent ownership possible. POB 791443, Dallas, TX, 75376 7448LF

WANTED. RAUNCHY PHOTOS

Hot and horny, very hairy man, wants photos of WS, FF, enemas, dildo play, leather, uniforms, western wear, hard dicks. Your picture gets mine. Box 2432, Vancouver, BC, V6B-3W7

WICCAN MASTER

Metaphysician seeks to network with like-minded men who are interested in ritual, neopaganism, Witchcraft, occult and esoteric disciplines, Faerie religions. Absolutely no sadists. Panman, P.O. Box 80053, Minneapolis, MN 55408

SEEK MENTAL DOMINATION

Healthy, mature, secure, 5'11, 160, trained bootlicking dogslave existing to serve. Seeking a MASTER into mental domination and mindfucking until my only thoughts focus on MASTER'S wishes. I am ready to



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surrender complete control of my life in humble submission and exist as MASTER's property. 7331LF

TOP SEEKS TOP

Looking for sexual, spiritual, intellectual match. Black man. 5-11, 185, muscular build, pierced tits on big pecs, HIV negative. Wants partner for mutual trust and respect, intense bondage, manhood rituals. Not into Master/Slave games. Serious, solid, stable. Photo and phone if possible. Box 7477LF

SIR,

Bootlicker begs to serve hot verbal leather-master WM slave, versatile 42, 5-8, 135 lbs, masculine, muscular, nice body, digs humiliation, obedience training, BD, piss, shaving, TT spanking, serving, servicing Master. This cockucker needs your control, use and abuse, Sir. Also other slaves to fulfill mutual fantasies. Can travel. Safe. Box 7483LF

BOY WANTED

GWM, 40, tall, lean, No B.S. Dad. into weight workouts, wrestling, heavy bondage scenes, seeks boy 18-30 to take full charge of. Letter with photo to Box 8831LF

BRAWNY BUTCH BOTTOMS

Your body is for use, abuse and caring affection by hairy Italian leather Levi hunky dad. 37. Very intense social/physical relationship. Big blond, hairy, JSMC, cop, pro wrestler/football, TT a plus. Photo/phone of my man to Occupant, Box 81181, Henderson, NV 89008, 7466LF

CHAIN GANG

Do you crave hard labor on a real chain gang among muscular guys dragging heavy irons & sweating like steers? Then write Box 33, Riner VA 24148. Have irons, will chain, or be chained, 7352LF

DEFEAT

Slave is looking for Masters in US and Europe. am 25 and into TT, CBT, whips, hoods, dildoes, humiliation, piss, bondage. Aromas and smoke OK. Please write to: Chris Nilsson, Mossebergav. 17 16134 Bromma, Sweden. 8492LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER/LOVER

slave, 38, 5-9, 135 lbs, good shape, shaved head and body, five and a half inch cut dick, 2 gauge PA, experienced, seeks to serve in control, skilled, trustworthy Master/Lover 25-50. Intense SM dominance/submission, service in one-on-one ownership relationship. Health, no drugs. Photo please. thank You, Sir Box 7514LF

MASTER TRAVELS NATIONWIDE

Big dickd GWM, commercial pilot, 32, 6-3, 210 lbs of muscle. Wants hungry puckered asshole to fuck / beat and fist. Also into assplay, F/p, CBT, TT. I travel free. NYC based. Visitors welcome, any age/race. Correspondence OK but a tight asshole preferred. Send nude photo/phone Box 7392LF

HOT 24 YEAR OLD SLAVE

180, brown/blue, uncut, athletic, masculine, intelligent and educated seeks Master under 40. Ready for total submission to right guy for all scenes from kissing to castration. My only desire is to obey and serve. Orders and photo, please. Sam Box 7482LF

ATTENTION BEARS & CUBS

Daddy Bear, 37 has cub 32. Looking for other cubs and Daddies for safe sex, rubbers, cigars, asswork, TT, BD, WS, toys and games. Smoke and aroma okay. Bears, leather and uniforms a plus but not required. Boxholders, PO Box 08603, Minneapolis, MN 55408. 7343LF

LETTERS

Monthly Fantasy magazines. SIGMA, slavery, punishment, genital three issues, \$30. KATHARSIS, execution, castration, dismemberment, gladiators, etc. three issues, \$69. Katharsis, Box 2266, Daytona Beach, FL 32115-2266

SLAVEBOY? SUBMIT!

Daddy, 38 and slave/son, 28, will train him to be a live-in slave/son. Your desire to serve will set you free here. We're attractive, creatively employed, healthy, stable, affectionate and experienced. You're 18-30 any race, serious and ready to submit. Photo/phone to P.O. Box 460852, San Francisco, CA 94146

BLACK LEATHER SEX

Dominate me in your tall boots, gloves, chaps/pants, harness, MC jacket, etc. the look, smell, feel, taste of black leather on a topman makes me rock hard. WM 5-10, 180#, brown hair, hazel eyes. 35 yrs. Moustache, non-smoker, no drugs, no pain. Have Harley, will travel. Box 7866LF

60s, sexually 40s, has a 24 year old slave. Wants a 2nd slave. Slave in 20s to 35 around 6 ft, 170 lbs. Not fat nor facial hair. Master into Leather and HEAVY rubber bondage, SM, etc. Applicant will work and have driver's license. Must be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267 5278 before 10:00 pm EST. No JO calls, only sincere slaves need apply. 7526LF

CASTRATION

WM, 30/5, 155, masculine son will surrender his testicles to Dad/brother. Will worship your balls with passion and service your cock with total dedication, admiring its erections, knowing that you have made my own cock as useless as a little boy's. Box 8096 Jack T

SLAVE OR SON

sought by Daddy/Master. Monogamous relationship offered to slave who proves his worthiness through training. GWM, 47, 6-1, 190. Send letter/phone to: P.O. Box 5308 Arlington, VA 22205

TORTURE - HEAVY SM

needed by 38 year old, 185, blond, moustache, masochist from masculine men or women who enjoy using whips, clamps, abrasives, needles, cigarettes, medical & other torture gear, your preference. A few limits but marks, welts, bruises, cuts are okay. Serious only. Box 7909

WANT LIVE-IN SLAVEBOY/SON

Experienced or novice, come home to leather Daddy for permanent home, luxury future, caring domination. You're upbeat, bright, ambitious, muscular or ready to develop. Hot to relocate now and submit, serve, be prized possession. You can get to NYC for tryout soon. Frank bio, description, photo(s) (returned), phone, Your move. Your big chance. Don't lose it. Box 6324LF

AMBITIOUS TOP WANTED

Let me be your buddy, make me your cock slave. You: Masculine man, creative mind, defined body, demanding cock. Me: Honest, hard working, deserving, 5-8, 145. Goal: Long term pleasure and growth investments and early retirement. Likes: Outdoors, working out, travel, rural living, long sessions. No cigarettes, FF. Write P.O. Box 1044, West-erly, R# 02881 7737LF

SEEKING WELL-BUILT SLAVE

Master, white, 44, 6 ft, solid 185 lbs seeks slave/dog, 21 to 37, white, good build, no tats, fenns, drugs, to be collared, trained, humiliated, shaved, spanked, get enemas, eat and drink from slave/dog bowls. Relocation, work & board, etc. Letter & photo to Box 7409

READY FOR ACTION

Central Iowa stud, finding his way, desires mature, rough & rugged master. I'm 44 and uncut. Tits, CBT, bondage, whipping, shaving. Scenes in leather or nude settings gets FULL response. I travel extensively and welcome visitors. 515-532-3707 7748LF

LEATHER AND LACE

Sensitive, imaginative, demanding, bi leather Master seeks him thoughtful submissive, passable sissy stud TV/TS, 20-40, under 5-8, for friendship devoted service as slave. Rewards may include leather bondage, public displays, shaving, heavier training. Formidable mail training available. Photo VHS returned. BD, Box 190, Portland OR 97075-0190, 7308LF

HANDSOME MUSCLEMAN

Competition-quality bodybuilder, 33, 5' into leather, police uniforms, hung 8" looking for good-looking muscleman. Photo essential. P.O. Box 480507, Los Angeles, CA 90048

LIFETIME SLAVE WANTED

Master/Daddy, 32, professional, wants slave/son for permanent, lifetime, monogamous service. I'm very demanding, into total domination with absolute mental and physical control. I demand a totally obedient and completely submissive slave who is exclusively bottom. Photos required. Novice, inexperienced welcome. Must relocate to suburb of Detroit. Must test HIV. Boxholder, 1409 W. 14 Mile, #308 Madison Heights, MI 48071

LEATHER BOY FOR TRAINING

28, 5-11, 155, br/br, fit, attractive & intelligent. Seeks SM training by dominant, masculine, well-trained master 30-45. Interests include muscles, short hair, moustaches, BD, boots, leather hoods, gags, spanking, enemas, toys, and ? Safe, sane, photo & expectations. Sir! All answered. Vancouver, Canada. Box 7888LF

FORMER SLAVE BB

now proud Ledermeister wants to meet his match. Seeks company of others who have come up the hard way or will train other hard-bodies who aspire to middle/top management positions. Equal opportunity boss, 5-11, 175 pounds of perfect proportions, Texas lbs, massive 8 in. cut. Apply with photo and stats to Box 7888LF

LEATHER BOTTOM IN O.C.

Hot, muscular leather bottom, 28, thick moustache, pierced nipples, seeks hot top(s) master(s) to serve. Should have moustache beard & be part of leather lifestyle. Uniforms, cowboys and cops a plus. Need to have my face and tight ass fucked. Slings, mirrors, smoke, aroma. DC area. Box 7707LF

TWO INTENSE WEEKS (PLUS)

My lover of five years has developed a compelling, all consuming need to serve a Master cannot be that Master but hope to find a man who will take him for two weeks and subject him to the most intense slavery. Lover is 50, GWM 6' 210 handsome masculine educated, professional financially secure genuine, had his own slave for 8 years before our relationship began. Tried to be his Master but it is unnatural for me. Please give him this opportunity. He will try harder than anyone you've ever known to please and serve. If you are in SF Bay area then he could continue to serve you one or two nights per week. I love him but he has to be a slave for some time to find fulfillment. Serious please write to Alex M, 3360 Adeline #7212, Berkeley, CA 94703

GERMAN HANDS

Strong hands that can punish, choke, slap, strangle, beat, caress, pinch, brand, pull, stroke, whip, torture, shave, teach, cut, jerk off and do other nasty things to willing bottoms and slaves. I am into leather and SM, so should be you. Let's get in touch, let's meet.

Will be in the states in October 90. route is yet open. Tops and Masters should also write as we can exchange ideas and more. Send letter/photo to Postfach 420515, 1000 Berlin 42, West Germany or Box 7764LF

NEED SUBMISSION

Locked into heavy collar then total physical verbal control by intense bootled leathered Master leading to leather-chain bondage, hoods, gags, harness, suspension, plugs, tits, whips, punishment, rewards, sense of safety for both, regular sessions, no relationship, own cycle, travel, experienced, no kid, correspondence OK, pic returned. Box 7762LF

WANTED - LEATHER MASTER

Unique, workout committed, pig slave, 5' 175, professional seeks well-rounded monogamous relationship with high caliber professional, older, hard bodied, hirsute, dark, hung, versatile, leather master. You, sir, receive a high caliber pig to share mutual expansion of limits in CBT, TT, VA, Piercing, Asswork. Bondage & Discipline. Photo a plus. Box 7748LF

BARE ASS WHIPPINGS

Start gently, build slowly, test limits. Want one? Ask Northeastern Dad, 44, 5-10, 155, for it. Qualified to whip Dad's ass? Man enough to trade? Prove it. Goals: red-hot asses, hard cocks, empty balls. Box 7757LF

SEASONED SAM WARRIOR

48, 8'1" 200, handsome, experienced, respected, generous & demanding. Seeking uninhibited, under-challenged, unfulfilled, muscular, masculine masochist with brains, brawn & balls. Want a warrior not a whore, easy not sleazy, aptitude not attitude. Full time, monogamous, adventurous, mutually stimulating/satisfying relationship. Box 281521 San Diego, CA 92186. 7804LF

SECRET TURDSUCKERS

In-shape, scat Top interested in meeting young guys who fantasize about rimming a man's dirty asshole or sucking on his oversized shit covered dick, especially if you don't look like you would ever put a man's tux in your mouth. Also into guys who are usually Tops but who secretly think about being a raunch slave or can't find someone who understands the nasty things they want to do. Want to hear from Hustlers/Ex-hustlers into scat. I travel East and West coasts frequently, am strictly Top and healthy (HIV-) 35, 5-10, 150. P.O. Box 78231 San Francisco, CA 94107 7117LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Very masculine, hairy, country guy, 47 6-5, 200. Enjoys outdoors, fishing, sports, riding horses, working cattle, country music, country living. Looking for younger, masculine yet somewhat submissive man for friendship or more. Live Northwest of Houston but send photo and more to P.O. Box 18, Odessa, TX 79658 7122LF

DADDY SPANKS BAD BOYS

This hot, suited, Bi WM 44 Daddy Bear will take charge and expertly spank/paddy strap your naughty, bare bottom. No fucking, but once punished, your reddened behind and stiff dick will be consoled. Jim is respected, beginners or advanced welcome. Write: C.B. P.O. Box 380722 Cambridge, MA 02138-0722 7837LF

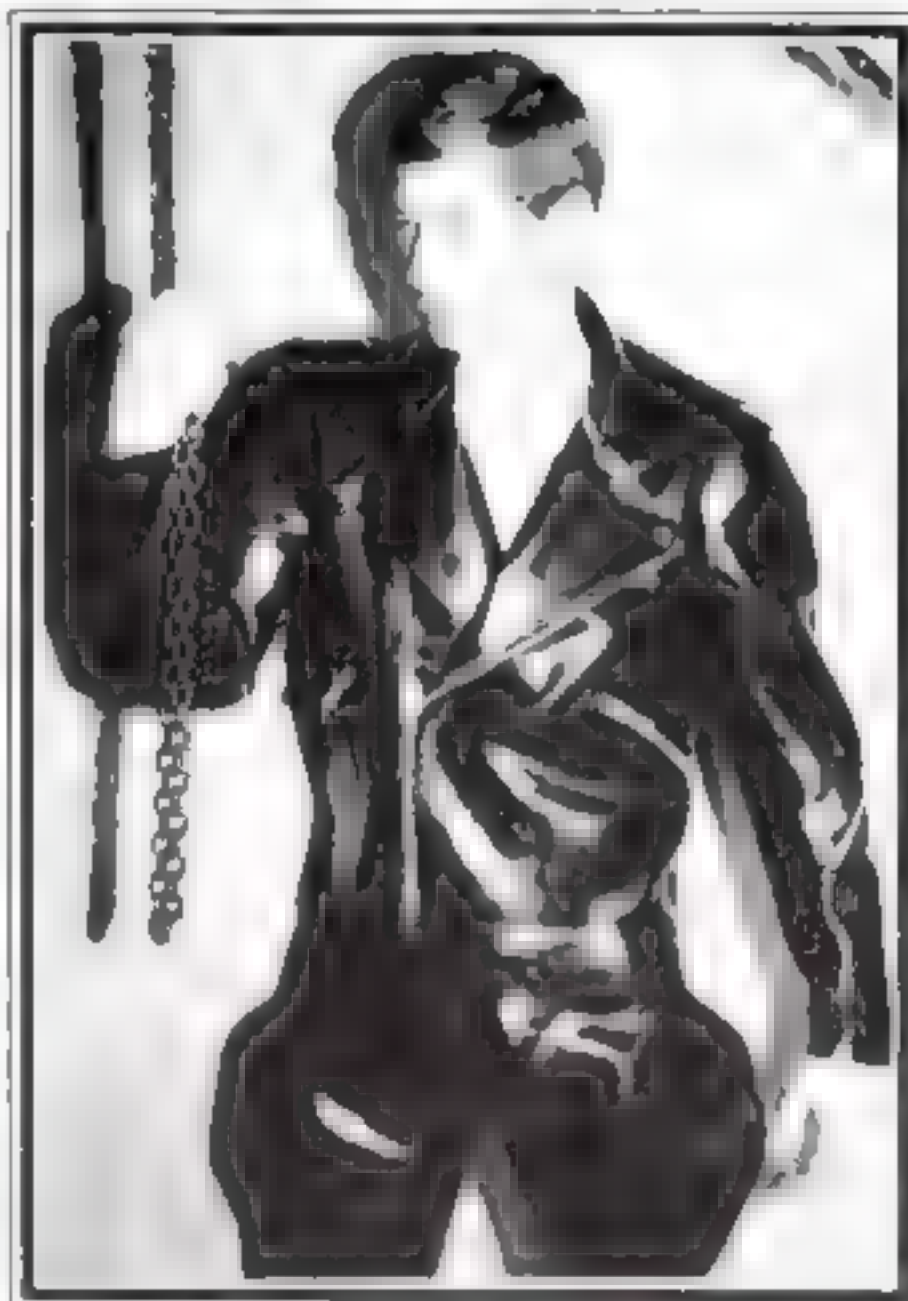
DADDY BEAR WANTED

West Coast leatherbear, fixated on older, bearded, silver/gray, stocky men. can be top/bottom, prefer mutual. Into leather, uniforms, fisting, whipping, bondage, SM, and cuddling. Other interests include motorcycles, weightlifting, home life, computers

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Looking for a mature, emotionally stable, experienced leatherman for a solid, real-world relationship that includes intense sexual experiences as well as day-to-day living. Box 7891

SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Dominant D.C. GWM couple looking for submissive third, 18-40, under 5-10, healthy and not hairy. We are early 40's, good-looking, clean, healthy into safe, sane and caring action. Third must be able to relocate if accepted. Application and photo to: ART, P.O. Box 21103, Washington, DC 20009. 7842LF

BONDAGE TRAINING WANTED

WM, 34, 6', 170, interested in expanding bondage fantasies, realities. Leather/Unleathered Topmen who get exactly what they want...with the use of VA, sensory deprivation, extensive bondage and forced safe sex. Correspondence ok, meetings preferred. Send photo/information to Box 7826LF

RUBBER

The feel of thick black latex encasing your body turn you on? The tight fit of a leather hood and inflatable gag make your senses run wild? I'm a 32 year old top, 5-8, 175 lb. BB who wants to tie you up and use you, control you and make you mine. I get into immobilization, breath control, shaving, CB&TT and more. Provide me with a letter, photo and reasons...should invest my time in you. Box 4883LF

MONTEREY PENINSULA/NAT'L

Mean Master/Daddy, 5'2", 300, 51, hairy, seeks slave/son who needs discipline, whipping, CBT TT, BD, shaving, dildoes, wax WS. Slave/son should be under 40 and serious! Permanent, temporary or weekends considered. Looks unimportant. Attitude is! Application, photo, phone number to Master. Call (408) 758-2624 or write Box 7825LF

ATTRACTIVE CREATIVE TOP

Single white male, late 30's, 6-2, 180, black hair, hazel eyes, moustache, uncut, healthy (HIV neg). IT, masculine seeking submissive sex partners, pen-friends, buddies into leather, uniforms, BM, BD, videos most safe scenes. Will respect/expand limits. Have cellar playroom. Travel. P.O. Box 25012, Richmond, VA 23260 804-225-8272 7729LF

SAFE GREEK ACTION

Me 6' 35, 180 lbs., blond, body-builder, 19' arms, greek passive, Hot! You: 20-50. Top, greek active stud into slipping on a rubber and plowing ass for hours. Also, Leather, latex, oil, WS, BB, big dicks, rape fucks. Not into feds. Reply with photo. Kyle Michaels, 1126 S. Federal Hwy. #188, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33318. Box 7803LF

PIGGY CUNT

Desires to perfect her twat by having unnecessary and superfluous balls (eggs) removed by qualified MD. Want remaining skin fashioned into real quim. Only licensed, legitimate doctors should reply with picture and statement of credentials. Will travel as necessary. Box 6378LF

THE ATTIC, NYC

Top and bottom couple with full dungeon equipped loft in Village (NYC) host weekly gatherings for leathermen, kinky sleazers (W/S) into safe/sane activities. Write for sample events calendar. The Attic, 2nd Floor 183 Christopher St. New York, NY 10014. We carry on in the Mineshaft tradition.

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Totally dominant rough men: Truckers, military, lords, pimps, punks, pirates, nazis, skinheads, barbarians, bikers, satanists, bullies, real sadists into brain fucking, sleaze sex, raunch, branding, whips, torture, control,

captivity, wild extremes. One, old fashioned, hot, slave pussy, 30, 5-10, 165. Correspondence & permanent slavery. No B.S. [312] 561 1768, anytime, Sir. Your convenience. 7836LF

GRAB MY NUTS

43, 5-7, 170, enjoys wrestling, water polo and getting my nuts worked over. Enjoy top, bot tom or mutual ball grabbing. I travel extensively. Ray Garrity, Box 1780, Glendale, AZ 85311.

SPECIAL FORCE

LE/Military NCO or higher needed to instruct/induct inexperienced weekend warrior type prof WM expd. 30, 5-11 160, Br/Br, moustache needs challenge to attitude, abilities & endurance. Letter with interests, photo welcome. All answered. Reciprocal discretion required. No game players. Interests in Seal, Airborne, Delta, Swat, other elite units. Box 8060LF

HOOKEE ON MUSCLE!

Are you a massive, rock-hard, powerful man? With huge forearms, cannonball biceps, tree trunk thighs and armor-plate pecs? GWM not muscular, a hopelessly addicted to men with real muscle. All times, places, terms considered. No questions asked. Write P.O. Box 25411, Raleigh, NC 27611 8156LF

TRUCKERS

Masculine Houston man, 38, services '88 wheelers, also into body worship. Lie back have a smoke and get what you need, some TLC, too. Long sessions or quickies. Older men especially welcome, but age/looks/weight/size unimportant. Your letter gets my phone number. All truckers answered. Mike, Box 7849LF

DOMINANT TOP WANTED

Over 50 GWM seeks dominant top, any race, for periodic meetings to handle arena training, humiliation, verbal abuse and old-fashioned woodshed discipline. Sex not required but Okay if desired. Travel or entertain. Write Boxholder, P.O. Box 121 Baldwinville, NY 13027-0121

HANDSOME WHITE SLAVE

Looking for Black or Latin Master who knows how to treat a prime piece of White meat. Need to be dominated and owned by masculine, handsome Master. My limits only must be broken and expanded. Slave 6-2, 210, healthy, muscular, football player's build. Willing to relocate. Box 7320LF

I'm searching for a Dad who can give me the guidance, discipline and love I need in my life, who knows he is boss in and out of bed. I'm GWM 26, 6-3, 200, br/br. Dad should be GWM 27-40, in decent shape. Construction cop, fireman a plus but not necessary. No drugs. Safe sex only. Into BD, TT, CBT, serving Dad. Send photo/phone (all answered) to P.O. Box 141218, Staten Island, NY 10314

BLACK TOPS WHITE BOTTOMS

WM, 39, 5-7, 135 wants to hear from all into black/white scene. I enjoy being man-handled by several studs at one time. Prefer studs 35 to 55 years old. Box 6105

SUBMISSIVE PUSSY BOY

wants dominant aggressive verbally abusive Coaches. Jocks. G's. Cops. leather men to use and abuse me. Particularly like being on shower room floor of locker rooms and being used (FR, GR, WS, scat, BD.) Pete, 213-874-5328, write w/photo: 7095 Hollywood Blvd, Suite 436, Hollywood, CA 90028. 7881LF

WEEKEND SLAVE

Submissive, good-looking, WM seeks Master with playroom who wants occasional use

of healthy, clean-cut slave. Firm body, swimmer's build, great stamina. Can travel. Box 7821

SIT ON MY FACE

I'm 33 years old, 5-8, 140 lbs. Like to eat nice turds. Like to be used as a toilet. I live in Montreal, Canada. So, if you come to Montreal, come shit in my mouth. Allen, 1461 Beaudry, Montreal. 1-514-522-1343

HOT BONDAGE STUD

Can you take it? Two hot GWM's (Top/bottom, 42/37) into all forms of bondage, discipline, light SM and safe sex want to find out! Replies only from hard bodied men with proper attitude who need to be bound and abused for our pleasure. Limits respected, expanded. No drugs. Northeast US. Box 7820LF

BOOTS, BONDAGE SHAVING

Aggressive cowboy seeks submissive partner. Send photo to Box 526037 S.C. UT 84152

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 42, blue, blond WM seeks a submissive, obedient, masculine affectionate son age 18-35. You should expect old-fashioned woodshed discipline when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring strict daddy. Serious only write or call before 11:30 PM EST (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10058, Richmond, VA 23240. 7038LF

WRESTLING / ASS WORSHIP

Professional male 40 seeks Levi/Leather clad men into wrestling including heavy dominant/submissive scenes. Also into prolonged periods of face-sitting and ass-shitting. Box 7684LF

SON 23 SEEKS TRUCKER DAD

for life on road. Pref own opp. I'm hot, married bottom. DOT cert, soon can relocate. Box 8102

SHORT BB TOPSTUD WRESTLER

5-5, 150, 41 leatherman seeks same for hot aggressive, verbal, physical combat scenes. TT, CBT, JO. Hung jocks, military boots! Safe! (415) 285-3305

BODYBUILDERS

I've got a big dick. So what! I'm into servicing you, and mutual thwork, ballstretching, and assplay. 6-2, 170, 37 light gym body, steah, hairy chest (sometimes), nice nipples (like having two extra dicks!) Flight attendant, travel nationwide, Canada and Europe. Photo gets same (promptly) Rick, Box 8704LF

TRUCKERS

Masculine Houston man, 38, services truckers. Also into body worship. Lie back and get what you need most when passing thru Houston; some TLC, too. Older men especially welcome, but age/looks/weight/size unimportant. Your address gets my number. All truckers answered. Mike, Box 27544, Houston, TX 77227-7544 7649LF

WRESTLER

WM, 43, asspussy needs plowing from hung, inshape tops, 28-40 yrs. Into domination, heavy assplay spanking, TT CBT VA, shaving. Love big cocks, some groups. Relationship, relocation possible. No scal. FF dam age Me 5-4, 128 lbs, moustache, submissive. Hank, 312/988-4236. Box 25182, Chicago, IL 60625 7732LF

NIPPLES/TEATS/TT WORK

gets ere real hard. Hot, 38, 6-2, 175, hairy, muscular body, masculine, big meat. Enjoy til work, pumping, ball stretching, assplay & JO. I travel nationwide, Canada & Europe as flight attendant. Muscle, masculinity & photo essential. Rick, Box 6704LF

GAY WRITER ASKS:

What are you not seeing in magazines now that you would like to? Forget "artistic value" and fuck community standards! In a perfect world, with nothing barred, what would you like to read about? No idea too wild! Box 7718LF

WANTED: MASTER, TOP OR?

Investor/partner/lover, at a well established gay men's resort near Smoky Mtns. I am a bottom: WM, 42, 6', hot ass, hairy. Into CBT, TT, Assplay, SM. leather sex in woods. Does 250 acres in the country interest you? Need genuine person(s) to help run lodge and my Ass. Box 7862LF

ORLANDO BLEAZE

41 YO. 5-9, 150, smooth body looking to give total oral service. No reciprocation necessary. Masculine, sweaty trucker types are a plus. Visitors welcome. Only serious action minded should reply. No phone JO. Call Anthony for sleazy time, (407) 876-0925. 8053LF

4x4 BUDDY

wanted for heavy duty foot work - raw sweat - rough body contact - combat asshole! Box 3338LF

MASOCHIST TORTURE ADDICT

needed by Nordic top, 46, 8' 170. Boy must be trim BB under 40, into long painful SM sessions. BB only, I set limits. Plusses: Exhibitionist (obscenely short cut-offs) large tits, small dick, bubble butt. Permanent possible. Daddy requires photo. Box 8164LF

NEED DEDICATED COCKBUCKER

Ballo DC WM 5' 180, masculine man needs well built, masculine partner. Intelligent, sensitive needs lots of mutual intimacy, enjoys outdoors, relaxed romantic moments. F/a, Grip, versatile, balanced, committed relationship in bedroom, outside bedroom. Box 8137LF

Not interested in youth, I want the experienced, any race. WM, 44, 5-8, 150, beard, big nips, low hangers, pierced, sometimes shaved, seeks Blacks and others into low down, filthy, dirty Maseal, whipping, cock sucking, ass licking, pain, torture, degradation. I can take and I can give, depends where you're at. Nothing excluded. Any thing goes. Safe only. Overweights a problem. Satanists take priority. If you're hung up on Jesus, forget it. Karl, 838 Wheeler Woodstock, IL 60093. (815) 338-9137 8050LF

WANTED BONDAGE SLAVEBOY

Intelligent, interesting, GWM, 32, 6', 180. Br/Br, attractive, sincere & caring seeks handsome, well-built GWM in 20's for bondage slaveboy & companion. I seek an intelligent, confident boy who wants to share life with an exciting man. You will turn over your sexuality to me & submit to me at home, but will otherwise be an equal companion. Send detailed letter, photo, address and phone to P.O. Box 5840, Washington, DC 20018. 8972LF

PWA SEEKS PWA

Hot, GWM, in good health, 33, 5-10, 180, blond/blue, beard, hairy body seeks kinky PWA buddy into SM. leather, safe ranch and lots more. Willing to travel. Call Randy (213) 271-5352. 7950LF

PRO WRESTLING FANATIC

looking for same to practice submission holds and be partner in and out of ring. Stocky WM, 5-11, 210, hairy bear seeks 35 - 45 bear who wrestles hard but is safe, sane & mature. No smoke/drink/drugs. Write w/ photo to Box 8080LF

SUBMISSIVE DAD OVER 55?

Masculine son, 40, tall, trim, hairy, hung, healthy, affectionate, non-smoker seeks submissive & respectable gentleman (Dad) 55-75, for relationship. into business suits, western wear, jockstraps, briefs. Ill play, light SM. Eager to experience varied safe scenes. Would relocate. Full-length photo appreciated. Any area. Box 81 9LF

TRAVELING TOP

I am a damned good traveling Top and a true sadist with all that it implies. I will cause you pain but I will never harm you. I will earn your trust and friendship - submit to Box 1102 Great Neck, NY 11027 4255LF

SUBSERVIENT JOB APPLICANT

Blond bodybuilder seeks high stress interview with aggressive, cigar smoking businessman. No shit boss can intimidate this eager jock into intense sexual harassment, overtime, butt fuckings, etc. Box 8109LF

DIRTY RAUNCHY BEARDED

Masculine, 5-10, 150, 38, hairy seeks similar into all body odors, piss, sweat and shit. Possible live-in relationship. Like hiking and camping. No phone JO. (415) 822 8161 8099LF

DADDY MASTER SEEKS

son/slave. Benevolent, caring, strict, demanding Master, late 50's needs HIV- boy, able to relocate, with one desire in life: to serve and service. Hispanic preferred, all considered. Any age. Novice OK. Photo & phone. Sincere only. Box 8057LF

HARRY GWM SLAVE WANTED

38 yo, 5-8, GWM smooth, slim, broken, red, green eyes, moustache, HIV- No pay into SS, VA, BD, dog training, F/F, T, watch shaving, etc. You, GWM, 2b 5's lean, hairy slave in private equal out. Clin K no drugs. Photo & photo (return) Will answer all. Box 8085LF

LEATHER, RUBBER, KINK

18 year old bottom seeks top to help me expand my limits. CBT TT SM FF bondage more? Let's talk. Me 8-2, 180 80/Hr requires male, attractive. You: Under 35, single, intelligent, muscular. My motto is "I'll try anything once, twice if I like it." Box 8056LF

HOT AND HORNY COUPLE

Wants to be your fucking mirror image watching you and your lover / partner / slave son, stroke for stroke, position for position, side by side at the same time in our play room. Voyeur couple seeks visiting COUPLES for fun times. Join us. Occupants. PO Box 41-1175, Chicago 60641 8848LF

KICK MY BLACK BALLS

You are intelligent, firm, masculine, mature and in executive, denim, leather, KKK, SS or police dress. I am heavily into having my crotch kicked. Also love boot/foot worship verbal abuse. French s/p, no Greek. I am 37 6-1, moustache, avg. build. Race jumping fan. Beards welcome. Eric Box 8081LF

RAUNCH SLUT AND FUCK TOY

Clean cut, 28 year old, professional is looking for faithful top for SM. heavy sex play, raunch and/or scat. Am 6'-0" 190 lbs hairy pierced, frequently in Chicago and able to travel nationwide for serious use. (214) 821-4434. 8106LF

WANTED: DEGRADATION

Mature masochist, tall, well built and healthy, will visit Masters nationwide who will enjoy using me for extreme degradation scenes using SM and torture as necessary. Can stay overnight, weekend or longer. Box 8148LF

BUTCH DOG SLAVE

Italian, 30's, 5-9, 185, stocky, HIV- seeks cut, hung, extremely verbal, dominant, beer belly, chunky (over 210 lbs), animal of Master. No demands, commands, fantasies, humiliation, degradation too great for this born to serve dog. Smoke, aroma, booze OK. NYC 1-718-585-0218, 11 am to 2 pm or write Box 8083LF

MAN TO MAN

Serious, solid, whiteman, 50, 6-1, 180, masculine seeks like minded partner in intensely sexual, spiritually aware, healthy, HIV- Like bondage & SM. Photo to P.O. Box 6069 JFK, Boston, MA 02114. 8069LF

MASTER SEEKS BOY

GOM, 32 5-7 155, Master/Daddy/DI seeks GWM, 88, 18-30 for slave/boy training. Strict discipline, forced workouts, total obedience. Safe, discreet & expect same. Military, Married, college students, pro-athletes OK. Per menent slavery poss. Photo/photo to P.O. Box 952193, Orlando, FL 32858. 8070LF

LEATHER BREECHED CYCLOCOP

into small taste, feel & touch of Hot BLACK LEATHER. No such thing as too much BLACK LEATHER. Also into Motorcycles. Cigars, Police Uniforms, toys, BD, SM. Phone JO OK. (504) 282-0729 or P.O. Box 57161 New Orleans, LA 70157 If you aren't devoted to LEATHER, call someone else 8 26LF

DARK HIRSUITE

moustached, dominant Master/Top required by submissive part trained Australian sailor JO, looks similar good physique, tattoos, healthy, droekup, French/sp, needs BD WS CBT, TT Any aparace. Cops, truckers, construction. Inmales Especially Latins, Arab types. Pen pals. Photo please. A.L.A. Sin 1 x 7323LF

MUSCLED SLAVES WANTED

Looking for "well-rounded" muscled slaves for training by 44 year old Master, 5-11, 185 lbs. Bodybuilder or military slaves must be into training, bondage, and discipline. Applicants apply PO Box 1158, Champaign, IL 61872-1158. No water sports or drugs. Box 1158 LF

TOTAL SLAVE WANTED

Interested about SM life who expects to be treated as property, needs BD & WS, is HIV- needs to be OWNED and is excellent cock sucker. Relocate San Diego. Master 48, 6' HIV- Ltrm: photo to Suite 115, 210 W Broadway Vista, CA 92083. 8065LF

HOUSEBOY WANTED

daddy, top, professional, and son, bottom, student, seeks live-in houseboy, sex-toy, second son, brother. Must be HIV- honest, dependable, presentable, non-smoker/drugs. Should be young, slim, smooth. Into BD toys, shaving, nudity. To relocate to Australia by September. Reply with photo and phone to Box 7944LF

COLLAR YOUR DADDY!

Attractive Daddy (42, br/bl, 6-2, beard) wants dominant bodybuilder son (competition mid-heavyweight class) with integrity and sense of humor who gets off on bondage and compelling fantasies. Seeking females, cool, have a place to kneel a son to serve. Photo/req'd letter. Correspondents welcome. Box 8120LF

MARLBORO DUDE

Marlboro/Camel man likes other men into same. 38, 5-8, 160, black hair, moustache, hairy body, brown eyes. Enjoy getting together with other hot men and having a smoke. Beards a plus. Send photo, will respond back. Occupant, P.O. Box 8421, Habersham, CA 91510-8421

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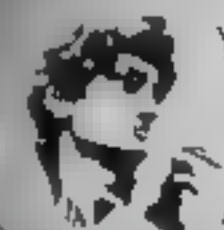
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No _____

Exp _____

Signature _____



COPS/LEATHERMEN

Tight-arsed submissive English boy/slave with some experience, 28, 5'7, 125, often in U.S. looking for cop and/or leathermen for summer fantasy trip (possibly longer relationship) involving permanent, heavy, man-acted bondage, boot licking, VA, CBT, TT, WS whips, etc. Please Sir, reply with photo and international postage to Box 7948LF

DESERT VISITORS WELCOMED

by hot Phoenix stud. GWM top, 6' 26, 165 HIV+ but healthy. Into raunch, WS, 3-ways. Seeks hung, hairy slaves w/ hot holes to show the ropes. Suck my 6" meat popsicle. Fly me in to satisfy your sis. Your photo/phone gets mine. Discrete. Box 8121LF

BIKERS' BOOT LICKER

attend M/C "runs" every year as the official Boot Licker and General Boot Slave, where I spend every hour licking, sucking and eating boots and spurs as well as Hi-Top sweetie sneakers. Prefer to experience different groups every year. Occupant, PO Box 383, JACHINE, Quebec, Canada H8S 4C2 7B49LF

DOMINANT DADDY NEEDED

I'm 5-7, 145, goodlooking BB need Daddy to show me the ropes his way. Enjoy bondage, some SM willing to expand limits. I am loyal with some experience. Short to long term sessions or more. Send orders and photo please. Box 7114LF

LEATHER THERAPISTS

Guy Baldwin, writer of Drummer's "Ties That Bind" column, is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles. He is now compiling a directory of Leather/SM-positive therapists and counselors. If you work in this field and wish to be in touch with others who share these interests, please write to Guy Baldwin, MS, c/o Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco CA 94101-1314. Please describe your license, degrees, special training, and areas of expertise. Also indicate whether you work with men and/or women, homosexual and/or heterosexual clients.

MIDDLEMAN WANTED

Top & bottom seek versatile, muscular middleman. Photo a must. We travel RTM P12 Box 15131 Minneapolis, Minn. 55415

DISABLED?

See Organizations heading

RAUNCHY RELATIONSHIP

WM top, 48, 145, handsome, horny, hairy, 1-2" semi-cul seeks slim HIV bottom for testing relationship. Bottom should be into piss, scat, FF and long sessions. Own 2 Air Oreo houses in Hollywood Hills for indoor/outdoor fun. Aromas/smoke A-OK. Ross, 213) 874-2774. 8037LF

APPRENTICE/BOY WANTED

Successful, sane, dominant leatherdaddy, 40s, 5'8", 145, wants a boy-apprentice-partnerlover, 20s-30s, to share his Northern California country home and established, successful metalworking business. One on one partnership. You must be hardworking, have a positive attitude, initiative, and goals. Opportunity to learn a craft with a great future from an internationally known craftsman, working and living in the leather community. Travel, exploration of fantasy and reality together. Possible help with relocation. Write with photo and phone to Box 7800

SHAVE MISTER?

Let's share shaving fantasy & mtl. I write & phone anywhere in U.S. In NE you can have me, 40, WM, expert with str. & shy razors & hot lather treat you to erotic body shave. Safe, discreet, great hands, slow razors. If into shaving, let's be friends. Parties possible. Ed, Box 8031LF

AVAILABLE OFFICER

Hard working WM, 28, 6'1, 190, nice build, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache looking for a man shorter, moustache required, interested in levis, leather, uniforms, boots, a hot taller man, motorcycles, 4x4 trucks, sports, country music. Dislikes drugs and chain smokers. Take a chance on this officer in blue. Letter and photo gets same. Write Box 7156LF

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

Stern, aristocratic Prussian Colonel, 44, 8'8, 185, provides strict training and discipline to legal-age stud boys of all nationalities and dispositions. Will safely test limits and punish failure without feeling until complete submission is achieved. No BS letter and hot photo, Box 7050LF

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

by 25 year old, smooth, tight, hot, hung swimmer. Boy smooth, muscular bodybuilder or boyish exhibitionist. Live leather, rubber, BD, CBT, TT, shaving, hoods, collars, gags & blindfolds. Live a life devoted to the comfort and pleasure of your Master. Send photo/phone to Box 55216, Madison, WI 53705 8111LF

ALABAMA

LOOKING FOR BUDDY/LOVER

Hot, horny, 32 yr old WM, 200 lb, black hair, broad, pierced looking for big butch buddy who likes to pitch and catch into most scenes, open to exploration. No one nighters, smokers, drugs. Long hair piercings, face and body hair, and tattoos real turn-ons. Your pic gets mine. Let's get together! Box 7387LF

CRAVEN INTELLECT WRITER

Horny, hot, burley, bear bottom seeking master to train me in all areas of submission. Middle aged stud loves domination by Italian men, police, blacks, truckers. Eager to service dick, eat ass, take abuse, giving adoration to flashy, big men. Love being fucked by champions. Party slut for group. Bobby, 205-967 5318, 7743LF

ALASKA

LONELY ALASKA BOY

seeks hungry hunter friend(s), companion, discrete Dad, 30-45 in Southeast Alaska. I'm 32, 5-8, 140, blond/blue, beard, HIV-neg, widower, ready to start living again. Into leather, latex, BD, CBT and more. Willing to travel, Juneau to Ketchikan, year round. Box 7174LF

NO. CALIFORNIA

BOTTOM WITH SLAVE MODE

GWM, 48, 5-2, 175, HIV- Buckle, rimmer, fucker. Your age, race, looks unimportant. Slim build, chemistry is. Use kink (except anal) to enhance my submission, limits. Many fetishes, three hungry holes. Will be permanent. Will respond to your scene as ordered. Bottom mildly handicapped. Ongoing, monogamous scene/relationship desired. B/couples OK. Box 7568LF

SF LEATHERMASTER

48, 6', 180 lb, accepting applications for wave/dog bootlicker, nonsmoker to 35. Training will include prolonged leather & steel bondage, hood & gag, shaving, whipping, cigars. Replies must include photo and phone. Box 7439LF

COCKSUCKER & BUTTFUCKER

GWM, 6' 6" giant, 240 lbs. seeks friendship and a whole lot more. Looking for Silver Centaurs or any age and nationality over 45

years. Grooves to the Hawaiian beat. Your nude photo gets my attention. I'm HIV- and plan to stay that way. Handicaps okay, I believe all men are equal. Looking forward to hearing from one and all. Box 8122

EASTBAY SHITHOLE SNIFFER

GWM, 44, asshole lover eager to meet men who turn on to having their holes sniffed, slurped, and fingered. Forget the Dial soap and smell like a human male. A fat 11" cut cock is great, but hell, I'll enjoy whatever you have. Hot note & phone to Box 8371LF

WHIPS-BALLS-BOOTS-LEVIS

Boot licking masochist seeks bareback whipping with cut and testicle torture (weights, stretchers) from GWM, neg., sadist w/ black leather army boots needing attention. Not into WS, scat, drugs, damage. Gr or anything unsafe. I'm WM, 45, 8' cut, neg., tall SF Bay area only. Box 8104

HOT, HUNKY LEATHER SLUT

Handsome, muscular, WM, 40, 6-2, 200, brown/blue and healthy. This over-sexed stud enjoys heavy 6" workouts. Needs training from an experienced Top to explore and expand my limits in bondage, CBT, assplay, spanking and other SM activities. Ready to open up emotionally and sexually. Jim, Box 7650LF

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM, slave, 5-8, 150, seeks domination, humiliation from short, lightweight Master. Into body/muscle worship, armpits, verbal abuse, leather. Esp. seeks to grovel at feet of a Black/Asian. P.O. Box 8655, San Francisco, CA 94101

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Goldg WM 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, spit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S., #237 2215-R Market St., San Francisco CA 94114 7750LF

SLAVE/SON

Versatile slave/son 22-28 wanted by HIV-professional, successful businessman, 50. You are fit, masculine, intelligent, motivated, needing guidance and control with life. Genuine submissive, obedient nature required. Assistance with school or career if relationship achieved. Explicit letter/photo to Suite 73, Crystal Springs Center, San Mateo, CA 94402 7751LF

BALL P.O.W.

25 year old bodybuilder offers his treasured balls to muscled leather CHP/MP type guys who know how to make 'em hurt. Dig ball weights, presses, hot wax, military interrogation scenes, brutal police officers, sadistic coaches. Tie me and make me talk or ??? Travel NYC, LA. Photo. Box 8776LF

ANAL ATTENTIVE? WE ARE!

Two handsome, versatile, leather top men in our 30's would like to share our lean, gym toned bodies, rigid dicks and tight bubble butts with similar leather buddies. If you are into extended, sweaty Greek action with MEN, drop us a line with your photo. Box 7713LF

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD

18-35 years old, WM, who wants to share leather sex. Must be turned on by smell, feel and look of black leather. Need safe sex with right boy. Call me and let's talk. (415) 861 0581. 7155LF

NEEDED: LEATHER TOP

WM, 32, Good-looking & masculine, 5'10, black hair, moustache & short beard, 165 lbs and a tight, in-shape body. Into most scenes.

MUSCULAR BONDAGE TOP

seeking true bodybuilders or athletic jock-type bottoms who like to get "muscle-bound" and enjoy having their physical capabilities stretched and tested. Top is GWM Br/Br, 155, muscular, very handsome (ex-commercial model) 30's with honesty & integrity. You should be 20 - 30's, novice or knowledgeable. Must send photo & descriptive letter for reply. Box 105, 584 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114-2588.

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

sought by retired GWM for San Francisco apartment. You're 18-40, White or Oriental, drug/smoke-free, submissive, obedient and affectionate. We are HIV-negative and seek permanent set up. Full letter, photo, phone to Box 8123LF

BB LEATHERSON

intelligent, responsible, handsome leather-son seeks to worship Leatherdaddy/Master in monogamous, caring relationship. Graduating from East Coast University B/S1 Graduate experience in Statistics and diversified Undergraduate curriculum. Programming, Experimental Psychological Design. Fetishes: TALL black boots, violence, abuse, Highway Patrol, nightstick/cuffs. Seeking relocation to be by your side, at your feet. Searching for sincere, responsible life-mate, not handout or assistance. Photo/phone greatly appreciated. Box 7810LF

TRAN ME

GWM, 38, 6-1, 170, moustache, defined build, bulging leather codpiece, hot round ass, looking for young leathermaster in control, to slowly expand my limits. Teach me to take what you have to give, expand my hot hole with dildoes, admire the hot ass you're in control of, teach me to satisfy you. Your scenes are my turn-ons, if you're looking for a regular sexual partner, or one hot session, for mutual exploration, write. Include photo and phone. Safe but hot sex only. Box 7730LF

DAD LOOKING FOR SON

to keep naked and bound for our mutual pleasure. Letter & photo to Box 8087

ASSPLAY

Leatherman, 28, bearded, hot, wants mature, bearded men to take my dick and fist. Be available for occasional intense scenes involving negotiated safe sex, assplay, fist-ing definitely bondage, SM facefucking, boot service possible. Into boots, gloves, rubber/latex, cigars, spit, piss. Absolutely no verbal abuse. Write, with photo, ONLY if you live in the SF/Bay Area or will be visiting. I will answer all and return photos. Box 7890

ARROGANT SON NEEDED

Seeking arrogant, foul mouthed son who needs a bottom Daddy to deliver hot butt and oral service his way! Give serious corporal punishment, verbal abuse. Taunt, tease and abuse this butt hole. Amuse yourself while teaching lesson in humiliation and service. GWM 40, 180, 5-8, no drugs. Box 7324LF

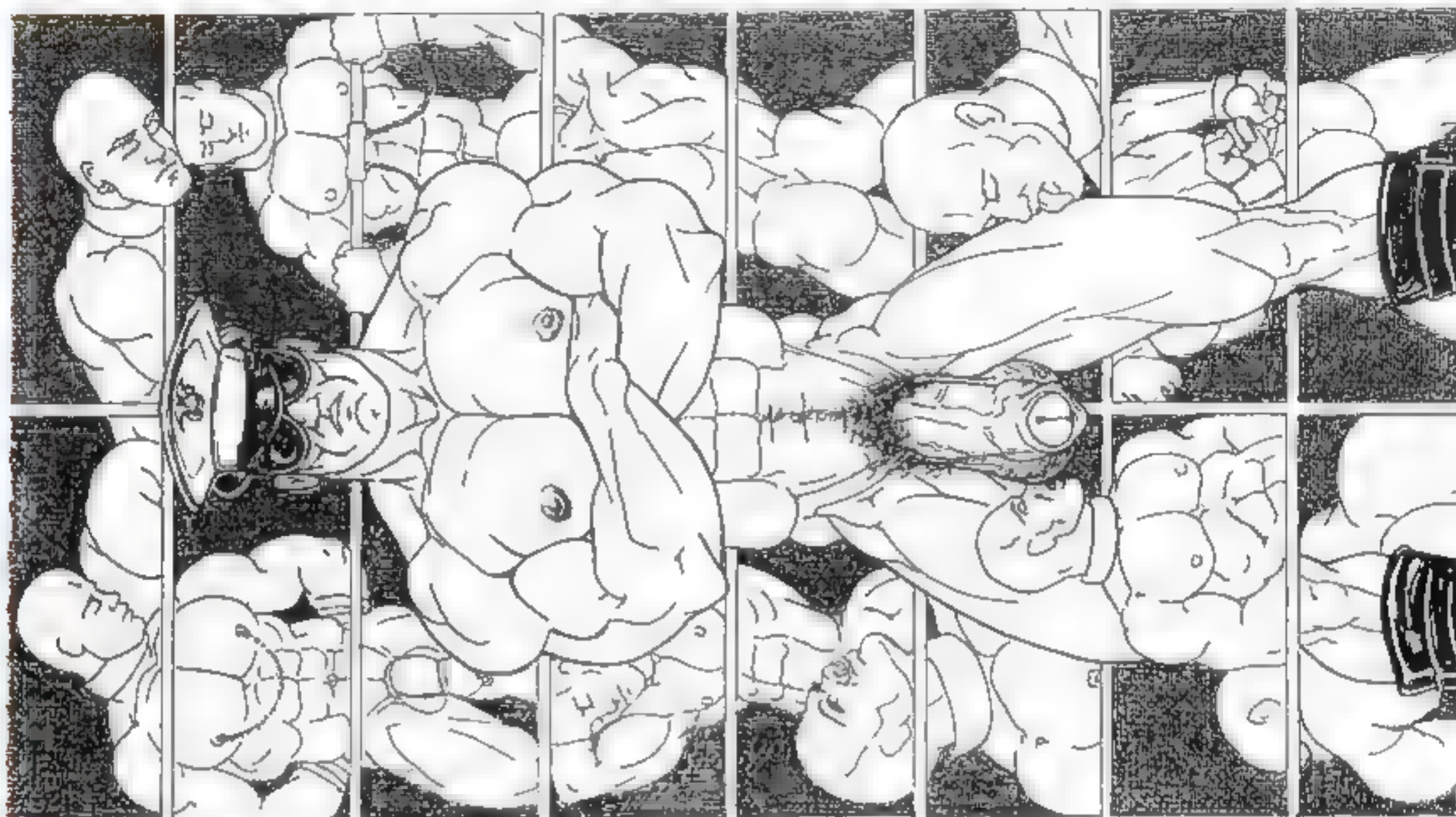
COUNTRY BOY IN THE CITY

Sincere, mature, HIV pos (healthy) 28, green eyes, 5-10, 170, hairy, seeks hot, hung Top-Master-Daddy to service through honest, committed companionship, hot, rough leather play, quiet evenings at home, cuddling, and maybe CW music. Nonsmoking, no drugs. Please send photo/phone. Box 7852

MUTUAL BONDAGE EXPLORATION

To trust and to be trusted. Looking for versatile bondage buddy, 25-40, into mutual explo-

Your fantasy is only a page away...



CENTERFOLD OF MR ISSUE 9 / ILLUSTRATION BY MATT FOR THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF MASON POWELL'S NOVEL "THE BRIG"

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ration and satisfaction. For me the total connection, both physical and mental, is the most important. What is your choice? 39, 5-8, stocky, professional, who likes to have fun in life as well as bed. P.O. Box 14884, San Francisco, CA 94114-0884

WORSHIP ME

WM 40, 5-5, muscular BB, silver beard, balding and severely goodlooking wants boy/buddy to play hot hard and intense. I'm into leather, SM, boots, piss, VA, TT, spit, oil, doos, grease and dirt. Daddy can be gentle and caring. Your goodlooking, relationship oriented. Photo with honest letter. Serious only. Box 7284LF

PUSSY

Submissive, white male, 50, wants to be pussy for younger, dominant stud. Especially seek nut work and shaving. P.O. Box 22402 Sacramento, CA 95822

EXPERIENCED CRUEL SADIST

seeks masochist slave to serve me. Uncut, heavy hung, responsible WM, good-looking and muscular, 5-8, 175. Whip & bondage expert. CBT, TT, assplay, toys & fetish, long sessions. Have playroom. Short descriptive letter w/ photo & phone. Box 8072

I NEED YOU, GIRL

Eager novice slave seeks training from hot GF Bay Master under 40. Goodlooking GWM, 23, brn/brn, 6' 160 lbs, HIV+ slave needs to serve you, Sir. Please send photo/instructions to P.O. Box 62243, Sunnyvale, CA 94088. Thank you, Girl

TATTOOED DADDY'S SLAVE

WM 55, tattoos, good body, mast., must. seeks short guy for spanking. Don, 25, JB70.

WANTED: HUNG BLACK BOTTOM

Handsome GWM 38, beard, top wants to work over black ass. Send nude photo or description to Box 8138

WM 38, would like to meet others who enjoy the sting and bite of the paddle. Box 1821 Carmichael, CA 95008.

HOT HORNY LIBIDO SEEKS MEN

GWM, 38, 6-2, 175 lbs of horny man, lt. brown hair/beard, 7 in. cut. I please the man I'm with. Looking for GWM, 30-45, who likes fucking, sucking, dildos, (FFA, bondage Top.) 3 or more plus whatever our horny minds cum up with. My body awaits to please men. Box 7298LF

FUCK BUDDY WANTED

Good-looking slim 29 year old is looking for a man who is into versatile leather sex. Greek, French - Active and Passive. Mutual J/O okay too. Write w/photo to Chris at Box 7910

BONDAGE BOTTOM

SF leatherman, masculine, white, 32, seeks experienced Top for bondage and safe SM sex. Have toyroom and experience. I need training and have the facilities / equipment to do it right. Skilled "trainer" planning to visit SF requested to write in advance to assure memorable visit. Discretion required and reciprocated. Photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

TOUGH DUDES

Healthy, HIV+ bottom, 35, seeks HIV+ top. My mouth is your cunt and urine. Abuse my cock and balls, make me regret I have them. Have boy pussy for your needs. In need of bondage, noose, cuffs, gags, beatings, knuckles. Dudes into 4 wheeling and outdoor scenes definitely welcome. I dig tattoos! Box -930

MASTERS WANTED

Cockslave, 30's, good shape, seeks Masters for cock worship. Will travel. Photo. Box 8158

TIT-ELATING SAFE SEX

Smooth, strong, dominant chubette seeks submissive bodybuilders and muscled boy-toys for heavy necking, lussing, spanking & tit play. Watch your nipples rise and shine! Call George, (415) 863-5892 before midnight PST. 8058LF

BONDAGE TEACHER NEEDED

GWM, 26, 5-11, brn/blu, beard. Looking for 25-40 muscular w/c teacher of ropes, stocks, etc. Not looking for love, just hot times. Willing to try anything once. Photophone gets mine. Box 7487

BIG THICK TOP MEAT WANTED

Very good-looking GWM couple: Bottom, 29, 6' 185, well-built, hairy chest, stache, 7" Top, 35, 5-7, 135, well-built, smooth chest, 7" Want GW top w/ big, thick cock for bottom lover domination. Must know how to spank, piss beat, face/d/bi fuck, jam insatiable ass while TS & A eaten by top. Hot tub foreplay. Box 7935LF

HAIRY-CHESTED MALE BOTTOM

Passive, disciplined young guy, 32, attractive, clean cut for P/T work, pay negotiable. Prefer to work for playful top as his assistant, houseman, masseur. Dave, (408) 741-5376 Evenings/weekends. Older man are a definite plus. Box 8168LF

WANTED OLDER/EXPERIENCED

Dad by 25 year old (bottom or mutual) boy. I'm looking to explore/realize my sexual fantasies including toys, bondage and uniforms. Boy loves beefy daddies with mustaches and chewable tits. Boy is willing and eager to learn. Mutual consent and respect a must. Reply to Box 7576

TOP THIS TOP

Experienced top wants to reestablish his bottom space after several years absence. Interests include bondage, boots, catheters, suspension, but I am most interested in exploring your kinky suggestions. Phone and photo to Box 7756LF

KEY BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you. You have permission to call if you are naturally submissive and have a need to serve. Call (818) 381-8755 Serious only - No JO calls. 8129LF

TEACH ME

Boy looking to explore my sexual horizons. Interests include (but not limited to) bondage, ass and tit play. Looking to develop trusting & consensual relationship with hot (and) Boys 25-160 lbs. uncut. Uniforms and inches a plus. Box 7912

HOUSEBOY - SON

sought for S F apartment by retired GWM, 5-8, 140. You're 18-40, white or Oriental, trim, drug & smoke free, healthy, submissive. You'll enjoy nudity, shaving, supervision, affection. Full letter, photo, phone to Box 8158LF

SO. CALIFORNIA

WHITE TOP/MASTER/DADDY

wanted by white bottom Teddy Bear. 38, 5-11, 200 lbs. Husky, hairy, brown/hazel, hot tits, mustache. Am into leather, levis, boots, uniforms, jockstraps. Am G/p, FA/p (front/rear) SM, BD, WS, toys, titplay. Sincere only, Sir. Prefer LA, Calif. Area. Jay, PO Box 67E06, Los Angeles CA 90067 7483LF

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 48, into serious BD (mummification, immobilization, sensory deprivation) SM (CBT, TT, whipping, candles, sharing.) Have a fully equipped playroom that's waiting for those special Tops with imaginative and creative minds for kinky action. No drugs. Safe sex only. Call between 9AM-11PM. (818) 843-5428 7383LF

ORALIST

GWM, submissive Dad, 53, 6-3, 185, smooth looking for tops or mutual players into beer, piss, poppers, heavy j/o, uncuts, leather underwear, porn, fantasies, clothing (parties to business suits) and uniforms. No recip. nec. No greek, no scal, no fats. Married and bi. A.O.K. Box 7587LF

TORTURE QUEST

Wild, depraved, perverted fuck/torture animal unconditionally surrenders its steel-collared balls, by choice, and without any shame to an excessively evil-minded, cold-blooded Sadist who's criminal enough, knows how to helishly torture an animal. Degenerate fucker hungers for a no bullshit Master/Sadist to probe and increase its tolerance and endurance to heavy physical pain through progressive training in unrestrained verbal abuse, tough contact and controlled torture brutality. Proper attitude motivation are essential. Torture and sex to Him must be a brutal act of cruel aggression and relief, and a marked symbol of his virile masculinity. Torture animal is hot, muscular, hairy, masculine white male, healthy, young, early 40's, that needs to struggle and sweat, as he's enforced to submit repeatedly in prolonged, inescapable bondage at new thresholds of torture pain. No bullshit! No limits! Just dick hard training. Detailed letter/photo to Box 4827LF

BOUND FOR THE CAMERA

Duo with camera will photograph you bed and at your submissive best. Photos are for our private collection, you might get a set of prints. We are experienced and legitimate. (714) 777-6198

SUM SLAVE BOTTOM?

Good-looking top, 5-8, 150. Br/Bl, good shape, wants to meet sexy & nasty dudes into wine, weed, fantasies, safe sex. Pix 7 Bill, Box 8093

TWISTED STEP DAD NEEDED

Hot boy, 40, seeks sweetie cruel LOVE from a nasty, mentally/verbally abusive mean-minded stepfather. Hot piss, mouth-rape, pit suck & choke fucking VA. Twisted love. Queer boy is hung thick, uncut, goodlooking, piss drinking ass sucker. Loves cheese, farts, sweat, spit and ??? DAD is tattooed, hung, uncut, mean, a pervert who is also very affectionate & maybe once in awhile likes the tables turned? Twisted Love! I need rough loving. Call me your punk. (818) 886-9358 or PO Box 127472, San Diego, CA 92112.

PROFESSIONAL

salt & pepper haired with short beard, hairy, 6-1 tall, 170 lbs, blue eyes seeks similar versatile men with vivid imaginations. F a/p. G a/p or j/o sessions outdoors. especially enjoy mutual milking and ploughing and expanding limits. If you desire discipline submit your needs, expand your curiosities. (714) 758-1522 JAK POB 4382 Anaheim, CA 92803-4382 7346LF

NEW COCKSLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Riverside, Palm Springs area. Novice, masculine MWM, 40's, seeks discipline and training as cockslave to clean, non-smoking, muscular, whipmaster TT, CBT, wax, strapping, forced service, piercing. Box 8116

FF TOP

seeks FF bottoms with hot hungry holes to explore new depths, expand limits and perfect techniques. (714) 737-8440

CALIF NIPPLES/LEATHERSEX

Handsome muscular GWM 40 Six feet 170 pounds. Mustache, insatiable nipples. Top / bottom. Seeks well built versatile men for extended nipple work, body worship, leather / uniforms, SM BD. Smoke, aroma. Your hot body, mustache / beard, and kinky imagination are pluses. Photo and letter to Box 7447LF

LONG HAIR LEATHER BIKER

Looking for buddies into raunchy scenes. BD, SM, man smells, plain on and whipping each other, Dig hoods and head trips. I'm 40. You HIV safe. Send photo/letter to P.O. Box 28832, Los Angeles, CA 90028

GENTLE TOP NEEDS BOTTOM

Dominant WM, 57, 5-8, seeks submissive guy as friend/slave. Daily you will lick, worship my feet, suck my cock, drink my piss, eat my ass, be my body slave. When I have the whim you will be spanked and put in bondage. A dutiful slave is a blissful one. Box 7728LF

BIKE CLUB: RED/GRAY RIGHT

seeks happy leather Bear to trust, grow, build, laugh and hibernate with. Phil is bright, solvent, organized, affectionate, teachable, non-crested, HIV+ and healthy, doesn't smoke/drugs, like drinker. Commitments friends, our community, pers. spir. understanding, music and empathy. 42 72 inches tall, 185, brn/bl, mustache, pierced. 88 Virago 700 P/P to 175 Monroe St., Pomona CA 91767 8412LF

REAL TORTURE & SCREAMS

go both ways. Heavy. No sissy stuff just tough, heavy duty, creative action. All over 30, Am 48, white, blond, blue eyes, 180 lbs. 6-1. No mercy asked or given. Be a man with guts. Take a chance and let's sweat one out together. Box 7926LF

ORANGE COUNTY

WM 5-11, 175, 51, younger looking. Average build and looks. 8 1/2 uncut, shaved balls. Top or bottom. Will try anything at least once. Expand my limits or yours. HIV+ Answer with picture and phone # Box 7121LF

DUNGEON SLAVE

Needs to serve experienced Dungeon Master on a part-time (possibly permanent live-in) basis. Into safe, serious leather, rubber SM sex, bondage, discipline, and more. Slave is handsome, trim, 31, 5-2, 170 lbs. Please send photo and letter to Box 7058LF

"BOY WANTED"

Very masculine Daddy/Master/Bear, WM 8-1, 225, 48, affectionate yet demanding, wants submissive boy, GWM 28-35, masculine, obedient, subservient, USMC-Levi type, as buddy, companion, houseboy, son, lover. Serious guys only. Call Tom at 714-383-0295 or write with photo/phone to 12478 Central #154, Chino, CA 91710 8580LF

LIVE-IN SLAVE LABORER WTD

Submissive boy needed for total service to GWM. Give expert deep throat, submit to physical abuse; provide manual labor weekdays; get regular training nites in taking care of Boss' needs. Salary! Box 38549, Los Angeles 90038. 8182LF

PISS DAD SEEKS 2ND MOUTH

Ex-coach, dominant Daddy, 53 and his hot young toilet slave, 30, seek 2nd boy to share Daddy's cock, big chest, hairy armpits, sweaty feet, recycled beer and ? No fats/femis, but attitude more important than looks. Be thirsty, imaginative & raunchy. Call (213) 483-2534 or write to Box 8082

SILVERLAKE PLAYROOM

Party dudes. SM, bondage, FF, couple. TB 36, healthy, trimmed, pierced, toilet slave. TT - 42, healthy, ready for any scene with versatile, trim, healthy men. Box 90991, Pasadena, CA 91108. 8088LF

STRICT CARING MASTER

WM UC, big balls, 6' 100, HIV- well built, br/br, hard nipples, stache seeks long term boy for BD, heavy ass abuse, freq. rimmin, fuckin your ass & mouth. You! slim/muscular, masc., 21-32, HIV-, serious, hard working. No drugs, booze, cigs. Photo to P.O. Box 3834, San Diego, CA 92163 (619) 297 3044. B 27LF

BIG MUSCLEMAN WANTED

for hot FF and kinky scene. 18" biceps, 50" chest or bigger. Write Dear Sir with photo and details of lust. Sir is 6'0" 185 lbs., his lover: slave similar. Box 8089LF

WANTED HISPANIC SLAVE

Master is 34 yrs., small bear type, Latino American, a demanding teacher of SM arts. Slave: Hispanic, 18-35, should feel born to serve. Write: Ruben Lopez, P.O. Box 3868, Alhambra, CA 91803. Photo & phone req. Asians & Blacks encouraged to apply as well. 8051LF

SERIOUS ONLY

2 Leather Masters, White, 5-6, 180, 5' cut, flat top & Latin, 5-7 145, 7" uncult. Both hairy, black/brown, mustaches, very good looking. We want a total slave into heavy domination, CBT TT WS, SM, bondage. Call only when you are prepared for your instructions. No bullshit (213) 257-4130. 8048LF

WANTED BOY WONDER (18-28)

WM "Desert Fox" (6-4, 170, young 38, v. handsome, dom) boots, boxers/shorts, leather, uniforms. Seek smooth, thin submissive and in Keds & jockey shorts (shy, fem, limits OK) I'll carry, cuddle & dress you for drama Nazi bondage, discipline, gear and games. Safe only. Box 8123LF

COLORADO

TOTAL SLAVE WANTED

for permanent mind and body ownership by Master into BD, SM, CBT, TT, WS, some private and public humiliation, permanent bondage. Master is 5-11 brn/brn, 200 lbs, husky. Submit letter with photo/phone. Box 8154

DENVER GWM - 52

wants young white/oriental for light bondage, spanking, Tennis, travel, hiking. I'm versatile & generous. 303-972-4177

CONNECTICUT

MASTERS SEEK REAL SLAVES

This dominant white male couple ages 25 & 28 seek willing dedicated slaves for hot, safe, sane, and wild scenes. Sessions to include anything except FF and scat. Send a detailed letter with your description and fantasies, including your limits. Professionals, uniformed, and married strongly urged to reply. Box 7580LF

EAGER

New tp leather scene but anxious to learn. I'm a white male, 21 good looking with blue eyes, black hair and a smooth, detailed, 145 lb body. Looking to meet hot tops in Southeastern Connecticut for friendship and fun. Box 8166

BLUE COLLAR CONSTRUCTION

Bear, trucker type, 37 5-4, bearded, hairy,

self-employed, blue collar tradesman desires to meet same, 25-35 Drive 4x4, bike. Sex. vanilla to kinky. PO Box 2402, New Preston, CT 06777 8677LF

LEATHER MASTER WANTED

Masculine slave, 28 210, blond, blue eyes, bodybuilder, loves hoods, boots & gloves. Seeks good-looking leather master, 25-30 years old. Fuck me with your big cock in your leather dungeon. Piss on me, teach me to service you, let me lick your boots! Please send photo to Mike. Box 8143LF

DC METRO

BEGIN TRAINING NOW

Are you man enough to really serve another man? This is your chance. Master/Dad seeks slave/son. Training includes leather/uniforms, TT, CBT, shaving, BD Me 34, 5-8, 130, dark blond hair, blue eyes, HIV+. You in-shape, under 38 and ready to serve. Photo a must. Write Sir, P.O. Box 12404, Rosslyn, VA 22209

SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality Topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane lunk sex, 40 5-10 44 ch, 33 waist, seeking submissive levelheaded bottom men for play times in SM BD CBT, etc. No taunch, am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & Phone to Box 8100LF

WANTED TOPMAN

WM, 43, 5-11, 175, 45" ch, 31" w, lean, muscular. Together, loner, non-smoker. Ex-navy UDT/SEAL. servitude, whipping, safe sex. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Story of O 911/2 Weeks, Image, Beauty's Punishment J.W. P.O. Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20749 Box 7647LF

FLORIDA

WANTED TOPMAN

GWM, 42, will administer corporal punishment. Love to use various roles, implements, and positions to those in need or want to try. Smooth and bubble butts especially appreciated. Come satisfy that inner need. Learn, grow and enjoy. Only serious, in-shape, like myself need to reply. I'm in Orlando. Box 7489LF

LAUDERDALE L/L BOTTOM

seeks Top/Dad for Fr, Gr, VA, Light SM games. I am 36, young looking, tall, lean, athletic, intelligent, submissive. P.O. Box 4636, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33304

TAMPA AREA HOME

for sadistic white stud. Look under 30, be healthy, hot to abuse masochistic "dad" Box 7782

MILITARY SCHOOLED

B&D Top, 30's, lean, athletic, masculine seeks slim to muscular, tough young grunt for hell night bondage and punishment or deals! Safe, hot, intense, high school locker room style action/adventure for rugged dude who likes to sweat, struggle and take it like a man! Reply with photo now! Box 7330LF

HOT HANDSOME BOTTOM

needs masculine, dominant, aggressive, good-looking, verbally abusive, arrogant TOP. I am 40, GWM, 5-9, 150. Cock-worship, ass & face slapped, collared with leash and being submissive gets me HOT! Photo & phone to Angela, P.O. Box 39-8082, Miami Beach, FL 33139. 7682LF

DADDY DRINKS PISS

No limits for handsome, healthy, sadistic white "sons," Tampa area. Face photo. Box 7432

HOT JOCK BOTTOM

30 year old 5-11, 180 lb guy seeks real man or men to enjoy hot times. Levi/Leather, BD, Frat Hazing, most scenes you demand service & get off on built use. I travel USA/Europe frequently. Photo/phone to PO Box 16135 Tampa, FL 33687 7680LF

INSATIABLE BOTTOM

Thick stache, crewcut 5-10, 175, WM pierced tits & cock, leather/levi, butch, bottom/versatile wants hot tops, real men. Facial hair, BD, SM, rubber, CBT, boots, piercing, shaving, unlimited potential. Live the fantasies in Ft. Lauderdale. Photo/phone to Box 7562LF

BIG MASCULINE MAN WANTED

Active, well-experienced white slave desires strong rugged muscular hairy dark complexion blue collar men for hot funky sex in tight well-worn Levis, fatigues, uniforms, leather G & F, A, into WS, SM, ass and tit play, didos, rimming, licking sweaty body. Provide your hot sweaty body, I'll do the rest. I'll serve you best. Brief dirty vulgar letter gets you a picture and phone # 900 NW 7 St Rd. Miami, FL, 33135-3026 7733LF

BALL ACTION/BALL FIGHTS

Bisexual bodybuilder, 8 ft, 195 lbs, great looks, looking for other dudes into ball contests, ball tug-of-war, cock fights, bar wrestling, and hot ball action. Also bisexual scenes, leather, oil sex outdoors, sex marathon contests, kink spit and mangames. Health conscious sex. Attitude and action more important than age and race. But fats need not apply. Write with photos to Jack Gunther PO Box 7213, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338 7327LF

MASTER/BEAR NEEDED

to tame this young wild black bear cub, 25, 5-7, 150. Strong, masc., GM Master/Bear, 35-50 beard/stache, hairy, willing to train and introduce a cocky asswipe to SM, BD, shaving, spanking. Are you ready to break down the strong will and body of a young cub? Photo/phone gets mine. Box 8148LF

RAUNCH MOUTH BODYBUILDER

WM, 88, 31 6-1, 170, 42" ch, 30" w, craves prolonged WS/Scat. Firm, force feed big plus. You: Masculine, in-shape, top or mutual. Photo/info, P.O. Box 568433, Orlando, FL 32808

GEORGIA

MY ASS, YOUR TOY

Wanted: Good-looking, GWM all top, 30-50 I'm GWM, all bottom, 35, 130, 5-3. I love my ass worked on. Relationship possible. Your photo gets mine, all responses answered. Write to Thomas Williams, 3298 Oakcliff Dr Doraville, GA 30340 No pain, drunks, hard drugs. 7693LF

WANTED BOYTOY(S)

By masculine Dad, 5-8, 180, mustache, into hard safe play, exhibitionism, photography. boy is 20-35, slim, total bottom, needs to serve, must be ridden long and often, is open to new experiences. Photo/application to Man, PO Box 52946, Atlanta GA 30355 6727LF

TOPMAN / DAD

Hairy, husky, HIV-, creative seeks service of eagerly submissive, trim, exhibitionistic, healthy bottom under 40 intense single sessions or relationship possible with stable, sexually obedient, intelligent boyman. Interests include photography, gardening, reading, travel. Photo Man, P.O. Box 52946, Atlanta, GA 30355 6727LF

HAWAII

WELL MUSCLED

Basic down home kind of guy, 33, 165 lb, 6 ft, lean, who occasionally likes to play rough

, looking for other men around my age who enjoy weightlifting, running and other athletic activities. Let's exchange photos, letters, and possibly meet. MC. 2542 DATE St. Apt 1405, Honolulu HI 96828. 7553LF

BOYS AND TOYS

wanted by 33, 5-10, 175 fit top for safe games. Serious assplay, TT bondage and fantasy are part of the games we'll play. You: 25-45 and fit. Hairy a plus. Reply to: PO Box 731 Honolulu, HI 96808. No photo, no reply. 7716LF

LEATHER BUDDY

to explore light leather & bondage fantasy. Learn from & with, incl. role reversal. Mini-dungeon on boat. GWM 48, 5-9, 130, trim, brn/brn, mustache, educated prof. Please no tats, feds, drugs, drugs, smokes, inmates. PO Box 353, Honolulu, HI 96809. Your photo gets mine. Bob.

BONDAGE BUDDY

Bondage and Discipline, yoga and meditation, workouts, hikes, beach and sunsets. Fun and gags, tape, rope and leather. Turtle-necks and tight jeans, give and take. Hawaii calls. Seeking younger guy. Write: J. Hunter, PO Box 89364, Honolulu, Hawaii, 96830

ILLINOIS

OLDER WHITE BOTTOM

seeks younger, smooth, white top to service. Accept and respect limits. The younger the better. Into CBT, light bondage, shaving, leather gear, light tit work, spanking, cock rings, sucking. No anal sex. Will assist top with heavier pain trips on 3rd slave (312) 781-0314

GANG HUNGRY PUCKFACE

Bottom needs to be used and abused by butch (the meaner & rougher the better) guys or biker gangs. My face and ass are waiting to be intruded by your filthy cocks. Watersports, CBT TT, chains, bondage, belts, etc. Visiting Chicago in a couple of months. Write with instructions to Steve Wright, Box 9457, Newmarket, Auckland, New Zealand

LONGJOHN/UNIONS JIT GLYS

Looking for guys into unionsuits, longjohns and underwear, 38 5-11 175 lbs, into most underwear / uniform scenes. Humiliation, discipline and bondage also in underwear. Write Jay, Box 178, 806 W Barry, Chicago, IL 60657 7687LF

BIG BOY SEEKS BIG DAD

Handsome, masculine, hunky, All-American boy, 28, br/bl, 6-2, 165 looking for big, muscular, mustached well hung Dad (30+), to help me explore & expand my limits in hot, safe, serie LEATHERSEX. Am eager to learn. No drugs. Send photo/phone for reply. Box 7744LF

HORSE WANTED

6 ft one and a half, 205, 61, engineer, Master, wants any age, 220 lbs + BB or muscular, heavyset slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts. Mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. 5801LF

SERIOUS BONDAGE BOTTOM

Seeks experienced, responsible Top(s) GWM, 38, short, mustache. Chicago area & Midwest. Into leather, boots, blue-collar gear, rubber, uniforms, hoods, gags, blindfolds, tits, cigars, duct tape, lots more! Seek intense, creative, & kinky bondage. forced cigar smoking, immobilization, con-

CAUTION: the basic rule in using electrical toys is: Current running between the two contacts must not pass through the chest cavity. Simplified: **NO CONTACTS ABOVE THE WAIST!**

Titillator

A battery operated pulsed signal generator that is simple to operate and easily portable. Two intensity controls allow you to fine tune the sensations, and separate frequency and pulse rate controls offer the maximum range of stimulation variations.

The unit is 4 3/4" x 2 1/2" x 1 1/2" and comes with a 9 volt battery and a set of leads. The name of this unit comes from "titillation," it is NOT for use on the tits

DEA 008 \$119.95

Titillator Leads

Plug your WalkMaster, WalkMaster II or Titillator into the accessories described on this page.

DEB 012 \$34.95 Titillator Leads

All Purpose Leads

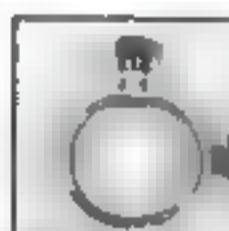
A pair of wires with banana plugs appropriate for the sockets of these accessories at one end, and alligator clips at the other end

DEB 012 \$34.95 All Purpose Leads



Titillator Attachments

RelaxAcisors, WalkMasters, Trillators, or whatever you use, these attachments will provide hours of shockingly great sensations. A new artisan is producing the following electrical attachments from clear lexan (a crystal clear, very hard plastic) and space-age conductive materials. Each piece has one or more receptor sockets for banana plugs (RelaxAcisors fit!) and will also work with alligator clips or bare wires. These electrical attachment devices can be used with the Titillator described above and also work with WalkMasters, RelaxAcisors, hand crank generators, and other similar devices.



DEB 001 \$39.95
Single Electrode



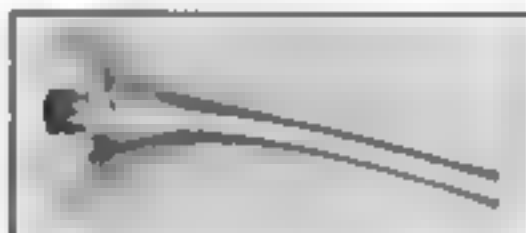
DEB 002 \$39.95
Double Electrode

Cockrings

Cockrings are available in four diameters: 1 1/4", 1 1/2", 1 3/4" and 2". Each size is available with a single electrode and conductive material running the full circle, or with two electrodes and separate areas of conductive material on each half of the circle. Please specify size(s) when ordering.

Electrowand

This is a lexan rod with conductive material at the business end. Connect any other electrode in a convenient place - a cockring, for instance - and use the ElectroWand to play with other areas: genitals, thigh, ass, feet, anywhere below the waist. DEB 009 \$59.95 Electrowand



Sparkler

This is a short length of conductive rubber (approximately 6" long by 1/8" diameter). It works well in any moist opening or crevice: ass, crotch, urethra. This one really delivers a jolt. (NOT FOR NOVICES) DEB 008 \$39.95 Sparkler



Electric Butt Plug

The charge of a lifetime. A lexan plug (approximately 6" x 1 3/4" diameter) with two electrodes that stimulate the anal sphincters. With a Titillator, or other power source that has an adjustable pulse rate, this is a *real fucking machine*. Expensive but worth it. Made to order - allow up to eight weeks for delivery. DEB 007 \$149.95 Electric Butt Plug

Violet Wand

The Violet Wand, officially known as the "Master High Frequency Unit," is a device used by barbers and beauticians to stimulate the skin. It can be very effectively used for the same purpose by Tops. The glass electrodes glow purple when in use and sparks jump from the electrode to the skin surface (fantastic in a dark room). This is one electrical device that is safe for use above the waist, as the charge travels across the surface of the skin rather than through the body (CAUTION: Keep the bulb away from the eyes!!) We offer only the Heavy Duty Unit, which has a transformer located along the extra long cord and can be used for extended periods of time. Includes one (#1, disk shaped) electrode. Additional electrodes are available

DEA 001 \$299.95 Violet Wand Master unit

Violet Wand Electrodes

DEC 001 \$22.95 #1 Disk Electrode

DEC 002 \$22.95 #2 Rake Electrode

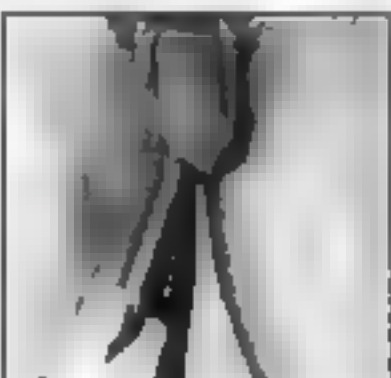
DEC 003 \$22.95 #3 Rod Electrode



Stock Prod

The stock prod is one of the most effective control devices made. Excellent for conditioning your animal to behave the way you want him to. There is nothing erotic about a jolt from this device, just a quick painful zap that he will want to avoid having repeated. This model takes three "C" cells and gives him a jolt that is painful without knocking him over the way some larger units can.

DEA 009 \$29.95 Stock Prod



Order Form

CHECKS PAYABLE TO: DESMODUS, INC.,
PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO CA, 94101-1314

Quant.	Item #	Item Name	Price	Amount

Shipping/Handling: \$3.50 First Item, \$1.00 Each Add'l Item (Merchandise is sent UPS)
Europe: US\$14.00, All others: \$US20.00

TOTAL AMT
OF ORDER

CA RESIDENTS
TAX 7.25%

SHIPPING &
HANDLING

TOTAL
ENCLOSED

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

(Required on all orders. I certify I am over 21.)

CHARGE MY: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amex

Card #: _____ Exp. _____

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finement, mummification, bondage in layers of leather / rubber / work clothes/gear. Box 8841LF

WANTED - STEPSON/PONY

18-28, skinny to BB. 'Cute' & T.Q. a plus. White or Latin preferred, dad is 6-0, 185, 38, professional & horse hung. Will administer shaving, spanking, punishment as needed - rewards as earned. Photos & letter of adoption/application to Box 8081

CONSTRUCTION WORKER HOLE

Aggressive, hairy-chested pig, 5-3, 175, 31 seeks other butch studs for mutual/group hole play. Ass chomping, butt pumping, dbl. fucking, FF, attitude, WS, outdoors, jeeps, camcorders, altered states g-ak. Photo phone: Mike, Box 11697, Chicago, IL 60611 6092LF

HORSE WANTED

5'-1" 205 lbs, 62, GWM Daddy wants any age, 220+ lbs, BB or strong, heavy set bottom son to horseplay in the nude and carry me on his shoulders and back for sexy, strongman stunts, mutually pump iron, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex. I am good in hypnotizing with chest play. P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. 8089LF

INDIANA

BADIST WANTED

By GWM, 35, 6 ft, 180, brown hair and eyes, into receiving prolonged cock, ball, and tt torture. If you get off on inflicting pain, then I'm for you. No WS, scat, VA, fets or fets please. Let me put my balls in your hands, and let your imagination run amok. Photo and phone appreciated. Will answer all. Lately I see a plus, but can travel. Box 7565LF

SWITCHABLE TOP OR BOTTOM
BWM 42, 6-4, 215 medium. SM, SD, A/P Fr & Gr. P.O. Box 5282, Bloomington, IN 47407

IOWA

ATTENTION: TRUCKERS/BIKERS

Leather sex slave, 32, 6-3, 180, a real dick pleaser, offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass. Leather, cigars, beer, pie, sweat, aroma, semis and bikes a turn-on for a gang of macho bikers, truckers or for that one-on-one action (safe sex only). Les, PO Box 7223, Grand Station, Des Moines, 50309 7285LF

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/Daddy, 37, 5-10, 155, seeks slave for weekend / occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good builds. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS, 66502.

TOP SEEKS BOTTOMS

Dominant Top/Master, 40, 5-10, 155 seeks slaves and bottoms. Prefer hot studs with good build. T.M., Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502. 6078LF

LOUISIANA

HOT WILLING, BOTTOM

Eager for kinky top man to torture my balls. Besides CBT & TT, I crave gloved dick, toys shoved up ass, BD, whippings, electrodes, WS, etc. I'm GWM, 44, 5-10, 175. Write P.O. Box 71775, New Orleans, LA 70172 or call 800-888-8888

MAINE

LEATHER MASTER

Wanted: One Dad by 27 year old son with deep throat (grab my head and thrust). Send letter with face/body photo to Boxholder, 405 West ern Ave. #288, South Portland, Maine 04106.

LEATHER MASTER/TOY

wanted by some experienced GWM Sadist Master late 40's, for medium to heavy SM/BD torture sessions. Ft torture, cock & ball torture, shaving, hot wax, whipping, dildos, anal work, fist fucking, endurance, & any other safe scenes, safe sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean and willing. Some limits accepted. Send picture. Location So. Maine. Box 6431LF

MARYLAND

LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Horny bottom seeks masculine and demanding Top(s) for sweaty SM sessions. I'm 33, 6ft, 175, 6 inches cut. Into bondage, thwork, dildos, CBT, VA, boots, leather, and uniforms. Not into fisting or shaving. You, Sir. Muscular and aggressive and know how to give the orders. Photo returned with mine. Box 6625LF

EXPERIENCED M

Hot bottom. This piece of shit ready to take if you can give. Total M. Into BD, VA, CBT dildos, leather, levis, chains, hoods, boots, etc. Total servitude. Only limit: health conscious. Make me do it your way. 40s, 155 lbs, good body, stash. Box 7587LF

TURNED ON BY LEATHER/LEM

GWM 5-8, 180. Brown hair, hazel eyes, 58 HIV, work out 3 times a week. I like to see guys turned on by leather. I want to see your tongue all over mine. Light SM, safe sex,

looking for lifetime partner. Germantown area only. Box 8110LF

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON MASTER SADIST

Mean Leather Daddy, age 42, 5-11 188 lbs, wants Friday and Saturday night slaves at local SM Clubhouse. Must enjoy TT/CBT bondage, spanking and nude display. have access to silings, racks, crosses, and whipping posts. Enjoy Daddy-Boy discipline trips. DO IT! "boy" I Master G., Box 7584LF

FED UP - THEN GET SERIOUS

Show that you're a man! Wanted by popular demand; hot, tough, rugged, real guys to service Real Men. Information, (617) 848-0027

RUGGED FIREMEN/FISHERMEN

to join hot, wet group adventures. My brother and I need service for ourselves and our gear and we offer the same. Contact Box 456, So. Chatham MA 02659.

TOPMAN WANTED

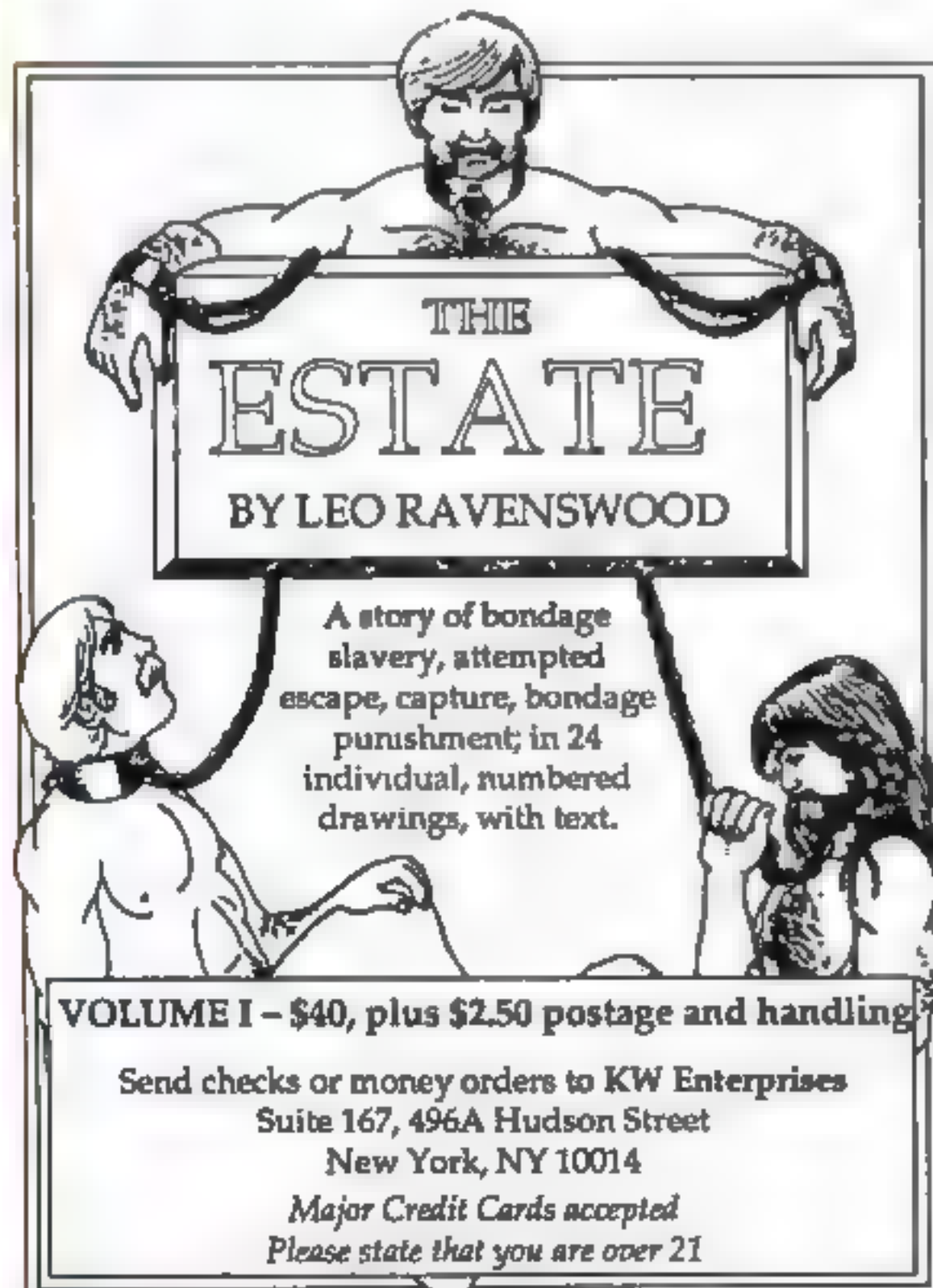
Bottom 37 6-1 170 in need of training and direction, looking for a TOP with the proper attitude and stamina for ongoing sessions. Send description and areas of interests with photo to Occupant, P.O. Box 134, Worcester, MA 01602. 7725LF

MASTER, BEAR & OGG

Have huge, well-equipped dungeon for all Masters, slaves and pets. Facial hair a must! Leather, uniforms and all scenes HIV+ welcome! (617) 282-7195, Box 6690LF

BLACK LEATHER AND BONDAGE

WM 31 6-1, 190 needs booted, gloved, at



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MEN-MEN & MORE MEN
Must be over 18 yrs old

rogant Leather Master for dog training, heavy bondage (hoods, gags, immobilization) and forced safe sex. Thank You, Sir for your consideration. Box 4578LF

MATURE LEATHERMAN

GWM 35 yrs, 5-10, bld hair and bearded, very hairy, seeks bottoms to expand with long sessions and to explore and experiment. Send detailed letter with photo for response only. Box 7388LF

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVE

Master, 38, tall, well-built, construction workers body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slave, 18-28, smooth, hard, well defined bodybuilder needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus, I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and strong Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school or pro BG as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top quality applicant. Physique photos, telephone to Master. Suite 288, 105 Charles St. Boston, MA 02114. (617) 437-1821 5304LF

LEATHERED MAN WANTED

Healthy, ultra-hairy, pierced, 35, trim, 5-10, brown/blue seeks versatile partners 25-45 for long ass sessions. Dildoes! Pumps! Plugs! FF. Let's get our asses sore - then let's really play! Visiting Northern Europe Feb-April 90. PO Box 1616 Provincetown MA 01957 7377LF

MASTER NEEDED

if, inexperienced, submissive, clean-shaven, WM, 45, 5-11 seeks an experienced, sane dominant to train as loyal obedient slave property. Teach me to please and serve through strict discipline, stern punishment, humiliation and bondage. Offer & request sincerity & discretion. P.O. Box 1037 Canton, MA 02103.

TRAINER

wants unwilling piece of meat to break in, gagged, hooded, chained, stripped, shaved, put to work on your Master's boots, muscles, sweat and cock. Thick collar, dog dish, confinement, leather/rubber, military uniforms for both, imagination. Other tops invited to challenge authority. Box 458, So. Chatham, MA 02659.

YOUR PAIN MUTUAL GAIN

Submit to rough physical manhandling. Earn reward of my fist and big juicy uncult dick where you need them most. Take refuge in my strong arms. Smart muscular top, 47 wants cute, trim, modest/proud masculine kid who needs real manlove. Box 7652LF

S/M CLUBHOUSE

Private members only. 24 hour clubhouse with equipment NOW OPEN! (617) 282-7196.

NEW ENGLAND MAN

intelligent, responsible and well built leatherman with mutual pleasure in mind. Bearded, uncult and hung, for hot sessions with booted, gloved leathermen who know what they want. Age unimportant. Send letter and photo for response. Box 7388LF

MICHIGAN

S/M MASTER

taking on new slaves into thwork, torture, much more. Looking for men who can take it. Master is 5-8, 170, mid 40's. Respectful, explicit letter & nude photo to M. Marsh, P.O. Box 183, Royal Oak, MI 48068.

NIPPLE BITING

Bearded GWM 36 wants to meet young guys who want to have their nipples gnawed off. Reply to Box 7595LF

LEATHERED TOP WANTED

Cigar smokin' GWM, bottom 31, 5-8, 150, enjoys servicing a hot, cigar smokin' man w/ boots, gloves, arams, info pills, FF, tits, ass play, golden showers. Let my mouth be your ash tray! (313) 465-1373. 1745 Timberidge, Ypsilanti, MI 48198 8135LF

DECLARED APPAL

GWM dog slave seeks Midwestern men in need of service. Safe only. The rest is for you to decide. Enjoy bondage, WS TT spanking, animal training. Cigar/Leather Master a plus. P.O. Box 2985, Ann Arbor MI 48106. 7684LF

MINNESOTA

LEATHERED MAN

Bearded, hairy chested slave needed by demanding bearded, hairy chested 36 year old Master for TT, CBT, SM, BD scenes in my dungeon. Slave must be under 6 ft tall and under 35 years old. Call (612) 559-1062 before 11:00 PM for interview or write PO Box 22802 Mpls, MN 55422. No JO calls. 7112LF

THE LEATHERED SLAVE WANTED

seeks non-fat younger masochist. Will start slow, respect limits. Enjoy bondage, CBT and most pain trips. Explain what you're into. Send upper body photo with eyes down, arms up or out, gut in, chest out. Give details. PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433. 7378LF

MISSOURI

LEATHERED MANHUGGER

wants a hold on you. Do jockstrap bulges and tall boots make your leathered ass ache? Balding, bearded Harold knows that leather

MISSOURI

MANHUGGING LEATHERS FOR US

Balding, bearded, booted, professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for a mature, sensitive man who's also sexually attuned to belts, bikes, jockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold: mid-40s, enjoys classical music, leather-bikined yardwork, home and crafts-related hobbies. Join me for a smoke/drug-free beginning of leathered togetherness. PO Box 5172, Bldg. MS 38534-0172 8386LF

NEW JERSEY

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) well built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-8725, after 8 PM 4789LF

WANTED, GWM SLAVE 18-35

Disoriented with your life's direction, your career, and now ready to give yourself totally mind and body to your sadistic master, with full rights to shape his slave's new body, expand his mind and receive any service. You are a true masochist, ready to surrender your being to your master - your ass, balls, cock, tits, mouth and even your breath. Master is well educated, GWM 49, 6-0, 210 lbs, seeking a total relationship - business,



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well being of mind and body, sex and play. Write a biographic sketch including education, career, family, friends, hobbies, desires and why you know you can give yourself completely to your master. All such letters will receive reply. Drummer Box 7681LF

RAUNCH SLAVE NYC AND NJ

Bottom man, 40, seeks dirty, smelly top man for one way scat, piss, fart sniffing, enema showers, snort, armpit, feet and asshole licking. No games, no sissies. Include face photo. Box 8138

HAIRY MEN WANTED

GWM 5-10, 29 bl/br, beard. I'm into almost anything. Looking for mutual or bottom partners. Age and looks are not the most important things. Will answer all responses. Photo appreciated. Box 7230LF

SM METRO NEW YORK CITY

GWM 5-10, 135 lbs, mainly masochist but switchable, seeks partner for mutually erotic torturous orgasmic scenarios. Box 6151

DAD/MASTER SEEKS SON

Hot Italian, 47 5-8, 150, dark hair, moustache, dominant, affectionate, EXCLUSIVELY TOP seeks a permanent relationship with a WM son/slave who is obedient, submissive, EXCLUSIVELY BOTTOM into SM BD, spankings, enemas, etc. Safe sex. Photo, phone & letter to Box 1342, Bloomfield, NJ 07003. 6153LF

NEW YORK

HOT SPANKING NEEDED

for ex-football jock. 42, 8' 220 with fat, beefy ass, when visiting NYC. Write Boxholder. P.O. Box 232, Ellicott Station, Buffalo, NY 14205

POLICE MILITARY

If you share this manly, submissive GWM's interest in the police/military, write Box LSA, 1328 Broadway, #1054, NYC, NY 10001 No drugs, pot, boozers, hustlers. Easy car parking where I live.

DOMINANT MAN 25-50 SOUGHT

Submissive, manly, GWM seeks in-shape, dominant man (25-50) for light SM & SAFE SEX. I dig men wearing uniforms and business suits and jeans. No drugs, pot, boozers, hustlers. Easy apartment car parking here. Write to: Box LSA, 1328 Broadway, #1054, New York, NY 10001

REAL THING SEEKS SAME

True submissive seeks true dominate. This 5-8, 180, 35 yo, Italian has dark hair, stache, goodlooking, masc. discrete, needs to meet his boss. Naturally attracted to beefy/heavy butch men but attitude of dominance & life long need to be top most important. Have a straight job and life, prefer same. Will consider relationship from slave to equal. Photo, please, serious only. P.O. Box 684, Flushing, NY 11364-989

IF YOU VALUE

GWM, 33, bottom, Br/Bl, hairy seeks experienced FF Top for long, intense sessions. Always grateful for privilege of servicing you and submitting to your needs, including raunch. Especially like big guys with big hands. Hoping to find position as long term slaveboy. NYC area. Box 8075

PUNISHMENT SLAVE

Good-looking Italian needs correction and will service tough, sane White, Black, Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, rubber, 3-piece suits, leather, gut punch, catheters, enemas, cock & ball verbal safe sex, can be top. No phones. Tel 1 718-SM-80-406. Occupant, P.O. Box 150-634, Brooklyn, NY 11215 or Box 7823LF

MACHO LEATHER HOMBRE

Handsome, trim, tan, hung, latino - 29, 5-8, 140 lb full black hair & moustache, very hot in Full Leather/police uniforms. MEAN & HUNGRY FOR MACHO TOPMAN! YOU! DEMAND/DESERVE getting your cock sucked LONG & HARD! Both in full leather / uniforms / rubber, BD, VA, TT, GRP toys. YOU: trim, hung, gdlr 26-46, especially latn/italian. Beer, smoke, aroma. Photo & note Box 7656LF

SCUM-SUCKING PUSSYBOY

31 8ft 155, cleanshaven, married, needs to get fucked weekday mornings in NYC (Chelsea / Village areas preferred) by masculine, well endowed TOPMEN/DADDIES. Dark complexions (Italian / Latino / Black) hairy, muscular and/or uncult are all turnons. 70A Greenwich Avenue, #487 NYC 10011 (212) 678-3692 7295LF

PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

CE= BLOCK 28, 28 North Avenue New York City, NY 10014 (downtown) Meets every Sunday 3PM-3AM also meets every Monday through Thursday from 8PM-3AM And Parties on 11/11?? FREE CLOTHES CHECK and FREE SODA BAR. BYOB. For more information stop by, write or phone (212) 733-3144.

WESTERN MAN

In Western NY needs a Master or playmate for regular fun and games or phone sex. Heavy into rubber and latex, leather, sports gear and jocks. I like bondage, boot licking, water sports, heavy verbal abuse, etc. Sir, I'll take care of all Your needs. I'm 36 6ft, 175, bearded, pierced tits and dick. Sir, I need to serve You, please. Box 6099LF

MUSCLE BOY/POWERLIFTER WTD

by NYC hairy Dad with good build. 45, 6-0, 190, br/bl. Son must have big powerful legs, live in, be into bodybuilding or powerlifting, need endless pec-nipple work, CBT, and guidance. Photophone to Box 4737LF

NYC STUD SEEKS PUSSYBOY

GBM, dominant, handsome, and hung heavy needs devoted male pussy to use at will. I'm 24, 5-11, 175 lbs. Pussyboy is any age/race, Gr/p, F/s. Stud also enjoys spanking, CBT, TT, assplay and body worship. Safe only NYC area. Send photophone. Box 7376LF

ULTIMATE MUSCLE TOP

Over six feet of rippling blonde Aryan-god sadist with hung out cock, protruding tough nipples and fine torture skills orders NYC hung BB slaves into on-call prolonged service and abuse to submit photophone (a must) Have obedient slaves for interested hot Tops. Michel, PO Box 110 NY NY 10464 6984LF

WANTED RAUNCHY EXECUTIVE

33, 5-11, 185, attractive, seeks 40-50 yr old, corporate type to humiliate me and make me service every part of your body. Into well worn briefs, boxers and jocks. Photo & phone answered first. Box 30345, New York, NY 10011

HOT YUPPY TOP

Very handsome, blond, 30, 6ft, 160, dominant, (bottom to select few) with all-American looks and firm hand seeks masculine bud brother/slave to slap around, service me, cigar in hone hand, your hot butt in another. We'll take things from there. (Also bottom buddy available for 3rd.) Photo/phone. POB 1855, NYC 10025. 7374LF

HOT LEATHERSEX, HEAVY BO

sought by hairy, goodlooking WM, 25, semi-novice slave into CBT, TT, toys, dungeons. Expand my limits! Photo, phone to Box 20143 Columbus Circle Sta., New York, NY 10023.

TALL/BROAD MEN

Do you need really exciting service (especially those big feet?) by a hot WM 33, 6-1, 185, very attractive, masculine, works out, and sincere? Then Top or bottom, please call Burt, between 8pm-12mid at (212) 675-7352, to meet in NYC. No phone JO. For your regular locker room pleasure, total explosive action and more. 7292LF

BEER BELLY MASTER

Italian, 36, 5-8, 215, cigar smoker, seeks chunky dog pig into heavy whippings, torture, CBT TT, WS, FF bondage, scat, dog food, leather, complete humiliation, degradation. Shit that wants to be treated like shit. Photo detailed letter, qualifications to Box 7322LF

LEVIS & LEATHER VEST

by night, suit & tie by day. This WM 26, 5-10, 175 seeks similar 20-45 for hot, casual encounters in NYC. Let's meet up after a long, hot, sweaty day at the office. Hot note & photo appreciated. Box 8134

PUNISHMENT SLAVE

Good-looking Italian needs correction and will service tough, sane White, Black, Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3-piece suits, leather, gut punch, catheters, enemas, cock & ball, verbal, safe sex, can be top. No phones. Tel: 1-718-SM-80-406. Occupant, P.O. Box 150-634, Brooklyn, NY 11215 or Box 668/LF

NORTHEAST BARBER

Tall WM thrives interested in giving haircuts from trims to very short cuts. Also into body-shaving. Thinking of getting that military look? Taking off that moustache or beard? Want the feeling of a baby smooth chest or crotch? Then write and let's discuss it. Box 5765LF

WANTED HOT LEATHER STUD

Must be turned on by the smell, feel, and look of black leather. Handsome, masculine blond, 35, 6ft, 165, good build, needs safe leather sex with hot men in full leather. Let's gear up and explore leather, SM, BD fantasies. Kingston area. Letter, photo, phone. Box 7452LF

SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punching, kicking, choking, and rough action in general. If you're not into this, don't waste my time with a /fo letter. Phone number is a must. Other Sadistic Leathermen welcome to reply. I'm also open to fucking a masochist over with another leatherman. Box 4840LF

PUSSYBOY SEEKS DADDY

or Master WM 24, 5-3, 110 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, boyish good looks seeks blue collar workers, cops, bodybuilders, jocks, military or leathermen of any age or race. Your photo & phone is a must. I enjoy mild BD, light SM verbal abuse, dildos, spanking and boot/uniform service. Write P.O. Box 25540, Newark, NJ 07101

DAD SEEKS LEATHER STUD SON

Who needs a Daddy for hot erotic, wild, safe, leathersex. Top/bottom. Let's explore, expand our limits, curiosities, fantasies, together. Mutual pain/pleasure, TT/CBT/VA/assplay, etc. Also taunt, tease, abuse, worship each other in leather, dirty jockstraps, 501s spandex. Photophone A. Box 1356, Madison Square Sta, NYC NY 10159. 6700LF

NYC PISS PIG

This bottom, 25, 5-8, 130, looking for tops into covering me in piss and then giving me a slow fuck. Any race/age. No scat, pain. Send filthy letter & photo if possible. Box 8139

HOLESOME

Good-looking bottom, 39, 5-9, 175, seeks aggressive Tops into rough sex, WS, VA, bondage, rape fantasies, safe sex. Abuse, stretch,

gag my holes wide to dominating use. Tie/hold me down, piss on my face, force hung cock down my throat. Rough-fuck my tight ass. Photo/action, NY area. Box 8427LF

BIG PIG

WM 5-10, 200 lbs, needs to service a hot, raunchy man. After my collar is on, will lick and service his boots, feet, raunchy armpits, balls and ass. Into receiving golden showers. Also verbal abuse, tit & ball work. Sir, please send orders & photo if you can. Box 8130LF

looking for hot, hunky, well-built guys. Photo/phone answered first & fast. ANDY, P.O. Box 20004, London Terrace Station, New York, NY 10011. Move It! 7888LF

WANTED LATIN & BLACK PIGS

WM, 35, 5-10, 6 1/2" cut, seeks pigs for hot dirty sessions. Let me rim your tight hard ass then fart and shit down my throat. You must be under 30, slim, good-looking. Big dicks a plus. Mutual scenes OK. Jay, Box 8132LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Western NY GWM 25, 6' 175, needs to be disciplined by Master 25 - 40 who will verbally abuse, spank, dominate, humiliate, piss & spit on me while dressed in black leather. Also into licking your boots & feet. Let me serve you, Sir! Safe/sane only. Box 8068LF

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot, white, English slave, 43, 185, 5-11 healthy, in shape & hung & 1/2" is hungry to serve dominant Black Master any age. Slave is into BD, CBT TT WB, raunch and my asshole is ready for my Black Master to whip, fuck & hit. I'm ready to travel for abuse & total service. Sir! Please send orders to: Richard, Suite K52, 498A Hudson St, New York, NY 10014. 8052LF

TITS/TATS/BONDAGE

NYC, WM 39, 5-7, 155, loner seeks heavily tattooed, pierced top w/ beer gut, huge tits to train me in SM/BD. Tattoos, permanent piercings, tit enlargement as you see fit. Use my mouth as fuckhole and urinal. Ass-fucking w/condoms. No FF, scat. Lifetime relationship wanted. Photo/phone exchanged. Box 8048LF

WANTED DAD & STINKY FEET

Italian, 27 seeks masculine footmaster who respects limitations, expects my face at his sweaty, smelly feet. Command me to worship you. Let me peel off your sweaty sock & suck your toes. Cop uniforms a plus. G'mon Daddy, I need your feet now. Letter and phone, please. Box 8147LF

EXPAND MY LIMITS

NYC area bottom looking for Top/Master to serve. Sir, teach me to be your boy. nro BD, TT, CBT, VA, shaving, kidnapping, long & short term sessions. m 28, 180, 6' blond Sir, I'm waiting. Help me to fantasize. (718) 865-2285. Box 7948LF

ORAL SLAVE(S) WANTED

By GWM, 6-1, 170, 43, HIV- stached, glasses, dominant. You are in-shape, HIV- submissive. We are masculine, handsome, sane, intelligent, financially self supporting, smoke, drink beer, no drugs. Love the city. Into exploring safe leather sex from different perspectives. Letter, photo (returned) and phone to Box 7905LF

YUPPIE NOVICE BOTTOM

Clean-cut GWM, 30, 5-8, PhD, seeks yuppie top, 30-40 years old. Turn on: Handcuffs, black hair, hairy bodies, sucking, fucking (safe), upper East-siders, penny

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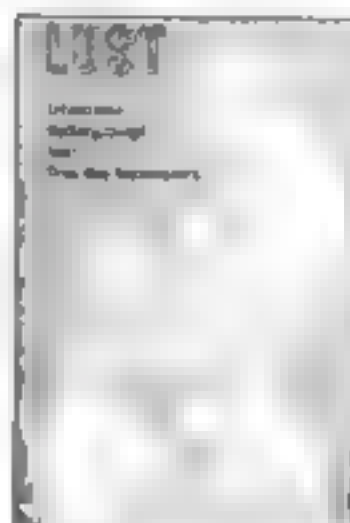
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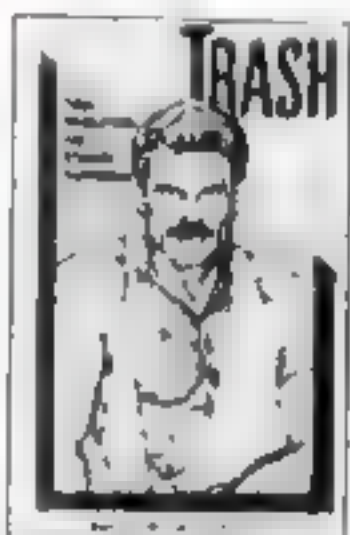
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loafers. Turn off. Skinny guys, beards, actor/model/word processor types. Letter w/ photo, phone. Serious tops only please. Box 7924LF

NORTH CAROLINA

EXTREMELY HAIRY BEAR TOP

38, 8' 210, seeks stable, in-shape, GWM 18 to 40, bottom cub for hot fucking & sucking. Photo is must. Box 8155

CIGAR SMOKING BIKER-DADDY

47, 6-1, trim WM, gray/brown hair and beard, looking for dildo and FF action. Smell my cigar and leather while I roam out your ass a couple of sizes larger. Trainees welcome. Can switch if you think you can handle it. Cycle cruising with your butt plugged. NO drugs, aroma OK. You don't have to be a cigar smoker but you gotta like 'em. NC, SC, VA area. Some travel on weekends. Write with photo. Box 7042LF

OHIO

HOT HANDSOME TOP

Age 40 seeking men who want to play. Can satisfy your desires or fantasies. Married OK. Safe. Discreet Akron area. Box 8042

SEEK YOUNG (18+) SLAVES

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GWM 38, seeks relationship with policeman or similar uniformed officer/military near Toledo area. ME. Well educated professional, understanding and supportive. Discreet and straight appearing. Sexually I am both affectionate and adventurous. YOU 30-50, gay or bi, masculine, well-adjusted stable and intelligent. No drugs/smoke. Reply Box 7932

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Trainable, masculine bottom/slave. 5-2, 170, 30's, trim, healthy, hung, same is very eager to service and be used hard by a dominating, aggressive, demanding, physically & mentally controlling Master(s). Naturally submissive to Stud(s) who knows what he wants and takes it. NE Ohio, W PA. Please Sir. Box 7719LF

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Hot, horny GWM, 38, 5-11, 180, beard, green eyes, br/gray hair, 7" cut. F/a, G/p, asshole same seeks hot, hung, muscled hairy tops 30-50 for SM, BD, WS, TT, CBT, FF, shaving, enemas, Black & uncut is plus. Expand my limits while I worship you. Dayton/Cincy area. Box 5514LF

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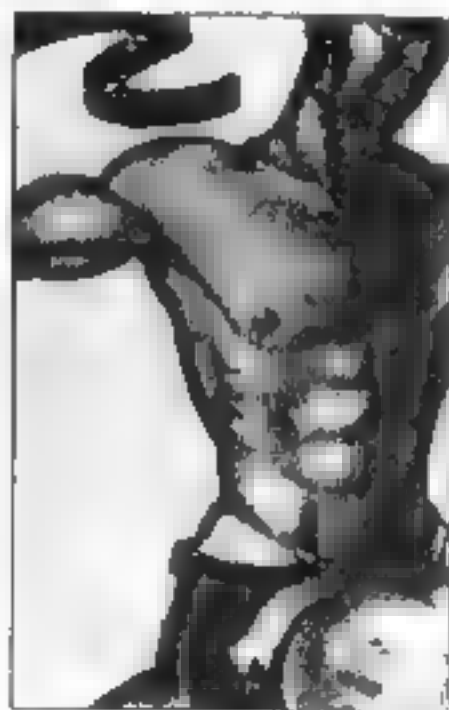
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WM 29, slim, hairy, expand/respect limits shaving, wax, BD CBT kink, 1 1/2 inches Neg Box 8048

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wants willing subjects slaves for haircutting / barbershop scenes. Me - Top, bald, 36 belly, beard. You - clean, full head hair, into receiving disciplinary haircuts and body shaving. VA, BD, WS HIV neg, you same interested in group scenes, rituals initiation induction. Contact Box 7417LF

HORNY HUNG TOPS WANTED!

WM slave bottom seeks dominant tops in S.C. area for hot action. I am 29, 5-11, clean and healthy and seek hung and horny top-men to service their desires. Make me get down on my knees and obey your orders. into BD WS, etc. Many men a plus, leather, uniforms also. Please write to this HOT bottom at K.M., PO Box 8947 Columbia SC 29260 8998LF

TENNESSEE

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WM 35, 5-10, 195 brown/blue, seeks serious sadist master to make me into his slave toy or his property for his pleasure. Rich, 3812 Provenca, Chattanooga, TN 37411 815) 698-6416

MASTER

Looking for slaves or bottoms who are into getting fucked, CBT, sucking, hot wax, getting shaved, hoods, fast fucking, clips and especially long assplay. Novice welcome. Letter photos, and phone number to Mr. Flor Apple, PO Box 150022, Nashville, TN 37218 6877LF

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TEXAS

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Beaumont area GWM, 38, 5-9, 183, good build, hung, HIV- into SM, leather, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. I'm mainly top, but will switch for hot dominant studs. Looks unimportant: brain, build and attitude are. Letter with photo and phone to Box 6263LF

KINKY LEATHER BOOTMASTER

Sweet, stinky latino, 6-2, 200, 47 seeks slave(s) Cum to me or I'll cum to you. Pigout on my 18" high engineer boots, gloves rears, to your face is black with blue grease oil, mud, asphalt grime. Master will administer chain bondage whippings, CBT, TT etc. Only letters with photo will get response. Box 7153LF

UTAH

HOT LEATHER BUDDY WANTED

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VERSATILE LEATHERMAN

57, 5-9, 180, gray hair and beard, glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS BD, SM fantasy fulfillment, and more. seeks men 21-50+ for laid back to heavy encounters. HIV neg. Novices OK, Am patient teacher. Les. Box 511265 SLC, UT 84151 1285 Box 4733LF

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PERMANENT PARTNER. I'm a goodlooking, 38 year old, submissive bottom. 5-10 15 lbs, professional, financially secure and well established, nonsmoker. Seeking a goodlooking topman to establish a permanent positive loving relationship with. Photo and phone please. I am "a catch" PO Box 786, Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 4A4 888LF

SMITH

Clean shaven, moustached, piss trained bottom, 41, 5-8, 180 lbs, good body, average equipment, would like to hear from mature big muscular brutes pro military or police types a plus, who can advance my training. Can travel for my "medicine." Looking for top who knows what is required. Photo and phone preferred. Jerry B., Box 15882 Station F, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, K2C 3L4

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ENGLAND

LONDON TOP

WM, in full leather & CHP boots. I'm 29, 5-10 170 and work out. Looking for body builders and fit guys into leather, levis, uniforms, CBT, FF, oral service. I travel throughout the US

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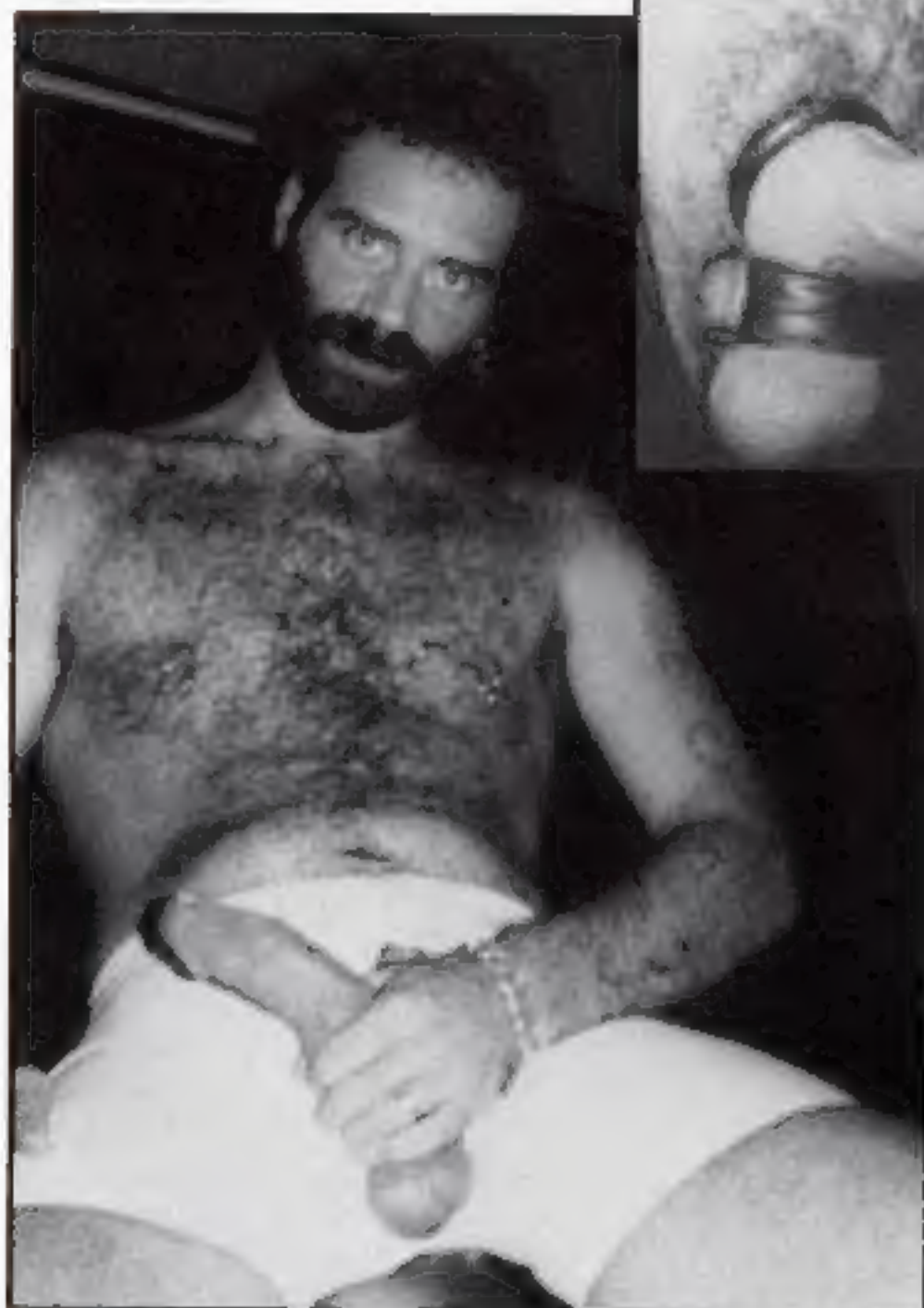
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